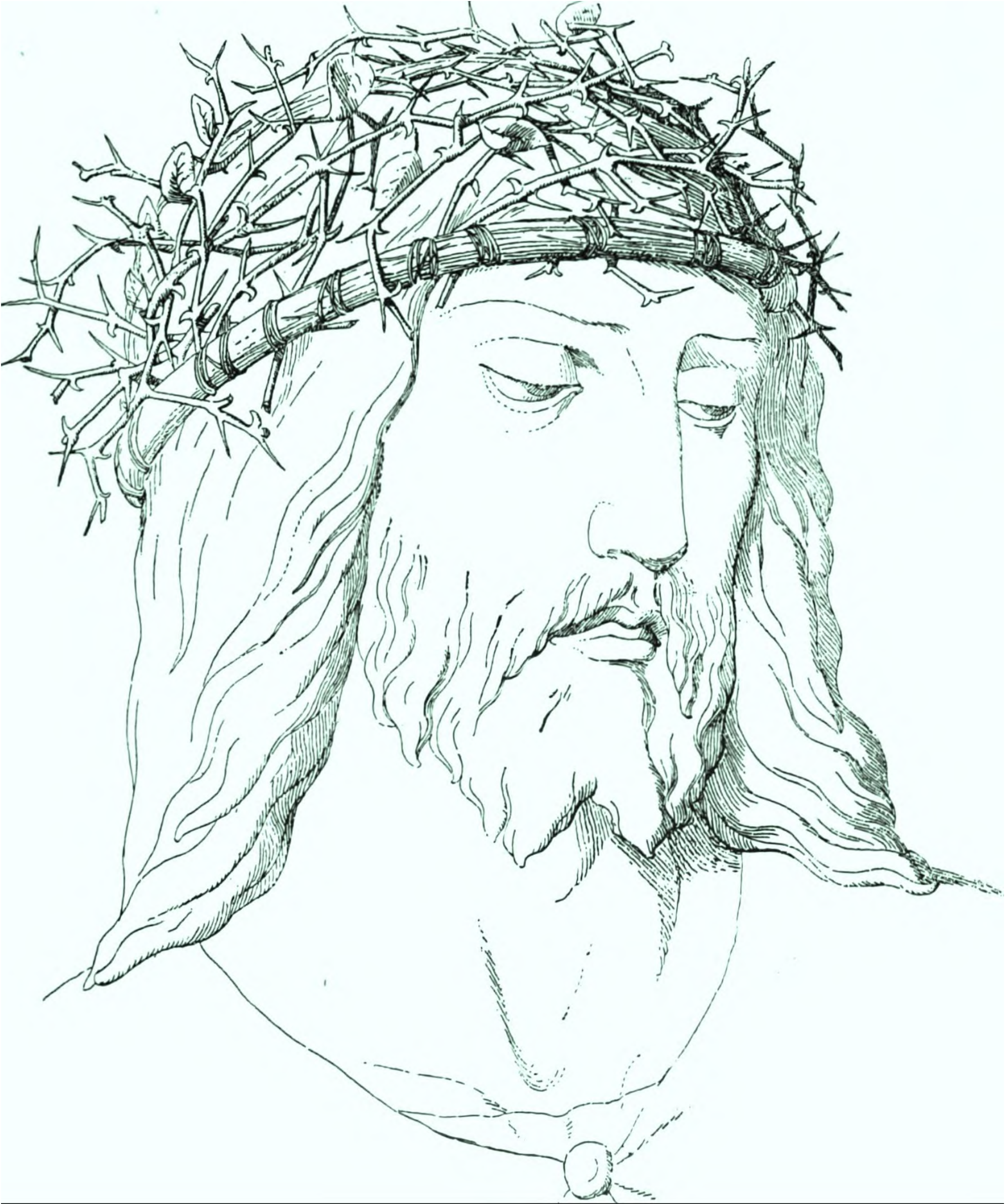

The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs who died there, to the American and other Missions, past and present.

EIGHTEENTH YEAR. VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1902

Edited and Published
27 and 29 West 16th Street
New York.

Hamilton Grange Branch,
503 W. 145th Street.

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READING ROOM

THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. JANUARY, 1902. NO. 1.

OUR LADY'S PITY.

BY J. B. JAGGAR, S.J.

HAD we our promises belied
And from the feet of Jesus strayed
'Twas then for us Our Mother prayed
And lead us to the Crucified.

She soothed us in the weary noon,
And through the sunless evening hour,
When wraiths from woods of sorrow lower,
And in the night that knows no moon.

Her Mother-heart on Calvary born,
Though we proved faithless or untrue,
Still poured its pity as the dew
That woos the rosebuds in the morn.

And this we know, when life is o'er,
Her Child Divine will not pass by
Her love for us or let it lie
Like wasted sea-weed on the shore.

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THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

THE INDIANS OF NORTHERN NEW YORK.

THE Chevalier de Montmagny succeeded Champlain at Quebec. The Jesuits opened a college there. A hospital was established and the school of Mother Mary of the Incarnation for Indian girls was growing in importance. Sillery was developing and the Indians who settled around cultivated the fields. Champflour was in charge at Three Rivers and had won the respect of the natives. At Montreal Chomedey de Maisonneuve had thrown a fortification around the colony, and his forty settlers were by turns soldiers, ploughmen and mechanics. The Jesuits looked after the Church affairs of all these places. The French were very few in number—three hundred or thereabouts—although fifteen years had elapsed since the organization of the Compagnie de Richelieu.

In establishing it the great Cardinal had put in its first plan the conquest, the evangelization and the settlement of New France. Commercial profit was a result aimed at as well as a means for furthering this colonial enterprise. That was his scheme, but his associates lost sight of it little by little either because of inability to appreciate its scope or unconcern about furthering it, or for other reasons which we need not consider, and made it all a matter of pelf and let colonization take care of itself.

More concerned about making money than about their obligations to their country, they divided up the land into vast *Seigneuries;* they imported free from the mother country everything they could, for private use, on the plea that it was merchandise for the good of the colony, and through the monopoly which the Royal Charter gave them also got their goods into the ports of France free of duty. Besides, there was not any immigration, and the land was left unoccupied. The Governor had not even troops enough to compel respect

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from the Indians for the flag of France and with great difficulty succeeded in protecting the country under cultivation around Quebec, Sillery and Three Rivers.

Two great parties at that time divided the country. On one side the savage Iroquois, on the other the French with their allies the Hurons and Algonquins.

We have said something about the allies and about the Iroquois. Our account, of course, did not tell the whole story, for these tribes indubitably took the largest share in the events which occurred in North America in the seventeenth century.

The Iroquois were ambitious, aggressive, very ferocious and remarkable for their tenacity in what they undertook. They were shorter and more stocky than the Hurons but were more cunning and better fighters. The fire-arms of the Europeans did not daunt them. The whistling of the musket ball and the roar of cannon seemed to be something they had been accustomed to all their life. They paid no more attention to it all than if it had been a storm. Being crafty politicians as well as intrepid warriors they soon detected the rivalry between French and English and made common cause with the English whom they did not like, against the French whom they did, simply because the French were allied with the Hurons and Algonquins; but they were astute enough not to wish the triumph of either of the foreign invaders, for that result would be disastrous for themselves.

They lived to the south of Lake Ontario, in what is now the State of New York from the Genesee to the Richelieu. Divided into what might be called five cantons, independent of each other and competent to make peace or war as it suited them, they were, however, of one mind, at least, in the beginning of the seventeenth century when there was question of the common good. They sacrificed everything for the honor and salvation of their nation.

The section called Aniers which was on the banks of the Mohawk and along Lake Champlain, some distance from Fort Orange or Albany which the Dutch had seized, comprised three villages. Ossernenon was the most important of all and was surrounded by a triple palisade. The others were Anda-

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garon or Canagero (which is the present Canajoharie) and Teonnontogen. Those of the first village were dreaded because of their daring character and the violence with which they vented their fury. They were even feared by their friends, and were the worst enemies of France, stubbornly refusing any attempt at peace.

A little further toward the west near Oneida Lake were the Oneionts who were the weakest in numbers as well as in martial prowess and who counted at most one village.

Still further to the west on a pleasant hill was the village ot Onnontagué, now Onondaga. It was the Iroquois Capital where the General Assemblies of the five cantons were usually held. The Onondagas were the strongest of the tribes although they had but three villages, viz. : Onondaga, Cassonda and Touenho, but they were populous and well-protected by strong palisades.

West of them again on a vast plain skirted by magnificent forests between Lakes Cayuga and Seneca were three villages admirably located, called Goioguen, Onnontare and Tiohero. Father Rafeix said it was the finest country he had seen in America. Game abounded there. The wild goose, otters and salmon brought the people considerable wealth for their kind of life.

The Iroquois were in reality a Huron colony. Like them they had a fixed abode and cultivated the land. They never shifted their villages and they had found the way to reap their harvests without exhausting the soil. They had the same customs, the same traditions and the same habits of life. The differences were scarcely perceptible.

The form of government at least in its general outlines was identical. However, among the Iroquois there was something of an approach to the methods of civilization. It was well defined, exact and vigorous. Each village claimed and was granted autonomy. But in each there was the same classification of families, the same manner of policing the settlement and the same order. Seeing one was seeing all the rest. Each village had three tribes or families known severally by the name of some animal. Each tribe had its chief, its old

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men, its Agoianders, or assistant chiefs and its warriors, and combined they formed the administrative body. The power was hereditary and was transmitted through the women. If the line of descent failed the woman most distinguished for birth chose the chief. "When the tree falls" says the Indian, "that is the way it is put up again." If the one chosen is too young he receives a guardian, who exercises authority for him. The ceremonies of election and installation are accompanied with dances, songs and banquets.

The authority of the chief extends to all the members of the tribe, but he advises, induces, entreats but never commands. The inferior obeys because he wishes and not because his superior commands. However, the chief's authority is very great as is the respect with which he is regarded. Nevertheless, to prevent him from claiming absolute power several assistants are assigned who share his rule. Each family of the tribe furnishes one who is often named by them as their representative.

They form the Supreme Council. An appeal from them goes to the elders whose number is not determined, each one having a right to enter that Council when a specified age will have conferred maturity of judgment. This Council is the Moderator between the Agoianders or Assistant Chiefs, and the main body of those who are able to bear arms.

Orators chosen by each tribe expose before these Councils the matter submitted to their deliberations; they make a special study of the annals and customs of the nation, as well as of politics and eloquence. If there are, properly speaking, no archives, their astounding memories helped by mnemonic signs supply the deficiency.

No member of the three Councils considers himself bound by the general decision. Individual liberty is never sacrificed to the general order. Commonly, however, they all obey.

The general interests of the nation are discussed in a Diet convened at nightfall and usually on the outskirts of a forest or in the house of a chief, or in some large hall constructed especially for that purpose. It is made up of all the members of the various councils. When the matter has been discussed

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they vote on it. The subjects are war, peace and embassies; the civil and criminal matters are disposed of by the Agoianders and Elders.

War was naturally the ordinary theme of these assemblies; and the basis of Iroquois politics. Once decided on, it was proclaimed. The warriors, painted black from head to foot, crept on to the enemy's country under cover of the night and hung on a conspicuous tree the red war club. This custom of long-standing was, however, abandoned, and in those days the custom was to steal in and massacre their foes when war was least expected.

The uplifted tomahawk proclaimed the war through all the villages. The chiefs of each village assembled the braves and invited them to follow. Refusal was permitted, but the warrior who accepted gave the chief a chip painted red and bearing a special mark. It was a sign of readiness to take part in the expedition, and although a private, yet an irrevocable engagement. To withdraw after that was to brand oneself as a traitor or a coward.

Forthwith there began a succession of superstitious ceremonies calculated to inflame the courage of the warriors and give the war a sacred character. They began by a fast of two or three days. The chief kept himself shut up in a sweathouse where he sweated and fasted and dreamed. On the third day the braves all smeared in red and black, their breasts and arms bare, gathered round the chief in the council hall for the great war feast. Dogs were killed and offered to Areskoui, the god of war, and then thrown into great cauldrons. They are the principal objects of sacrifice.

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JOHN GARNET'S HOLIDAY.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IT was a deadly midsummer. The great city lay panting under the baleful August sky, lifeless in its better sections, where rows of closed houses stood in grim, gloomy silence, languid in its business centres, where the pulse of trade beat sluggishly, stocks were torpid and even the electric nerves, stretching into other hemispheres, brought no awakening thrill.

Only through the poorer quarters surged the tide of life —fevered, wretched, reckless life—life that had nothing to lose but its own misery, nothing to win but a moment's surcease of pain. Life, gasping for air at window and housetop, crowding for breath into fetid court and alley, daring death in the wild riot of dance house and saloon.

The mortuary record of the previous day was fully a column in length as Mr. Harold Brycerly observed, with the vague alarm that middle-aged gentlemen, however sound in heart, liver and pocket, feel at sight of the wide swath cut by the great Reaper.

Mr. Brycerly was heavily insured and he felt uneasily that it would be an irony of the successful Fate that always attended his investments if he were cut off in his prime.

"I must really get out of town," he soliloquized, pushing aside his paper and glancing at the thermometer, which even here, in his airy private office, with its awnings, screens and electric fans, stood close to eighty. "This is dangerous weather, absolutely dangerous. I am a fool to be risking my health here now. There is no necessity for it in the world. I should have gone with Lilian and her mother a month ago, and I suppose I would have done so if they had been going anywhere but the mountains. I can't stand Cro' Nest, nothing to do and nothing to see.

"A ten-thousand-dollar log cabin on the mountain top is surely the wildest of woman whims. Six miles from a railroad or post-office, and up break-neck roads where one cannot even

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drive a decent horse. Well!"—Mr. Brycerly shrugged his shoulders with the philosophy of the well-trained American husband—"Everyone has a different idea of pleasure, I suppose, and Cro' Nest may be Mrs. Brycerly's. It certainly is not mine."

A florid, fine looking man was Mr. Brycerly, and one thoroughly convinced of his own importance, personal, social and financial.

The great house of Brycerly & Brycerly was known in every mercantile centre to the antipodes. Founded nearly a century ago, on a solid bed rock of integrity, by the two hard-headed, honest-hearted brothers Brycerly, it had been built up to its present magnitude by generations of equally hard-headed, honest-hearted successors.

If the tough fibre of the race had in any way deteriorated, its present representative was so panoplied by precedent and tradition that only two persons had discovered it.

One of these was the wife who ruled Harold Brycerly's home and made it a brilliant social centre; the other was the grave, silent cashier, who, for twenty years had managed his business and made it an equally brilliant financial success. Both wisely left Mr. Brycerly's self-importance undisturbed, so that he had reached middle life with the conviction that he was the central sun of a planetary system that would lapse into primeval chaos if his rays were withdrawn.

"I really never felt such heat," he thought irritably as he loosened his necktie and prepared to glance over his neatly assorted mail. "I will be off to the sea shore to-night. Garnet can attend to all these matters for me. Eh, God bless me! what is that?"

Mr. Brycerly wheeled round in his great desk chair at the sound of a heavy fall, a stifled cry, a sudden commotion in the usually noiseless office without.

"It's—it's Mr. Garnet, sir." A wide-eyed clerk burst into his employer's sanctum with scant ceremony. "He—he—has fallen off his stool in—in—some sort of a fit."

"Garnet fallen off his stool!" repeated Mr. Brycerly in blank amazement.

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If the stone statue in the square without had been suddenly seized with human weakness, the speaker's tone could scarcely have been more incredulous.

"John Garnet!"

"Ye, yes sir, he is lying on the floor, sir, looking—looking awful—Wirt has run for the nearest doctor. I thought we might lift Mr. Garnet in here—until he comes."

"Certainly, certainly." Mr. Brycerly started up, roused for the moment into real feeling. "Good God! my poor Garnet!" he cried, hurrying into the outer room where the clerks had gathered in an excited crowd about the cashier's desk.

"Stand back, you fools! back, and give him breath! Garnet, old fellow—Garnet!" Mr. Brycerly's ruddy face paled as he bent over the prostrate figure. "Garnet, old man!"

There was no response, not even to the unwonted comradeship of the tone.

For the first time in twenty years John Garnet failed to answer his employer's call. With ashen face and livid lips, the pen still thrust in the damp waves of his iron grey hair, the rough draft of a cash account clutched in his rigid hand, Mr. Brycerly's cashier lay at his feet. Some spring in the curious mechanism called life broken, some tense chord snapped, some brain cell clogged.

The human machine that had worked so steadily for twenty years, had run down at last.

They lifted him from the close corner in which he had seemed as much of a fixture as the letter-press at his side, or the great iron safe whose combination he alone knew and placed him on the luxurious lounge in Mr. Brycerly's private office.

The nearest doctor came, a grim, seedy, blunt-spoken old man, who had never learned the soft speech, that is the open sesame to success, and had been obliged to fight death on death's own lines.

"Worn out," he said tersely, as he and Mr. Brycerly stood watching the effect of restoratives on the death-like figure stretched upon the sofa. "Vitality at a very low ebb, heart action very feeble indeed. Completely run down."

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"You mean that he wont—wont pull through," said Mr. Brycerly anxiously.

"Can't say yet," answered the doctor"—"what sort of a man is he—active, studious, drinking, what?"

"Drinking, great heaven, nò! He has been at that desk there for twenty years. I don't think he has missed six days."

"Humph," said the doctor drily, "rather a bad record. A twenty years pull without a break usually means a general smash up at the end."

"Garnet could have had the break if he pleased," said Mr. Brycerly. "He didn't ask it, didn't seem to want it, and he was always one of those quiet reserved fellows, that one does not care to meddle with, even at school. Brainy, though, took all the prizes, medals, and everything, you'd scarcely believe it now, but he was one of the most brilliant students that ever left old Saint Bride's. Then, just after he took his degree and was going in for the law or church, I don't know which, his father died bankrupt, and Jack, we called him Jack in those days, had to buckle down to hard work, for his mother and her three young children. Father offered him a place in our office, and here he has been ever since. Reliable! everything under him goes like clock-work. Honest and he demands absolute honesty in every one around him. Accurate to a fraction in the smallest account."

"All strain, strain, strain," said the doctor. "I can see the lines of it in his face. It is the curse of our age, sir. No rest, no let up, it's go, go, go, to the bitter end. A neck and neck race to the grave."

"You are mistaken in our business methods," said Mr. Brycerly stiffly, "Mr. Garnet was never driven in any way. He allowed nothing to hurry or discompose him. It was his one fault, perhaps I should say his misfortune, that he never had a particle of what you term go. He was always as steady as a rock and as——

"Strong" interposed the doctor. "One cannot always judge the quiet calm of the rocks, Mr. Brycerly. Sometimes they are only the crust of volcanic fire below."

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Tossing in the strange dream ocean, that lies between death and life, John Garnet seemed to hear the words as if spoken from far off heights.

They were talking of him, he thought with a vague surprise, that he should be of interest to any one, talking of him—he thought, with a dull wonder at the strange voice and tone. "Volcanic fire below." Volcanic—fire—below—The words lingered even after he had lost his frail hold on consciousness and had drifted away again by shores peopled with dim memories echoing with the music and voices of the long ago.

Now it was his mother's song, as she rocked his baby sister in the twilight, now the shouts of the ball-players in the college campus, now the Vesper chant swelling through its cloistered aisles.

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

The lines written by a feeble hand in his missal, when he turned his back on the hope and promise of his youth, seemed to rise clear above the roar of waters surging about his bewildered soul:

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

He was leading the chant in the old college chapel, where the sunset streaming through the great west windows showed John the Beloved leaning on his Master's breast.

"Etenim illuc manus tua deducet me."

Many times in the long grey stretch of years since he had turned his back on that radiant picture had the words given strength and peace to John Garnet, it was meet they should rise, triumphant over life's broken echoes now. "Even there Thy hand shall lead me, thy right hand shall hold me."

A strange peace seemed to steal over him; it was as if he had drifted over troubled waters into some tranquil eddy where he was waiting, waiting upheld by the Mighty Hand that had been his guide and strength—waiting for what—Death or Life?

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CHAPTER II.

Drifting thus between two eternities, John Garnet was dimly conscious of priestly blessing and anointing, of daily care and nightly watching, of the touch of kind hands, and the sound of soothing voices, until the fading shore of life began to grow brighter and clearer, and the guardian angels resolved themselves into two sisters of Bon Secours watching by his bed.

Brighter still grew the familiar scenes as if life were welcoming him back, with a new radiance friendly faces began to look in upon him—Mr. Brycerly, his fellow clerks, there were kindly gifts of fruit and flowers, anxious queries from the poor he had befriended—new warmth, new cheer everywhere.

Until at last, at the peremptory order of good old Doctor Brabazon, he found himself one breezy October morning established luxuriously in a parlor car and on his way to the mountains to gain vigor and strength on their rugged heights.

"Remember Cliffbourne is your station," said Wirt-Grayson, Mr. Brycerly's head clerk and favorite protegé, who had been commissioned by his employer to see the invalid off. "The carriage will meet you there, Mr. Garnet, and take you to Cro' Nest. Loveliest spot you ever saw; I was up there for a week's hunting last fall. It is about as near to heaven as I ever expect to get," added the young man gaily. "Don't worry about business. I am doing the best I can to take your place."

John Garnet was conscious of a vague uneasiness at the words. This handsome, bright-faced young fellow was not the substitute he would have chosen, but he was far too weak as yet to take up the burden and care of the past. So with a cordial good bye, he leaned back amid his cushions and gave himself up to the dreamy enjoyment of the convalescent, while the train swept on through a world that the first tender touch of autumn had mellowed into a softened beauty that seemed the perfect fullness of life.

Warmth and color and light were everywhere, the waysides were gay with golden-rod and wild asters, the red banners of the sumach waved upon the hills, the forests were aflame with crimson and gold, the orchards and vineyards jewelled with ripened fruit.

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Bob White piped cheerily in the sedges, the full-fed streamlet murmured soft music in the trestled gorge.

And John Garnet, whose past had known neither springtime bloom, nor summer beauty, felt something in the feeble current of his blood stir in harmony with this autumn gladness. Echoes of his far-off youth awoke as he sat wrapped in half-waking reveries, verses of the old poets forgotten for years, songs of the early days when man lay close to Nature's heart, while the train swept on higher and higher up rocky steeps, veiled in golden mists spicy with autumn odors, until the lower earth vanished into a dim cloud land, and this new world seemed like a great censer smoking before the throne of God.

"Cliffbourne," shouted the brakeman. "Cliffbourne your station, I think, sir," said the conductor, laying a hand upon the dreaming traveller's shoulder. And, starting to his feet, John Garnet made his way from the car to the little platform beside the road, where a tiny Swiss chalet was perched at a station.

Near by was a dainty pony carriage, gay with rugs and cushions and a sturdy little Shetland in the traces, and Miss Lilian Brycerly herself holding the reins.

He had known her slightly from childhood, for his intercourse with his employer's family had been of the most formal kind. Still the lovely young face shaded by a poppy wreathed hat was not strange to him.

But very strange and sweet was the new warmth of her greeting, the friendly anxiety of her tone.

"Oh! Mr. Garnet, I am so glad you have come. I was afraid you would not be strong enough for the long journey. I told mama I would drive down to meet the train myself, so as to be sure you would be taken care of. We cannot use heavy carriages on our mountain roads, and I felt this little phaeton of mine would be just the thing. Let me put these cushions at your back and draw the rug close, the air is keen. You see we have orders to take you in charge," she continued gaily, "for that you have no care for yourself, the past has shown. When I think of the long years you have spent at that dreadful desk, toiling that we might live like butterflies in

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the sunshine. But we will not talk or think of that trying time now. We are going to make you well and strong again. Our mountain air is the best of tonics. It gives new life to body and soul."

"Soul!" he echoed with a grave smile.

"Yes," she answered. "After a season of dancing and dressing and dining, one's soul is shrivelled as a parched flower. I come up here to grow and freshen again. Did not all the good men of old go up on the mountains to worship God? They always seemed to me His natural altars, filled with the Majesty of His presence, echoing with His voice."

"So the old pagan poets taught," said her companion quietly.

"Don't write me down with the pagan poets," she said, "though indeed I was very near to paganism two years ago. But I have learned since then that God chooses lowlier dwellings than the mountain tops, that He speaks in softer tones than the mountain thunder. I am a Catholic as I believe you are, Mr. Garnet."

He started "This is, indeed, a happy surprise—I thought—"

"That I was a little heathen," she gaily concluded the sentence for him.

"Ah, yes, so I was, but mama sent me to the Sacré Coeur to perfect my French and my year there, thank God, was a grace irresistible, it brought me to my knees before the tabernacle. But poor mama, she has not yet recovered from the blow, she counted on making me a woman after her own."

"And what may that be?" asked her companion, wondering the while what mother heart could find to desire in the bright winsome girl beside him.

"Oh, a sort of feminine free lance," she laughed. "Scouting on all debatable lands, yet owing fealty to none, unhampered by creed, color, caste or condition—you will find us very broadminded at Cro' Nest, Mr. Garnet. Truth is as vague and indefinable as the light that plays upon the clouds. We believe and disbelieve as it is given or taken from us by the passing shadows. An immobile truth mama holds to be mediæval tyranny. Our latest luminary is a Buddhist and we are deep in the study of the Vedas. In short, all things are true, but

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the one Truth immutable, and eternal submission to that, dear mama regards as slavery and bondage and to see her daughter thus fettered is a grief unspeakable. Still she hopes it is only a youthful vagary, that will pass if not strengthened by opposition; so my illusions are indulged. Even dear old Father Lambert, who dropped in to see me one day, while looking up his scattered sheep, was received very kindly and pronounced by several critical guests, 'a most picturesque character.'"

As she ran gaily on in this tone, John Garnet was conscious that beneath this light satire lay depths of feeling, rarely sounded at twenty-one for such he knew was Miss Brycerly's age.

But when the modern girl stimulated by all the potent forces of her time, finds the Faith, it is no fount to quench her thirst, but a flood of many waters, submerging, re-vivifying, re-creating her.

As they talked the little shetland sped boldly on, higher and ever higher until the scarlet and gold of the oaks and maples vanished, and John Garnet and his guide were among the pines. Everywhere they rose erect, solemn, changeless, stretching into great columned vistas, flooded with the sunset, carpeting the road with noiseless velvet, filling the air with their balsamic breath, until suddenly they seemed to dwarf and mass into a hedge of living green, through which a great rustic gate-way opened into a broad avenue, beyond which spread a low wide winged house, built of the unhewn cedar, surrounded on every side by broad verandas, gay with hammocks, and rugs and cushions.

A dozen or more guests were already in possession, and Mrs. Brycerly came forward to meet the new-comer with a warmth and kindness, never shown to her husband's book-keeper before. She was a handsome, stately woman close to fifty, but in voice and manner and glance—there was still something of the restlessness of youth without youth's hope and gladness.

If Cro' Nest was as Mr. Brycerly had declared, "a woman's whim" it was undoubtedly a graceful and charming one. Rustic simplicity was the keynote of an enchanting symphony of light and comfort and luxurious ease.

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Mr. Garnet was ushered into a wide hall or living room where a log fire, blazing on a great central hearth, lit the rough hewn walls, the high raftered ceiling, the quaint old Mission furniture brightened by rugs, and cushions and draperies, into modern warmth and cheer, and after resting a moment in this genial glow in a pleasant hubbub of greeting and introduction, he was led up stairs to the room made ready for him by Mr. Brycerly's telegram, a spacious chamber, warm and firelit, filled with the glory of the sunset, and the fragrance of the pines.

Good luck and cheer,
Attend ye here.

ran in quaint old English lettering over the stone chimney place.

But above on the carved mantel was a more sympathetic, greeting, a vase of late roses placed before an ivory crucifix, the rare work of some master hand.

"The Cross," thought John Garnet smiling as he realized this was the young convert's touch of sympathy. "The Cross, strange to find it waiting me, even here."

(*To be continued.*)

A DEVOTION NEVER EXTRAVAGANT.

TIMID souls sometimes shudder at the expressions which devotional writers make use of, especially in speaking of the Blessed Mother. Now and then the titles given to her seem almost heretical or idolatrous. But it must not be forgotten that books of devotion are outpourings of the heart; and that the heart does not express itself in dogmatic utterances or mathematical formulas. A man may speak of his adorable mother or his adorable wife and nobody is shocked. We understand his meaning and admire him all the more for it. So also we pray to John the Divine but no one is scandalized. In fact, at the present time the Episcopalians are honoring him with a splendid cathedral under that designation. *Divus Thomas* or the Divine Thomas is the usual

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way in which Aquinas has been described for centuries. And coming to the profane world we find even Divas in the Opera, who every season have the world at their feet. Our petty magistrates used to be called their *worships*—who judged their fellow-men, and even we poor sinners are described by the Apostle as "gods."

The explanation of our timidity in this matter is to be found in our contact with heresy. Heresy has lost the love of God; and its heart is shrivelled as every heart is when it does not love. It exerts a withering influence on anyone or anything it comes near. Its name heresy means "picking," and picking implies meanness while the word Catholicity means broadness. If a Spaniard or an Italian or a Syrian expresses his love in a way that I do not like I am not going to worry about it. He may not fancy mine. Otherwise I might resemble the American sailor in Rio Janeiro who was indignant that the natives called hats *sombreros* and not hats. If we are in doubt about what a man means we bring him to book, and exact an explanation. If he is not in error then it would be folly to insist on his using the same words or puckering his lips in the same way as myself. Some are warm-hearted some are cold, some generous and extravagant and some close and calculating in their methods, and all must be dealt with differently. What is peculiar about this rigorousness with regard to devotion, is that we meet it at a time when all sorts of damnable error in doctrine are condoned by the world with the phrases "oh! we all mean the same thing"; and "it is immaterial what a man believes"; but when there is question of piety the same world stiffens itself up as a stern judge of the childlike and exuberant expressions of it in people whose orthodoxy when they are asked to explain their meaning is found to be absolutely beyond suspicion. The Church is a Mother and has all the kindness and indulgence of a mother for the different dispositions of her children while at the same time she is careful to instruct them properly and reprove them sharply if they go wrong. St. Ignatius advises us to try always to put the best interpretation on a man's words, and he was a wise and prudent saint.

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No Catholic with a grain of sense (and surely none others should be consulted) has any other idea of the Blessed Mother except that of one between whom and God an infinite impassable gulf intervenes. She is a mere creature chosen indeed by God for a marvellous participation in the work of Redemption but great precisely because of that and with everything that she does referable to Almighty God. She is God's chief servant; the *Ancilla Domini*, and the only conceivable purpose of her being is to "Magnify the Lord." When we honor the servant of the king we honor the king, and much more so when we honor his mother.

Let us by way of illustration take the Office of her Seven Dolors which the Church recites on two feast days of the liturgical year. The *Stabat Mater*, which is the hymn that runs through the Office, ends each stanza with a reference to the Divine Son. It is the "dum pendebat *Filius*," "Mater *Unigeniti*." "In amando *Christum Deum*," *i.e.* "While the *Son* was hanging there," "Mother of the *Only Begotten*." "In loving *Christ Our God*," etc. So in what is called the *Invitatorium* or Invitation to the Office, the refrain is: "While recalling the woes of the glorious Virgin, come let us adore the *Lord* who suffered for us." We are bidden to ask the Mother of Sorrows to pray for us, not that we may be made worthy of her promises but of *Christ's*. The psalms are all descriptive of the war which the *Son of God* is waging for us. In the first place is the glorious song: "Why have the nations raged and the people meditated vain things," in which the culminating verse is: "The Lord has said to me: Thou art my Son this day have I begotten Thee." We have the beautiful refrains at the end of the first lessons: ℟ With thy loving eyes O Virgin behold Him, but see in Him not so much the lividness of His wounds as the *salvation* He brings to the world. His pierced and bleeding hands are as it were filled with hyacinths for those gashes are the price of mans *salvation*. Thus with all the expressions of love, the Divinity of Christ is always in evidence.

In the Second Nocturn we have the tender conversation of St. Bernard with the Blessed Mother as in imagination he

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sees her standing beneath the cross, and many of his expressions might well make the un-Catholic mind uneasy and yet he is a Doctor of the Church.

The Third Nocturn concludes with the words of St. Augustine who reminds us that when Our Lord cared for His mother's future by giving her St. John, He was not so much acting as God providing for His servant, but as a man who was concerned for the happiness of his mother, and yet the lesson ends with the refrain: "O dear Mother fount of love make me feel the force of grief for the sufferings of my *Lord*, that as thy Son died for me I may rise to life with Him."

Knowing that He is the Omnipotent God and that she has been elevated to the incomprehensible dignity of His Mother, it is no wonder that language loses itself at times in what seems extravagance. It would be strange if it did not. But if we love Her, she will keep us out of danger of saying anything that is incorrect.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. VICTOR VAN TRICHT.

"MY God," wrote the celebrated author of these reflections, which are addressed to all who suffer; "My God, I write these pages in Your presence, in the hope of helping those souls that suffer."

You have called them : Come to Me, You said, come to Me, all you who suffer and bear the burdens of life, come and I shall give you courage.

Let me, oh my God, bring to You at least some one of the more unhappy.

A heavy yoke is upon the children of Adam, from the day of their coming out of their mother's womb, until the day of their burial into the mother of all. (1)

That yoke is suffering.

(1) Eccles. 40 : 1.

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The child who is born, weeps: it is his greeting to life. The old man who is in his agony lets the cold, silent tears flow slowly from beneath his shrivelled eyelids: they are his farewell to life. And between these tears, how many others have fallen! Who can calculate the bitternesses and the sufferings, accumulated in the heart of a man who has lived a long time!

No one escapes that yoke. Since the fall, it is the lot of every man coming into this world: it is the fatal and inalienable heritage from a father who has transgressed: it is our part of the chastisement in the expiation which has been taking place from the beginning of the world and which will continue to the end of time, even until the last of the children of man dies.

Philosophy, helpless, strikes its brow and seeks, but notwithstanding the reasonings it multiplies, it does not find the origin of that evil, of that suffering.

Faith, divinely enlightened, finds it written on the first page of the holy Bible "*Quia audisti vocem uxoris tuae et comedisti de ligno.*" "Because thou hast harkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree." (1) You will suffer, because you have transgressed.

But while philosophy reasons and faith reveals, man suffers.

Some, stricken by a visible and crying misfortune show, so to speak, in their very looks all the blood which their heart has shed. We are moved to pity at sight of them and we call them unfortunate.

Others pass before us with all the vain display of riches: their eyes are full of joy, their lips are wreathed in smiles. . . we do not lift that veil, we believe them happy, we envy their lot. How often, if we could observe them in their hours of solitude, should we see them weep bitter tears, and, with grief-stricken soul, press in their hands hearts wrung with anguish.

Others know not these great misfortunes of life: and evil more insensible, and less acute undermines and consumes them: the sensation of the emptiness of everything. Nausea seizes them on account of the finiteness of all creatures, *ennui*

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(1) Gen. 3: 17.

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devours them : *ennui*, says Bousset, that inexorable *ennui* that forms the basis of life.

One thing appeals to me in Holy Scripture. It has portrayed two men : one stricken with every misery, poor after having been rich, alone, abandoned by his wife and all his friends, he has looked upon the death of his sons and daughters : there he lies, stretched upon a dunghill, scraping with a potsherd the matter that flows from his sores.

This is Job.

The other enjoys every good fortune, he is rich, he is powerful, he is a king, he is learned, he is the wisest of men, he has glory, he enjoys all the pleasures of spirit and all the joys of sense; there he is on his throne, in all the pomp of a court.

This is Solomon.

I ask Job about life. He answers me, "*Taedet animam meam vitæ meæ.*" (1) My soul is weary of my life.

I ask Solomon and in the same terms, with the same words, he answers me, "*Taeduit me vitæ meæ.*" (2) I was weary of my life.

What conclusion, then, should we not draw from that comparison?

Is it that life is kind to no one? No, life is kind to none.

But if suffering is inevitable in this world, has it no consolation, no remedy? I ask myself.

It is not within itself that the human heart finds these consolations. "*Non est auxilium mihi in me*," says Job again. I have not found any help in myself. Without doubt man can divert his thoughts from his sorrow : he can fling himself into absorbing and arduous labors ; he can plunge headlong into intoxication and the mad whirl of pleasure : he can forget there his misery and in a more lively sensation, drown, so to say, the sensation of his sorrows. But one awakes from that state of torpor as one awakes from a dream : he finds himself still under the cruel sting of the reality : he had forgotten the sword which pierced his heart, but it is there now: it is always there; it cuts, it tears, it penetrates more and more every day.

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(1) Job, 10 : 1, (2) Eccl., 2 : 17.

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Besides to forget! Let us suppose that a man forgets.

To that forgotten sorrow, does there not succeed a new sorrow? Does not each day introduce its own? How long does our sky remain serene?

What would man find then in himself to console him in the midst of his sufferings?

What can he avail against death, when it snatches from him those whom he loves? What can he do against sickness? Against ruin? Against dishonor? Against the ennui of life? Against the uncertainty of things?

One thing we can demand of him—from himself against himself—and that is energy: not to let his arms drop, or his courage waver; that he take his soul between his hands, that he keep it there and that he be a man. "*Esto vir.*" This is all. And yet how often do we ask this of him in vain!

Will the aching heart find its consolation and its relief in other men?

I do not deny that a man can find consolation in other men: I have too frequently tasted the sweetness and the force of friendship not to recognize its goodness and its power. It is so consoling when you suffer to rest on the bosom of a friend, to feel your hand pressed by his.

Alas! this help from man is vain, because it comes from man, vain in itself.

When Rachel had beheld the death of her little children, her riends crowded around her and wept with her. . . . But Rachel would not be comforted, "because they were not."

The love which surrounded her could it not supply the place of the dead whom she loved? Why should she weep further? "*Quia non sunt.*"

Who, then, has not experienced that cruel helplessness of man in the presence of the grief of a friend? A misfortune strikes one, ruin falls on him and his family, the hope of his life is suddenly blasted. . . . He suffers, his soul is tortured; you run to his assistance, you feel in your heart a pity full of tenderness, you would sacrifice your share of happiness to make him happy, and, suddenly, arrived in his presence, your tongue is mute, your words fail you, your thoughts, vague

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and shapeless, cross one over the other, you can only press him in your arms, repeating to him : "My friend, my poor friend!"

Ah ! I know it well, it is one of those commonplace phrases which is in everybody's mouth, one of the expressions of sympathy, always ready for use, but true friendship feels so keenly that all this is vain and of no avail. It dares not repeat them. Those who do not understand sorrow learn to speak, just as the comedian learns how to play his part. Of such speech, Job says : "*Verbosi amici, consolatores onerosi, audivi frequenter talia . . . nunc autem oppressit me dolor meus.*" (1)

O my friends full of talk, troublesome comforters, I have often heard such things as these . . . but now my sorrow hath oppressed me. Oh! how rare is the friend who understands the sorrow of his friend! . . . How often does he perceive what lies on the surface without suspecting that the evil lies still deeper ! And when God has given us, for the comfort of our life, one of those friendships which understands and which feels, how often, after a few years, after a few months, are we deprived of it! . . . We lose our friends, we leave them just as one leaves for exile some well-beloved shore ; they die . . . and we remain alone, surviving the funeral of our own heart ! Oh ! no ! It is not in man that we should look for the consolation and the remedy !

There remains God !

(*To be continued.*)

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

So frequently have we had to record in these annals the damages done by floods at Auriesville, particularly in the Ravine, that we are happy to state for once that the overflowing creeks and rivers, which lately did so much harm west and east of the Shrine, have not injured our property in any way. Thanks to the labor of the past few years, and to the contributions of our friends enabling us to requite this labor, we may hope to be spared in future the trouble and expense of repairing in one part or other of the property there the serious damage which storms and overflows have hitherto so often inflicted.

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(1) Job 16 : 2 and 8.

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The village has had more than its usual population this winter, as several canal boats were caught there by the ice in November, and a number of their crews have been forced to hibernate in that neighborhood. Occasionally some one comes in pilgrimage to visit the Shrine, and it is pleasant to learn that they are delighted with everything. Each year they find new evidences of the improvement and piety that can grow only with the years, and we hope this year that something still more impressive and permanent can be done there to witness to the veneration in which the Shrine is held.

* * *

It is somewhat early in the year to announce what is to be done at the Shrine itself. But no obstacle should prevent us from having, at last, the long promised ceremony of erecting the permanent statue of Our Lady of Martyrs and placing thereon the crown of thorns in gold. The crown is ready, the statue has been ordered and will be ready in good time—early the coming summer. If the means at our disposal when spring comes around justify the construction of a proper oratory or shrine for the new statue, we shall certainly attempt it; but there is still some debt to clear, in all about $3,000 in loan and mortgage. Much was done last year, for besides purchasing land and improving the hotel and grounds the debt was lessened by fully $1,000. We trust we shall be able to do, at least, this much the coming year, and as soon as our plans are matured we shall announce them to our readers.

* * *

Our friends must not forget the proposal made last summer to erect at Auriesville a statue in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The proposal was to spend about $400 on this statue, and this sum would be quite enough for a large metal statue and shrine; but a fine marble statue can be placed there properly enshrined for $800, and it would be far preferable to one in metal, so we shall try to procure it, if the money be forthcoming. Already $200 have been contributed for this purpose, and we are confident that the balance will soon be given for this very worthy object. It is always advisable to increase the property we hold there, but this is a matter that can very well wait on these and other much-needed improvements.

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What can be announced with certainty is what we have actually done, and that is an improvement in the PILGRIM OF OUR

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LADY OF MARTYRS. This magazine is entering its eighteenth year, and we are glad to observe that its readers not only appreciate it, but also strive to extend its circulation, as appears by an increase in our subscription lists the past few months. This year we are to add to the usual subjects treated in the PILGRIM, a monthly contribution to devotion to Our Lady and another on some devotion to Our Lord. Very properly we open the series in honor of Our Lady by an article on her Sorrows, taking the Office of the Seven Dolors as the source; and the series on devotion to Christ will be about the Royal Way of the Cross, with a view to showing how the Passion of Christ is a source of consolation in suffering. The name of the writer, the Rev. Victor Van Tricht, of the Society of Jesus, is sufficient warrant for the merit of this series.

You wish to know what you can do for the Shrine in 1902? Renew your subscription to the PILGRIM; subscribe for it for some friend. Each subscription is only fifty cents a year. How easy it would be for each subscriber to obtain several others. The Shrine would gain and no one would lose.

* * *

Finally, some slight changes which we have been making lately in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and its *Supplement*, which was formerly one with THE PILGRIM, will enable us to devote more time to the preparation of the process for the beatification of Father Isaac Jogues and his companions. We, therefore, request the aid of the prayers of our readers and of all who are interested in this, for not only is the labor long and arduous, but the result to be attained is something far beyond every human endeavor. Of late we have been encouraged by letters of thanksgiving for favors received through prayers offered at the Shrine, and attributed to the intercession of the holy persons whose memory is associated with it; letters have also been received asking prayers through their intercession and we recommend these petitions to our readers. Just as soon as we shall have done something for the cause of Father Jogues, we may confidently hope for more signal evidence of his favor with God and power of intercession for us.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

J. B., National Military Home, Ind. $1 20
J. O'R., Youngstown, O..... 1 00
D. H., Troy, N. Y........... $0 56
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y... 5 00
"In honor of St. Joseph."..... 25 00

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MISSION NOTES.

AFRICA.

Congo.—There is actually a great movement towards the Church, Father Hencxthoven, S.J., assures us. The natives from different places invite the missionaries to come and teach them. Hence, multiplication of mission-stations is hindered only by the lack of resources. The name "farm-chapels" indicates the method of the missionaries. They aim at forming settlements in which the convert colonists will be trained in agriculture and trades as well as in the Christian faith. There are at present 183 "farm-chapels" in the Congo mission of the Belgian Jesuits, with 4,294 children under instruction. Here the little blacks study their maps, arithmetical tables etc., something after the fashion of European schools. A series of pictures illustrating the history of the Old and New Testaments brighten the walls of the schools, and are found extremely useful for teaching.

Father Hencxthoven has opened a normal school for catechists. It already contains seventeen pupils, who are willing to live as the missionaries do, amongst the people, receiving only food and clothing, but no payment for their labor.

Lower Niger. Another black King.—Some months ago we announced the conversion of King Sami of Onitcha. His example has been followed by that of King Obi of Nsube. All the town or settlement of Nsube is following the royal example. His conversion is very sincere. During the Mass preceding his Baptism, he was unwilling, through his humility, to occupy the place specially prepared for him. He had put away his idols and amulets, and separated from his unlawful wives. His crown, also made of antelope's horns, he had laid aside. The Sister Superior of Onitcha was his god-mother. After Baptism, he went outside ; and in his enthusisam cried out in the words of St. Michael, "*Quis ut Deus*"—"*Who is like unto God?*" The leaders of the people of Nsube, which has a population of 9,000 souls, are taking steps for the instruction and Baptism of this multitude.

Algeria.—Some years ago, Cardinal Lavigerie said of his missionaries in Algeria that he thought none in the world were more devoted. Voluntary exiles, they toiled without hope of human reward, and often with little apparent fruit amongst the

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Mussulman natives. An early death, the fatal gift of the African climate, was known to await a great many amongst them, if not nearly all. Of two hundred and fifty-nine priests with Cardinal Lavigerie at the time referred to, only fourteen reached the age of sixty years. There are now 300 priests where the present Archbishop, Mgr. Oury, says 3,000 are needed. The mission is peculiarly difficult owing to the distance between the settlements. Hence many of the scattered faithful neglect the practice of their religion, because they so rarely see a priest, and sometimes they die before the sacraments can be administered. The country teems with a Mussulman population very difficult to convert, in fact very difficult to approach on the question of Christianity. It is to a great extent by the care of the sick and diseased that an opening is made to plant the seeds of the gospel. The confidence of the people having been gained, the missionaries were allowed to enter freely amongst the native tribes. Schools were opened, those for girls being taught by the "White Sisters." At first the parents insisted that nothing should be said to the children about the Christian religion, but by degrees, it won favor, and in time, whole families were baptized. Still great reserve and prudence are necessary, and the greatest caution in referring to Mahomet and his doctrines.

The devotedness of the missionaries is in many cases absolutely heroic. The trappist monks, for instance, at the beginning of the French colonization, endured untold miseries before assuring their establishment. When disease thinned their ranks, they returned to France for new recruits, and at last had the consolation of seeing their deserts bloom as the fields of their native country.

Amongst the Bechuanas.—The geographical divisions of South Africa have been long since sadly familiar. Bechuanaland is west of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. One of the Zambesi missionaries, travelling through it in 1893, tells of his reaching, after nightfall, in a remote and lonely, but lovely spot, the settlement of an Irish Catholic, who had left his native country nearly fifty years before, and after many wanderings had married a Boer wife. He had a large family of healthy children, not one of whom could speak a word of English. "He had not seen a priest for many a long year; but in spite of this he had clung to his faith as only a son of Erin can do, and all his children had been baptized Catholics. As he had never made his first Communion, he and his older children were prepared for it

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during the night, and next morning received it together. I have never witnessed a more touching sight," writes the missionary.

Although the conversion of the Bechuanas is slow, owing chiefly to want of priests, they make very faithful Christians. "Morning after morning," writes a priest after a year's residence amongst them, "as regular as clock work, practically the whole of the congregation (at Vleeschfontein) used to come to Mass; and every evening they would all assemble in the little chapel for the public recitation of the Rosary. More than this, I have seen many and many a time, men, women and children, come quietly from their homes to spend a long time in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. These people really loved the chapel, and no service could be too long for them."

CHINA.

Bishop Hofman, of the Order of St. Francis, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Shan-Si, fears that, at least in parts of China, the future is far from promising. The guilty Mandarins and "Boxers," easily escaping punishment, will as easily revolt anew. The bishop says that in his vicariate many apostatized through fear when they were separated from their leaders, the missionaries. Nearly all, however, have returned to the faith. Many who died for the faith had been considered indifferent Christians. But at the moment of danger they were steadfast. The persecution has had a remarkable consequence in the reconciliation of many Christians who were at variance with one another. The common danger united them. The number of converts has been greater since the late disasters, so that more missionaries are imperatively called for. The pagans, instead of destroying their unloved offspring, prefer to give them up to the Christian asylums. Very many Christian infants have shared the fate of the Holy Innocents, cut off like unfolding roses. In July, 1901, the mission of Southern Shan-Si had sixteen Franciscan priests and three secular. There were seventeen students in the seminaries, seventy-two catechists, and seventy-eight school teachers.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

FOR THE MOST NEEDY MISSION.

R. B., Battle Creek, Mich. $10 00

FOR THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

A Friend. $25 00

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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 2.

THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

IROQUOIS AGGRESSIONS.

AT the end of the feast the chief arises and with a loud voice, prays, "I invoke thee, O god of war to be favorable to me and my friends; to have pity on me and on my family. I invoke, also, all the good and bad spirits, all those who are in the air and on the earth and in the earth to keep me and those of my party and to help us after a happy journey to return to our country." The Indians answer "Ho! Ho!" which is their cry of approbation and prayer, and then the chief sings the death song. Very often it embraces the most atrocious details. "May rage choke my enemies; may I devour them and drink their blood to the last drop. I will lift their scalps; I will drink in the skull of my enemies. I will cut their fingers with my teeth. I will burn their feet and their limbs. I will let the worms feed on their wounds. I will tear the skin from their heads. I will pluck out their hearts and plunge it in their mouths." The warriors repeat these songs of death and of vengeance.

The dance Athonront commences. The chief strikes a post of the cabin and begins the dance. Each warrior does the same. It is a public declaration of the private arrangement which he has made to follow his chief and to fight his assailants. The proceedings end by the war dance in which all take part and in which the braves execute, each in his own fashion, all the

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movements of a troop on the march or in the fight. They utter cries of death and yells of vengeance. They imitate the labors of a siege and the attack of a palisade. They make marches and countermarches. They brandish their clubs and their tomahawks. They stretch their bows and flourish their knives. They leap over ditches and imitate the action of swimming. Nothing is wanting in this picturesque and horrible pantomine to make it an infernal image of savage war. The ceremonies and the dances and the songs are intended to arouse their martial ardor.

Before their departure they interrogate the Medicine Men. They consult dreams and take their manitou and thus assured they set out convinced that they have nothing to fear, and that the victory is already won. Their imaginations are excited by the story of the exploits of their ancestors and they are on fire to win glory like them in the combat.

At the beginning of our narrative the Iroquois population was about 25,000, of whom 2,000 or more were warriors. The number was not great, but their geographical situation protected them against all attack from without while they had easy access to the West and North along the Ohio, Mississippi and the great lakes, and to the East by the river St. Lawrence and its tributary streams. With their canoes they could transport their warriors rapidly to the points where they hoped to surprise the enemy. The enemy were the Hurons, the Algonquins and the French, who were superior to them in number indeed, but did not possess the same power of cohesion, of mutual understanding and discipline. Moreover, the Iroquois had, at the south, a wall of defense in the Dutch colony established on Manhattan Island. For these Dutch settlers they procured rich peltries, and received in return firearms and ammunition for war or for the hunt, and they thus possessed a great superiority over the other savage tribes. In this manner they soon became the first military power of North America. Sure, henceforth, of this advantage, and proud of their ability for war, they knew no restraint. They were found in ambuscade on the borders of the St. Lawrence, and at the mouths of rivers to attack the canoes and the boats which were loaded

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with peltries. They prowled around Quebec and Three Rivers; they went into the very heart of the Algonquin country. They ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the island of Allumettes. They attacked the camps which were badly guarded, surprised their enemies, massacred them or carried them off as prisoners. They even captured prisoners from beneath the very cannon of Quebec. The Hurons who came down every year for trading often met them and each time there was a bloody conflict, with the victory usually on the side of the Iroquois. "They came like foxes," says Charlevoix, "they attacked like lions, and fled like birds. They were most usually sure of their stroke."

When Champlain returned to Quebec, after the peace of St. Germain, he saw immediately the gravity of the situation. There was no illusion about it. A prompt remedy had to be applied if the future of the colony was to be assured. For that reason he asked 120 soldiers from Richelieu. "With this troop of warriors," he said, "together with two or three thousand allies, we would be absolute masters in a year of all this people." This was in 1633. In the following year he wrote again: "One hundred and twenty Frenchmen, well equipped with our Indian allies, would suffice to exterminate the Iroquois or make them listen to reason." These one hundred and twenty soldiers he never got. The Cardinal engaged in the war against the House of Austria was unable to give any assistance to the French colony. The successor of Champlain, Huault de Montmagne, succeeded no better with the Minister, and, powerless to attack, he contented himself with remaining on the defensive. This wise and prudent course seemed to the Iroquois a manifest sign of great weakness. Up to that they had conceived a great idea of the military power of France, but from that out their ideas changed and gave place to quite another impression, for they did not understand the real motive of the expectant attitude of the governor. Their audacity increased as this apparent weakness showed itself, and soon it was beyond all bounds.

In 1641, Father Vimonot, Superior of Quebec, writes to his Provincial at Paris: "New France will perish if it is not vigor-

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ously and promptly assisted. The business of the Hundred Associates, the colony of the French and religion, which begins to take hold of the subjects, are forever gone if the Iroquois are not conquered. If we have not that people on our side, or if they are not exterminated, we may well abandon to their cruelties all our excellent neophytes and all the fine hopes we had cherished. The Iroquois have become so insolent that either the country must be lost or a prompt and efficacious remedy must be applied."

Again, the following year, he expressed the same fears: "The Iroquois are the scourge of our growing church, and are destroying our neophytes with their firearms, and have sworn a cruel war against the French. They block all the entrances to our great river, are destroying all our commerce, and bring ruin on the entire country."

These words are the expressions of the general opinion of the colony. The fear of the Iroquois had caused much depression of spirits. The people lived with the constant fear of death before them ; there was no protection except in the very citadel of Quebec. "The Algonquins, who are Christians or catechumens, and who established themselves in Three Rivers, have fled in terror. Many have gone back to their country and others have taken refuge in Quebec. The Iroquois have not yet discovered (this was towards the end of 1642) the colony established at Montreal in the spring of that year, but hostilities will begin soon, and people can no longer be sure once they leave their doorsteps. The region between the country of the Hurons and Quebec, which is frequented every year after the great winter frosts by fleets of thirty, fifty and even one hundred canoes, is to-day so insecure that convoys of merchandise are something that you rarely see."

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A CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. M. WATSON, S.J.

I.

I WALKED along a city street to-day,
And Souls in crowds passed near me, each to sight
Invisible within its house of clay,
A Spirit by its nature glad and bright.
A pure Celestial Presence stood revealed
And asked me: "Wouldst thou these veiled Spirits know,
And view their state, now from thy sight concealed?"
I looked my wish, he touched mine eyes, and lo!
Each Spright I knew. And some were hideous, black,
And bound in straitest bonds, yea, wounded sore
As if to death; and yet, most strange, alack!
The body seemed to know it not, and wore
Apparel gay and cried in vaunting joy:
"Ours is true life, ours, bliss without alloy."

II.

But some there were, whose Soul a glorious Queen,
Dwelt in their flesh as in a palace fair,
For strong and glad and crowned with light serene,
She lived free as unfettered mountain air.
And these were children and some ill-clad poor,
And men and women with a child-like heart,
Who won Angelic love and guidance sure,
And spotless walked through busy street and mart.
They shunned all sinful stain; and yet their fill
Of keenest pleasure quaffed; for, hour by hour,
They grew in holiest peace and love, until
They gained, e'en while on earth, Heaven's happiest dower.
True life was theirs; but many sneered and said:
"What earthly joy is yours? Fools, ye are dead!"

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THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN PASSION WEEK.

IT is somewhat striking that in the Office of Holy Week there is almost no mention of the Holy Mother. The Feast of the Seven Dolors has been already celebrated in Passion Week, but in the gloom of the week that follows she virtually disappears. She is, of course, mentioned as standing at the foot of the Cross, and Our Lord's words to her are recorded and have formed the delight of the Church ever since, but beyond that there is nothing. We have, indeed, the meeting of Mother and Son on the way to Calvary and there is the laying of the mangled body of Jesus in her arms at the foot of the Cross; but these two events are given to us by tradition and are not recorded in Holy Writ. The silence of the Scripture on these two events does not, of course, imply that they did not occur, for the tradition and piety and instinct of the Church are absolutely safe guides in such matters. They were not written down simply because it was unnecessary to do so. That they occurred is self-evident. But apart from that, Our Lady is almost lost sight of in the Liturgy of the Church during that week. It is the Church's way of emphasizing the doctrine that Jesus "trod the wine-press alone; that He looked to the right and to the left and there was no one to help Him." It is for the same reason that during that time there is no invocation of any saint; on Good Friday there is not even Mass; and, in keeping with that spirit, the Blessed Mother for the moment is unseen, though she is present. When she does appear at the foot of the Cross, it only brings out more forcibly the utter loneliness of the Redeemer in the work He has entered upon. Even she is of no help. She only increases His sorrow. Against the darkness of those days the figure of Jesus appears alone.

There are, of course, many allusions to her in the Lamentations of Jeremias, which the Church sings when coming close to the time of the Crucifixion. But they are such only by adaptation. Thus the Prophet, contemplating the desolation actually brought on the Holy City in the time of Sedecias sees a vivid picture of the greater desolation which is to come upon

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it in the days when it has cast out the great King. It is that scene which he primarily describes when he exclaims: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! How is the mistress of the gentiles become as a widow; the princes of provinces made tributary. Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her; all her friends have despised her and are become her enemies. From the Daughter of Sion all beauty is departed. O, all ye that pass by the way, come and see if there be any sorrow like unto mine."

Nevertheless, in the immemorial custom of the Church all this is applied to the Blessed Virgin, and rightly so, for she in the most admirable and marvellous way was the Virgin daughter of Sion. In her all the holiness of the ancient people of God, which was her people, culminated. She was its most perfect flower and fruit. Her, the prophecies had foretold and the types foreshadowed. In the general ruin of her race and in the disaster which had fallen on religion she stands luminous at the side of the Redeemer, and hence, with perfect propriety all those prophetic utterances may be applied to her, always, of course, with reference to the great events which they portray, and understanding that whatever momentary obscuration there may be, is only to bring out more vividly the great truth that in Christ alone is our redemption.

Possibly, also, it may be a way of hinting that her grief was not merely a matter of that time alone, but followed her all her life and hence the Church devotes two other portions of the liturgical year, one of which, at least, is remote from the Passion, to study the sorrows of the Blessed Mother. She does so because she wants us to remember that the sword was always in the Blessed Virgin's heart; that the vision of Calvary was ever before her, and the sea of sorrow constantly sweeping over her soul.

Hence, apart from the Feast of the Seven Dolors in the springtime, there is another in autumn, and singularly enough it follows immediately after the Feast of her Nativity as if to intimate that her sorrows began with her birth. In the hymn

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of the first vespers we have a most pathetic almost harrowing picture of her maternal anguish over the mangled body of her Son. That hymn alone is sufficient to show us what tenderness and depth of sympathy the true Catholic ought to have with regard to the Mother of Christ. We have not a metrical translation of it, but the thought runs as follows :

"O with what torrents of tears, with sorrow surging like the waves of the sea, does the grief-stricken Virgin Mother gaze upon her Child when He is torn from the bloody cross and laid in her arms! Crushed with grief she bathes with tears His gentle lips, His tender breast, His sweet wide-gaping side, His wounded right hand and mangled left, and His feet all red with blood. A hundred and a thousand times she clasps in her close embrace His sacred form, and with her lips fixed upon His wounds melts away in kisses of anguish and pain. O Mother, we entreat, by those tears of thine and the sad funeral scene over the body of thy Son and for the sake of those livid wounds make the sorrow of thy heart abide in ours."

Could we want any more touching expression of human grief than this? As we are all aware no one can be subject of keener anguish than a loving mother holding in her arms the dead body of her son, and we know that there never was a mother, there never was a son like those who are depicted there. Add to it the fact that no saint ever could feel the outraged majesty of God as did she, and we need no longer wonder why the Church, when it has to use human speech, is sometimes mute. The agony of Christ is shown to be all the greater when, even for this grief of the Mother, the Church has almost no words, and has to wait till the time of the Passion is passed to give utterance to her thoughts.

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JOHN GARNET'S HOLIDAY.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THUS John Garnet's holiday began. Like some strange, beautiful dream the days went by, bringing him new hope and vigor and life. Wonderful days, indeed, they were to this grave, austere man, who had hitherto walked only the barren way of duty and self-renunciation—the desert path whose sole glory is the radiance of distant stars.

Here on these enchanted heights life was all color and beauty and glow; here Nature, cruel step-dame for so long, seemed to soften into motherly tenderness and lap and cradle him into delicious rest. For a time it was not only rest, rest, —on the wide verandah, in a soft cushioned chair, wrapped in warm rugs, or basking in the autumn sunlight—rest, by the great chimney-place in the hall, where a special corner was his invalid right—rest, in the cosy library, where he could dream undisturbed over his favorite authors. And always, and everywhere, he was conscious of a gentle care and solicitude that watched without wearying him.

The rug, the cushion, the foot-stool, the dainty milk punch, the invigorating cordial—all these little comforts and necessities of the convalescent, Lilian took into her hands, ministering to the gaunt, grave, lonely man with a tenderness almost filial.

He grew stronger daily; every morning he awoke with an added sense of vigor and well-being, every day life seemed to grow richer in warmth and color, fuller of pleasant interest, nay, of keen though quiet delight.

Soon he was able to walk, to drive, to take a share in the pleasures and amusements of the guests. For the Open Sesame to Cro' Nest was not wealth or social position, but cleverness.

The dull, the stupid, the heavy, found no admission there. "One must tolerate Midas in town," Mrs. Brycerly said, "but here we pull his ears fearlessly and will have none of him." So it was a brilliant coterie she gathered around her in her

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mountain fastness—artists, authors, musicians came and went, bold thinkers and theorists lingered delightedly in the congenial atmosphere—where all that was novel or original roused eager interest.

But as John Garnet soon found, it was a pagan Parnassus, where all gods had a place but the One Infinite and Eternal.

In vain had Lilian, filled with the beautiful enthusiasm of the young convert, striven to champion the Truth against overwhelming odds, she had found herself no match for the keen, subtle, scholarly minds arrayed against her. Again and again had she been driven to covet the Christians' Credo, her only defence.

But she had a powerful ally now. After long years of inactivity John Garnet found himself handling the old weapons of his youth against foemen worthy of his steel. Long dormant powers seemed to quicken into new life, dulled thought kindled into glow and flame, and Lilian's ckeek flushed and her eyes sparkled with triumph at the masterly logic and eloquence with which this grave, quiet friend upheld her cause, and defended the Truth she loved against pagan onslaught.

"Ah, you have scattered the hosts of darkness," she said gaily, one night, when the circle, held breathless around the fire by some such philosopher's battle, dispersed to billiard and music room, and she and Mr. Garnet were left in quiet by the glowing hearth. "Even Doctor Danfuth confessed to me that your mediæval battle axe struck with tremendous force. And Mildred Vane, poor unhappy woman, told mamma that your argument last night showed her the first solid ground she had touched for twenty years. Mr. Garnet," the gay voice took a graver tone, and Lilian sank down in her graceful, girlish way on the cushion beside her guest. "You have been here three weeks, and each week I have wondered more and more how you could have been content in papa's office all these weary years. Surely you could have done better things than drudge over his books."

"Once I thought so," he answered, quietly. "But we cannot always choose our own paths, Miss Lilian. I was left with a mother and three sisters depending solely upon me.

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There was no time for choice or delay. Perhaps if I had been a bolder man, I might have ventured, but there seemed too much at stake.

"I understand," she said, gently. "Then you are not alone?"

"Two of my sisters are married in the West; one is a cloistered nun; my mother died last year. Yes, I am alone."

"And free," she said, eagerly. "Then surely, surely you will not go back into bondage. Oh, it must have been such a hard, such a blighting life. Do you know when I was a very little girl, I used to think that high grated desk of yours was a cage, and wonder how papa could be so cruel as to keep you there. Once after a visit to the office I went to him crying, and begged him to let you out."

The grave, strong face had softened into tremulous lines while she spoke, but they were seated in the shadow and she did not see. Though arches and corridors, brightly lit, opened on either side, it was a fancy of Mrs. Brycerly to leave her central room to the firelight alone. All lesser radiance, she said, broke the spell of the great hearth, where mighty logs of oak hickory blared like royal bonfires, sending quivering shadows high upon the rough-hewn walls."

"I remember a little white plumed fairy, that used to peep shyly in upon me," Mr. Garnet said very softly. "And so you were sorry for this poor old prisoner."

"Oh, not old!" was her quick rejoinder. "You are not old now, Mr. Garnet."

"Forty-five my last birthday, Miss Lilian, and out of the race."

"Need one ever be out of the race," she asked, thoughtfully.

"Yes, if he fall twenty years behind."

"But not when the years have brought only strength, wisdom, courage, endurance. Oh, what a long sacrifice those years have been! Sacrifice;" she repeated. "It is the word that meets me at every turn in the beautiful new language that I am learning. Sacrifice! It is a hard word, Mr. Garnet."

"Yes," he said, quietly; "a hard word. May it be long before you know its full meaning."

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"But it is not always suffering," she said; "sometimes it must be joy, when—when—one loves for instance."

Her voice had grown lower, sweeter. The glow of the fire brightened as the great hickory back log whose rugged bark had defied the flame all evening, began to kindle and snap. It seemed to fling a softer flush upon the beautiful profile, turned half away from John Garnet's gaze.

"Can love that would gladly give all things be sacrifice?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, slowly. "The highest, the holiest, the most agonizing, when it is called to the Calvary of self-immolation."

"But I would die to save some one I loved without a pang," she said with a quick, drawn breath.

"There are pangs crueler than death," he answered, briefly.

"Oh, yes—yes," she said, with sudden pain in her voice; "and these I pray God will spare me for I would not know how to bear them."

"Amen to that prayer," said John Garnet, softly. "I would like to think of you as the little, white-plumed fairy of old, pitying, helping—not, God grant, enduring. I believe there are some bright souls sent into this world to comfort and gladden, some who, only by a beautiful sympathy, know of its sorrow and sin, some upon whom the burden of life is never laid. And—" he paused for a moment, while the great heart of the hickory burst into a blaze that illumined the tremulous lines of his grave, strong face—"I would go on in my own dark, lonely way forever to keep this happy lot of yours undimmed. I tell you this that you may not think me altogether unmindful, ungrateful for the sweet pity and kindness you have shown to a dull, weary, lonely man. For I leave Cro' Nest to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Mr. Garnet, no! we cannot permit it," cried Lilian, in dismay. "You know you are far from strong yet."

"Far from strong," he repeated in an odd tone, as he rose, tall and gaunt in the ruddy firelight. "You are right, perhaps; I am far from strong, but I will grow stronger in the old ways, at the old work."

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"Oh, but this so strange, so sudden," continued Lilian. "Papa does not expect you, I am sure. Oh, please do not go yet."

The soft, pleading tone trembled, there were tears in the sweet, uplifted eyes; it was the pitying, little white-plumed fairy of old that spoke to the lonely, desolate stranger within her gates. But the spell of the firelight was in John Garnet now, the great heart of the hickory mailed against the storms and suns of nigh fifty was glowing to its core.

"My dear little girl," he said, in a moved voice; "since you so wish it, I will stay."

When he went to his room that night there was a letter upon his table that had come with the late mail. He looked at it curiously, for both postmark and handwriting were strange to him. Then carelessly, he broke the seal and read. His uncle and godfather, an eccentric old man, of whom he had not heard for years, had died in a far-off western town and left him fifty thousand dollars.

His bonds were broken forever, he was free as Lilian had wished, free to live his own life, to reach the heights which Poverty had barred, free to strive, to win, to triumph yet. And like one who had quaffed some strange new elixir, John Garnet sat half the night before the white Christ in his mantle where Lilian had placed her last roses, dreaming the dreams of youth, heedless of the storm that swept the mountain baring, blighting, blasting its autumn glory, leaving behind the sere silence of winter and death.

Chapter IV.

The storm passed with the night. The wind had swept away mist and cloud veil from the mountain and the dawn broke with a pallid radiance like one whose vision had been cleared by a vigil of tears.

John Garnet rose late as was his convalescent privilege, and descended to find the house abandoned save by Mrs. Vane and the olive-skinned old Buddhist, who were deep in some Oriental occultism on the sunlit porch.

"You have been left at our mercy, Mr. Garnet," said the

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lady, gaily. "All the rest of the party have gone on the long intended picnic to Indian Rock. The waters are at the full to-day, and the cataract is superb in foam and rainbow. Mrs. Brycerly left word that if you should feel like joining them at the hotel, Lara was in the stable at your command."

But Indian Rock, with its leaping waterfall and gay picnicers, had no charms for John Garnet to-day.

He was glad to be alone, to think, to resolve, to look into the strange, beautiful vistas that had suddenly opened around him. He had telegraphed to Mr. Brycerly yesterday that he was about to return, and now he must notify him of his changed plans, for with this legacy (in cash, at his command, so the letters had informed him), the shackles of the trials had dropped from him, he could reach to higher things than his cashier's cage.

And with something of the vigor and briskness of twenty years ago, he took up his heavy walking stick and started out for a morning tramp through the woods. Even the pines had felt the fury of the storm; more than one cone-crowned monarch lay prostrate in his path, while the oaks and chestnuts were swept bare.

There was a tender melancholy in the sunlight that trembled through the leafless boughs; the wind sighed in the hollows like a passion-weary child. The note everywhere was of penitence and pain.

The little chapel of Our Lady of Dolors lay near the telegraph office to which John Garnet had directed his steps, and he stopped there for a few minutes to kneel before the simple rustic altar, his heart filled with new hopes, new purposes, that seemed to need the touch divine, to steady and assure them. And through the sombre light that had suddenly fallen upon his desert path, there seemed to come again the old blessing of his youth.

Even there Thy hand shall lead me; Thy right hand uphold me.

He retraced his steps to Cro' Nest more slowly, lingering in the sunlit aisles with the pleasant thoughts that he might loiter thus, unburdened, unhampered now.

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Dreams of travel, of happy leisure, nay, dreams sweeter and holier still flitted through his mind as he rambled in his footsteps scattering the fallen leaves, his cane swinging carelessly from his hand, his whole being stirred by a new sense of freedom and power. He had nearly reached the wide gateway of Cro' Nest when a figure started out of the shadowing pines to meet him.

"Grayson!" he exclaimed—conscious of a sudden chill, like the breath from some frosty height. For it was Wirt Grayson, the bright, cheery young man, who had taken his desk who confronted him. Wirt Grayson, white, haggard, hollow-eyed, the herald of some disaster—John Garnet felt at a glance.

"One word with you, Mr. Garnet, here alone," the young man began, excitedly, "I—I have risked everything to come up here to-day, to throw myself on your mercy; it rests with you to save or to ruin me."

The boy—he seemed little more to the man of forty-five, spoke in short, quick gasps, like one in mortal pain or fear.

"Be plain, Grayson," was the terse business answer—"what has happened?"

"We got your telegram that you were coming back to your work, to your desk, to-day. For God's sake don't, Mr. Garnet, give me just—just one week more."

The cashier's sunken eyes flashed. With the quick trained instinct he grasped the situation.

"So you have turned scoundrel, Grayson—"

"Call it what you please sir, I have nothing to say in my defense, except, perhaps this. There was a chance before me that would have turned older heads than mine—that did turn them—half a dozen of the best firms in the street have gone down like card-houses.

"And ours—," asked John Garnet, paling. "Is Brycerly & Brycerly hurt?"

"Not—not yet, sir" faltered the young man. "But, I—I—"

"And you have dared to use the funds, at your command, to risk the credit intrusted to you, and you come back to me for help, for time, to cover your rascality. Grayson, there is only one excuse for such a proposition. You must be mad indeed."

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"I am, I believe I am," answered the young man, desperately. "For the last ten days I have scarcely eaten or slept, watching the balance swaying that meant either safety or ruin, and it is swaying yet, Mr. Garnet, a day, an hour, and I may win back all. Let me show you—"

"Not a day, an hour, a minute, will I give you," was the stern reply. "I go back to my post by the next train."

"And ruin me," said Grayson, with a catch in his breath.

"It is not my business to consider you, sir," was the cold answer.

"No, no; oh my God!" groaned the young man, "if it were only myself. But Lilian, poor Lilian, this will break her heart! We—we have loved each other so long, since we were children, Mr. Garnet; we were to be married next year. She is so proud, and yet so tender, so true, she will cling to me through everything. And yet to drag her down with me. My God! I will die first, it will be a short end to all."

"Hush!" said Garnet, in a sharp, strange voice. "He was white to the lips now, his brow damp with a sudden sweat. "Let me understand you. You—you are betrothed you say to—to—Miss Brycerly. You were to be—married next year. Is this the truth, Grayson, or—or are you a liar as well as a thief?"

The young man winced and flushed.

"I have given you the right to insult me, Mr. Garnet, therefore I cannot resent it," he answered, with a quiet dignity. "In all that I have said to you, I have told the simple truth."

"The truth—ah! indeed, the truth—fool, fool, unused to man's ways to cry silence in that which is dearest to her." John Garnet's heart seemed to cry out in its bitterness as a thousand trifles corroborative of Grayson's words flashed into his startled memory.

"It was madness, as you say, to appeal to you," continued the young man. "There is but one course left to me; I will go myself to Mr. Brycerly and confess all."

"What is your deficit?" asked Garnet, a fierce glow in his deep set eyes.

"Over forty thousand dollars," answered Grayson, desperately."

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"Great Heaven, man! you are indeed lost." And for one brief moment John Garnet felt a demon's triumph, as he saw this young life so rich in all that had been denied him, crushed and blighted at his feet, for that Harold Brycerly, narrow, selfish, pitiless to any personal injury, would show no mercy, he knew.

"Lost, yes!" echoed Grayson, recklessly. "But when all else fails, there is a way out still."

At those words, the last cry of fierce young despair, John Garnet's soul awoke—mighty in its Christian strength—supreme over trembling heart and mind and will. And the stern, self-disciplined man saw the barren, desert path he had trodden for years, suddenly flame into sacrificial fire. With a quick change of manner and voice he laid his hand upon Grayson's shoulder.

"Yes, there is a way out," he said; "but not that of eternal perdition. Grayson, I have a plan, we will go back to the office together and settle matters."

"Mr. Garnet!" cried the young man, in amazement.

"In all honesty and justice," added John Garnet, quickly. "Not to save you or your promised wife, or any other creature from grief or shame, will I swerve from this path of right. But I see a way out of this difficulty. We have no time to lose. I will leave a parting message at the gate here and take the next train with you to the city."

That night found John Garnet again at his post—the cage of the cashier at Brycerly & Brycerly's office.

For long hours he sat there bending over his books, a pale, bewildered young man wondering and trembling at his side.

And when the midnight had passed Wirt Grayson was saved and John Garnet's brief holiday dream had vanished forever.

The deficit had been made good by his uncle's legacy. Brycerly & Brycerly stood strong and unshaken by the storm.

"Mr. Garnet, it is too much, too much," young Grayson had said, huskily, when he realized the noble generosity of the sacrifice. "I will give my note to you for this sum, and devote my whole life, if need be, to repaying it."

"No!" answered John Garnet, quietly. "I wish no note, ask

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no payment. It would shackle, burden you for life. Not the money, but you, yourself free, unhampered, bound by no secrets, no mistakes of the past, I give to-night to the woman you love, to the woman who loves you. Make the gift worthy of her as you can, Grayson. It is all the payment I ask. Tut, tut"—he laid his hand on the bright head that was bent, shaken with sobs on his cashier's desk. "How young you are Grayson, how very young. But it is better so—far better to grow old together. As for me, I am a man broken beyond my years. My old work, my old place—it is best for me until—" and a radiant light came over the grave, rugged face—" God gives me the holiday which is eternal."

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

BY THE REV. VICTOR VAN TRICHT.

(*Concluded.*)

NOTHING so touches us in Holy Scripture as God's incessant solicitude for man: to draw man to Him He has recourse to all the tenderest comparisons. Sometimes, to that of a nurse who cherished her little one on her breast, "*Tamquam si nutrix foveat filios suos.*" (1) Sometimes, to that of a hen which calls together its chickens under its wing, "*Quemadmodum gallina congregat pullos suos.*" (2) Sometimes, to that of an old and desolate father who awaits the return of his son, and seeing him coming home from afar, runs to meet him, throws himself on his neck, and embraces him amid tears of joy. Who does not remember the parable of the prodigal child? Sometimes, and more frequently, to that of the supreme tenderness of a mother! "*Obviabit illi quasi mater.*" (3) I shall go before you as a mother, "*Quomodo si cui mater blandiatur ita ego consolabor vos.*" (4) As a caressing mother, shall I console you.

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(1) Thes. 2 : 7.
(2) St. Matt. 23 : 37.
(3) Eccl. 15 : 42.
(4) Is. 66 : 13.

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You would say that He wished to exhaust all the resources of love, to attract to Himself the souls that suffer. You would say that He begs them, He implores them.

And we go so rarely to Him.

Why?

Do we doubt that He can console us and dry our tears?

No! We know well that the great God possesses in Himself all goodness and all happiness. How often, in raising our souls to Him in prayer, have we said to Him: "Oh my God, everything that is desirable in the world, everything that is glorious, honorable, lovable, all this is in You in a sovereign degree, in the most perfect purity, and in the most intimate union, and that from all eternity, without any of the imperfections which are found in created things. In You is found every delight, every rapture, everything which refreshes, and everything that charms, every consolation and every joy, all beauty and all happiness, every blessedness and the consummation of blessedness.

From You it is that everything that is sweet, draws its sweetness; everything beautiful, its beauty; everything bright, its splendor; all those who live, their life; everything that feels, its sensation; everything that moves, its strength; everything that is spirit, its knowledge; everything that is perfect, its perfection; everything that is good, its goodness. (1)

We know this and we believe it. We know and believe that God alone is able to console us, because He alone is the source of happiness.

And yet for all this, once again, we do not go to Him, we go to men: we go to the created things, to things vain and heartless.

Whence comes this mystery? Whence comes this contradiction to ourselves?

This is the reason.

Our poor souls are so much dragged down by our bodies, that we come to seek no other consolation than that which appeals to the body itself. We are so much absorbed by our

(1) Lessius, "Elevations to God." 7.

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grosser life of feeling and instinct that we scarcely relish or appreciate any longer the life of the spirit and of thought. God ought, so to say, show Himself to our eyes; He ought to touch our hands, speak to our ears so that we can see Him, feel Him, hear Him. The sensitiveness of our souls has become so dulled that we no longer quiver under the delicate and mysterious touches of which He is the source.

Without doubt, God being the Sovereign Master of man, and the Searcher-out of all the depths of his nature, God can touch him, console him, gladden him by means of the body and the senses: He can make him feel in his organism, in his nerves and in his bones, the divine ecstasy of happiness. He has done so for His saints, . . . He does the same for us and it is to Him that we must attribute those moments of serene delight, by which we feel ourselves moved, and for which we search in vain around us for a visible and created cause. But God is not lavish of this sensible action, He holds it in reserve, as an extraordinary and superior reward. Ordinarily it is to the spirit, it is to the reason, it is by Faith, that He speaks and communicates Himself. This is the chaste consolation of the soul, which He gives us . . . but we, spoiled through continual experience of the artificial warmth of this world, we hold it in slight esteem, we disdain it, it appears to us cold, and of little value.

What folly, therefore, is ours!

Yes! What folly! . . . And yet God has had pity. Knowing the wretched dust from which we are made, He humbles Himself even to our level; He so annihilates Himself as to assume our nature, the form of a servant, "*exinanivit semetipsum formam servi accipiens;*" He has clothed Himself like us in a visible and tangible flesh; He has spoken the language which our ears understand; He has lived in the midst of us, the life which we ourselves live.

Jesus Christ, the word made flesh, God made man, will be then the consoler of our sufferings, our friend, His open heart the refuge of our heart. Everything in Jesus Christ is mystery for our feeble and hesitating minds; but among all the problems which His human incarnation proposes, that which has

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struck me with greater force is to understand why, of His entire life, He has made such a complete tissue of sorrows and sufferings, to the extent of being called in truth "the man of sorrows—*vir dolorum*.."

To teach man his faith and his duties, to recall to him all the old law which he had forgotten, and to crown the whole law by the loftiest revelation, His lessons and His discourses were sufficient.

To reëstablish in a supernatural order the fallen nature of man, there was no need that Jesus Christ should submit to suffering. To satisfy the divine Justice of His Father for our sins the slightest act of reparation on His part would have superabundantly sufficed.

He wished, however, to drink the chalice of expiation even to the dregs. Why?

Why, then, "ought" He suffer, as the Holy Scripture says? I know of only one answer: To teach us to suffer.

Oh! What a master! What a model!

Come, then, to this divine school, you who are suffering and know not how to suffer. Listen to that silent instruction proposed to us, from the crib even to Calvary; absorb it into your very soul, engrave it upon your memory, and carry it, living warm, in your hearts. It will be your power and your energy, your strength and your courage.

St. Augustine calls some men "*Filii Calvariæ*—the children of Calvary." Yes, we are the children of Calvary. It is there that Christ has given us birth to a life of grace; it is also there that He will pour into our hearts, so weak in themselves, a power of endurance and of resignation which will put them to the test and make them regard, without terror, without fear, without fainting, all the cortege of miseries, how cruel soever, which unfolds itself in the life of man.

And what, then, has the Master done?

He has not changed anything in the calamitous condition of His creature. He has not relieved us of our sufferings. He has taken sufferings upon His own shoulders. "Surely He hath borne our infirmities—*Vere dolores nostros ipse portavit.*" (1)

(1) Isais 53 : 4.

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He has taken His cross and mounted Calvary. From that day suffering became for man a glorious sign and seal of Christian nobility.

Rejoice, then, you who suffer. You are called to the fellowship of the sufferings of your God—"*Ad societatem passionum ejus?*" (1) With Him mount to Calvary, climb that rugged hill: you will not take a step there without putting your foot in the footprint of the Crucified. Not one tear from your eyes, not one drop of blood from your heart will touch the ground without touching the tears and the blood which Jesus Christ shed before you. Mount even to the top and gaze upon Him attentively. Look on His forehead, His hands, His feet, His torn side, His reddened eyes, His pierced Heart. . . . If your forehead is like His crowned with thorns, if your hands are pierced like His, if your heart is torn as His, be brave. You bear within you the features of your King—*Stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore porto.* (2) "You have put on the countenance, and as it were, the figure of your God—*Configuratus morti ejus.*" (3)

But Christ did not restrict Himself to making suffering glorious, He has made it lovable and a cause of joy. "I abound with joy in my sufferings," says St. Paul. "*Superabundo gaudio in omni tribulatione mea.*" (4)

This it is the world does not well understand. It does not understand how anyone can love suffering: this is, according to its way of thinking, foolishness; and to indicate clearly that it is on Calvary, at the foot of the cross, that this foolishness seizes on men, it calls it the foolishness of the cross. Even in the time of St. Paul, the world spoke thus: "We preach the Crucified, said the Apostle, to the Gentiles foolishness." (5)

But it matters little what the world thinks. The fact is none the less there. It is none the less true that at the foot of Calvary, a race of men had sprung up, which has loved suffering, which has made suffering the inseparable companion of its pilgrimage, which has preferred pain to pleasure, humilia-

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(1) Philip 3: 10. (2) Gal. 6: 17.
(3) Philip 3: 10. (4) 2 Cor. v. 7, 4.
(5) 1 Cor. 1: 23.

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tion and comtempt to glory, poverty to riches. It is no less true that that race perpetuates itself and that by a divine fertility, it produces even to-day a glorious offspring.

Our voluptuous age, just as the early ages of the Church, sees its penitents leave its bosom amid fire and blood, greedy of suffering, because Jesus Christ has suffered ; our age, independent and rebellious, sees men ambition the annihilation of obedience, because Jesus Christ annihilated Himself to obey even to the death. Our age so madly, so vainly pursuing riches, sees men loving poverty and "regarding it as a most tender mother," as St. Francis de Sales says, because Jesus Christ had been poor and had lived on public charity. Who will deny this? And why do we not recognize that Jesus Christ has given a charm to suffering, which we do not perhaps know, for we have not felt its attractions—but which others whom it has captivated, feel.

You ask me the secret of this mysterious transformation?

Behold it. It is love!. . . love which makes everything sweet and dear that one suffers for the well beloved . . . Love generated in the fire of those silent communications which pass between the Heart of the Crucified God, and those poor mortal hearts that draw near to His cross.

Let us not forget, moreover, those consoling words of the Apostle "*Momentaneum et breve tribulationis nostræ, supra modum in sublimitate æternum gloriæ pondus operatur.* (1) Our momentary and light tribulations here below accumulate for us in heaven a weight of incomparable glory.

He who has raised up Jesus, will raise us up with Jesus. *Scientes quoniam qui suscitavit Jesum et nos cum Jesu suscitabit.*(2) And if we have been the companions of His sufferings, so shall we be of His joys and His happiness. *Scientes quod sicut socii passionum estis, sic eritis et consolationis.* (3) You who are suffering you will soon reach,—perhaps you have already reached that point in life whence the future inspires more melancholy than hope. You will have lost along life's

(1) 2 Cor. 4: v. 17. (2) 2 Cor. 4: v. 14.
(3) 2 Cor. 1: v. 7.

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pathway, those generous illusions, those artless joys, those pleasant dreams, those hopes so full of simplicity, and inexperience, all that beauty of the springtime which will be no more. All this is withered! The wind which blows across your brow is the wind of autumn which blights as it passes. You must descend . . . the decline is so rapid! and at the foot . . . so near alas! behold the end—Death. Ah, though life is so short and eternity so long, though death can, at any instant, seize us by the throat, and lay us in the grave, believe me, it is sweet to think that part of the suffering which is sent us in this world is a fruitful seed of happiness, planted in the soil of Eternity.

The Christian falls asleep so peacefully when he rests beneath the cross of his Master!

My intention is not to offer pages which will serve as the ordinary exercise of the Way of the Cross; they require a longer time than people can ordinarily give.

But, to those who read them, it will be easy later to recall the thoughts before the stations of that sorrowful journey and thither I would conduct all who suffer.

The true, the only consolation is there.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

A visit to Auriesville at this season leaves on one the impression that it should be photographed over again. The snow gives not only new color, but new form to everything. If you come by Tribes Hill, where the new power house for the electric line from Johnstown to Amsterdam is soon to be erected, you can enjoy sleigh riding as much as the weather permits over the meadows or lowlands from the lock at Fort Hunter. Should you write or telegraph for a sleigh to meet you it would be worth the extra charges to insert a few words about a storm coat, muffler and ear-laps, though even without these you will enjoy the trip, and know better by personal experience what the climate is like, and what it must have been before the cultivation of the past two centuries helped to moderate it.

Ice and snow are everywhere and one wonders how the horse can be so fleet against a driving sleet and so sure-footed over the

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glassy road. Clear above the stretch of snow the chapel stands out on the hill-top and even the grey wood of the Station crosses may be discerned above the whiteness. In parts of the Ravine one would need snow shoes. Difficult as the walking is, one is well repaid by the sight of the creek, the water in some places flowing in a stream twenty feet wide, in others leaping over, or running under, a narrow bridge of ice. The clearing done in the autumn has made the Ravine a new piece of property. Not one patch of undergrowth is left to cut off the view. Shrine and grotto and statues can be seen from every part, and the place is so secluded as to afford a welcome retreat from the high winds bending the pines on the hills above. About the chapels and Calvary all is quiet, and all is covered with snow save where a drift has bared a piece of road or field. One would fain remain and witness this scene under the moonlight which will be at its best to-night, after this storm has swept by; but it is not hard to imagine how it will look, and to wish that the day were come when the snows would sparkle from some convent or cathedral roof in this setting, and the lights within flash through the storied windows as beacons of faith and of piety for the country around.

The design for the new chalice is ready, and a very handsome piece of work it is to be, of solid gold set with precious stones. About the cup will be a band of seraph beads surmounted by a row of diamonds, a row of pearls underneath. Precious stones adorn the stem and knob, and the base is profusely covered with them—sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and garnets. To designate the object of the chalice as an *ex voto* a medallion of Our Lady of Sorrows will be inserted in the base. Thirty ounces of gold are needed to give the chalice the massive appearance all this work and ornamentation require. Of these, twenty are already in the jeweller's hands, and ten more are needed. We thought last August that there was enough, but since more is needed we trust that our friends will contribute for this good purpose any pieces of gold they prize enough to wish to have them devoted to this pious object.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO SHRINE.

Anon	$5,00	Anon	$25.00
J. H. W., Chelsea, Mich. . . .	1.00	M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y. .	5.00
K. D., Providence, R. I. . . .	50		

FOR SACRED VESSELS.

Anon, per Rev. C. J. G., Gloucester, N. J., a gold chain, a silver medal and a gold brooch.

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MISSION NOTES.

THE NEW VICARIATES AND PREFECTURES APOSTOLIC OF 1901.

The mission of the New Hebrides, formerly a portion of the Vicariate Apostolic of New Caledonia, has been made a prefecture, and confided to a Marist Missionary, Father Donceret. The development of the missions in Chili (South America) has led to the formation of the new prefecture of Arancania, administered by the Capuchins. The prefecture of Upper Kassaï has been detached from the Congo Free State. It is attended by Belgian missionaries. Dahomey and the Gold Coast have become Vicariates Apostolic. Western Tonkin, in French Indo-China, has been divided into two Vicariates. So has Athabaska-Mackenzie, in Canada.

LATE DISASTERS.

The Brussels Foreign office has received an official confirmation of the report that two Belgian missionaries and several hundreds of Chinese Christians have been slain, and the Belgian church burned in Southwest Mongolia.

During 1900, nine missionary Bishops went to their eternal reward. Of these, five were put to death for the faith ; one, Mgr. Hamer, having been burned alive in Mongolia. Three of the martyred Bishops, Mgrs. Fantosati, Grassi and Fogolla, were Italian Franciscans. Mgr. Hamer, who was from Holland, and Mgr. Guillon, from France, belonged to the Society of Foreign Missions. All were slain in China. Mgr. Buléon, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Holy Heart of Mary, died of yellow fever in Senegambia, Africa.

Of the missionary priests who died during the year 1900, thirty were slain for the faith in China. One of these was buried alive, another burned to death with his people in a church, and another was shot while the Christians were defending themselves. Four of the martyrs were Jesuits, and all from France. Seven were Franciscans, six being Italians, and one Frenchman. The Lazarists had four martyrs, three from France and one from Italy. The Paris Society of Foreign Missions has nine to its credit on the glorious roll. The Society of the Immaculate Heart of Mary has five, three from Belgium and two from Holland. And the Roman Seminary has one.

In all, 162 missionary priests died during the year. The

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Society of the Holy Ghost lost five by yellow fever in Africa. One Marist was drowned in Oceanic seas. And Father Flandin, of the Paris Foreign Missions, was drowned in Manchuria. Father Izaguire, a Venezuelan, who had been many years a chaplain of the lepers, is, also, from our vain vision, "greatly fled." Of the missionaries gone to rest, seventeen were sons of St. Francis, thirteen of St. Ignatius, sixteen of St. Vincent de Paul. The longest list, thirty-seven, is furnished by the Paris Foreign Missions. Nineteen were of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and fifteen of the congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

VIEW OF THE MISSION FIELD IN 1901.

Europe.—In the Protestant countries of Northern Europe, many of which were, until recent years, practically closed to the Catholic Faith, there has been much success, and we have reason to hope for yet greater. Amongst the most educated persons, particularly, conversions have been numerous. In the old Latin Catholic countries, on the contrary, there has been a concerted and very bitter persecution. This has taken on an entirely new feature—hostility even to the missionaries. The sacred and extraordinary diplomacy of Pope Leo has, however, gained immense advantage for the Church.

Asia.—The yet unfinished pages of the fearful persecution in China are familiar to everybody. It is, no doubt, the old story: the blood of martyrs will fertilize the hostile soil. The missionary work is energetically recommencing in China. Christian blood has flowed in Corea, land of martyrs. But the French Minister's intervention quickly stemmed the tide. In Indo-China, converts have increased, and are increasing, in unhoped for numbers. While in the Mussulman countries of the nearer East there has been an efflorescence of Catholic works, quite as extraordinary as it was unexpected.

India, harassed by famine, is filling up by converts the places of the dead.

Africa.—Africa has had its sorrows and some reverses. A great many soldiers of the Cross have died at their posts. But the ranks have been quickly and nobly filled, and the harvest is being very rapidly and abundantly gathered in.

America.—The last statistics of the well-known authority, Dr. Carroll, puts the Catholic communicants in the United States at 9,158,741; while the Methodist Episcopal Church, coming next,

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counts 2,762,291; and the Regular Baptist (South), next in number, has 1,664,108. The other Christian organizations follow in decreasing order. Dr. Carroll puts the Catholic increase since 1890 at nearly 3,000,000; while during that time, the growth of the other large churches has been about 300,000. We have now 87 dioceses or Vicariates Apostolic.

Canada, notwithstanding its large immigration to the States, has needed a new Vicariate Apostolic. South America is rich in developments. Brazil has given not only new missions to the Church, but also the first martyrs of the century.

Oceanica.—The new mission of the Solomon Islands is growing rapidly, owing to the zealous labors of the Marist missionaries. Just as the Apostolic work was becoming definitely assured, the priests found, on Isabella Island, the remains of Bishop Epalle, who, half a century ago, shed his life-blood on those distant lands of unbelief. In the Gilbert Islands and New Pomerania, the Fathers of the Sacred Heart are meeting with success similar to that of the Marists.

NORTHERN EUROPE.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, from Chambéry (France), see their works in Denmark grow year by year. Their hospital in Copenhagen, begun in 1875, being much too small for the number of patients applying for admission, the good Sisters began to beg from house to house in this Protestant city. They were received very favorably. Next they organized a bazaar under the patronage of Princess Waldemar. The royal family came to honor it, and the success was so great that the Sisters began to increase their hospital by an additional building. Mgr. Von Euch, Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, blessed the corner-stone in presence of a most distinguished audience. A month after the building was ready for occupation, the 153 beds were all filled by the sick. Counting the 153 in the old building, the patients now number over 300. The Sisters have opened a novitiate, and are actually in need of fifty more Religious.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions: Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Ignatius' Church, New York, $25.00, for the Zambesi Mission.

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// THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. MARCH, 1902. No. 3.

THE EARLY MISSIONS OF NORTH AMERICA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

(*Continued.*)

IN spite of all its troubles the French colony displayed a courage which never faltered, and an energy which never relaxed. Montmagny at Quebec, Champlain at Three Rivers, and Maisonneuve at Montreal, gave to all an example of splendid courage. Maisonneuve one day pursued by a band of Iroquois who tried to take his life retreated step by step, his pistol in his hand, with his face to the foe, killing the first Indian who approached and succeeded in gaining the fort. His men regarded him as a hero and not without reason. He had received from Richelieu a reinforcement of forty-nine soldiers, and leaving Quebec, directed his steps to the Iroquois River to build a fort at the place where it empties into the St. Lawrence. It was by that river that the Agniers Indians descended the St. Lawrence. The object of the fort was to prevent these manœuvres. It did so with but partial success, for the enemy landed a few miles further down, carried their canoes across the forest, and embarked on the waters of the great river.

Montmagny had quitted Quebec towards the end of July, 1642. A few days after, viz., on the first of August, twelve Huron canoes left Three Rivers and paddled slowly up the St. Lawrence. The canoes were loaded with provisions and carried about forty persons. Among the passengers were Father Isaac Jogues and the two *donnés* of the Mission, René Goupil and William Couture. There was also a young Huron woman

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named Theresa Iiouhaton who had been at school with the Ursulines of Quebec. In the party were likewise some Hurons who had been baptized and were fervent Christians, namely, Joseph Teondechoren, Charles Tsondatsaa, Etienne Totiri, Paul Ononhoraton and Eustache Ahastirari; the others were Indians who had been trading at Quebec, and were returning to their country. René Goupil was a surgeon and Couture was a joiner. "Men" says Father Lalemant, "who were simply incomparable and admirably suited for this kind of life." Both had given themselves heart and soul to the Mission and much could be expected from young men like them whom the spirit of sacrifice and zeal had alone brought to Canada. Totiri, the Huron chief of the St. Joseph's Settlement was one of the first to embrace Christianity. He had converted half of his cabin into a chapel. The Indians wanted to destroy it and to force their former chief to abandon it. "I will not leave it," said the proud Christian, "except when the Fathers who instruct us will leave this place, and then I will follow them wherever they go. I am more attached to them than to my country or to my relations, for they have brought us the words of eternal life. My soul clings but lightly to my body. One moment can separate them, but you will never make me lose my faith."

Teondechoren had been a desperate man and a gambler before his conversion. When he became a Christian he was the marvel of the Indians because of the beauty and strength of his virtue. "What did the Black Robes do to you," they asked him, "to change you in this fashion." They tore out whatever was evil in me," said he. "If you believe in prayer as you ought, you will find out this better than I can tell you."

Tsondatsaa was a medicine man, son of a chief, and when he was baptized at Sillery the governor stood sponsor and gave him the name of Charles. When he returned to his tribe he made a great feast for the chiefs and the old men, and at the end he said to them: "You see before you a man who has become a Christian since he left you, and who is determined to die a thousand times rather than renounce his religion. My goods, my life and my courage are yours, provided you do not

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require anything of me which is against God." He never deviated from this line of conduct.

The most celebrated of all was Ahastirari, the first of his nation. No one had fought more battles, no one had achieved more glory. What was wonderful in his case was that ever since his boyhood he had been continually in circumstances of the greatest danger. None of those who had fought at his side had escaped while he seemed to bear a charmed life. This was the occasion of his conversion. In 1641, he said to the missionary who was about to baptize him : "Before you came to this country I escaped from a thousand dangers to which my companions succumbed. I see now that it was not owing to myself that I was kept out of harm's way. I was under the impression that there was some spirit whom I did not know who was protecting me. Although the Hurons attribute their good luck to their dreams I was convinced that all that was nonsense. My own case I could not explain. When I heard you speak of the greatness of God and of Jesus Christ who had been on the earth, I thought it was He who had preserved me, and I resolved to honor Him all my life. In the morning when I went out to fight I recommended myself to Him. It is to Him that I owe all my victories, it is to Him that I believe and ask you to baptize me so that after my death He may have pity on me."

In the simplicity of this story one cannot help recognizing a great nobility of soul. These three Indians had escorted Father Jogues on his return from his mission to Quebec, whither his superior had sent him to procure the necessaries of life ; for the station was absolutely without the means of sustenance. The mission was a dangerous one as there were bands of Iroquois all along the route ; but danger did not frighten this apostle. He seemed to be looking for it with what was almost a passion. Some time before his departure he was kneeling alone before the Blessed Sacrament, and he asked the Lord to grant him the grace to suffer for His glory. He heard a voice in the depths of his soul which said to him, "What you ask I grant, be courageous and constant."

Courage and constancy were not lacking. These two virtues formed the basis of his character. Although of an unim-

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pressive exterior he was rich in natural and supernatural qualities. He was very like Father Garnier in disposition, of a very frail and delicate temperament, almost sickly. But concealed under this exterior, which was far from impressive, was a firm and intrepid soul. To look at him with his head slightly bent, his eyes partly closed as if he were praying, you would think him timid and embarassed, and nevertheless, he displayed in the most trying situations, a boldness which was almost audacity, a calm and a coolness which one would find scarcely anywhere. There was no missionery more indefatigable than he, no one who was more active. Canada had few apostles to equal him, and God knows there were splendid men there at that time.

The Protestant Parkman never wearies of praising his splendid character, in which there seemed to be so much greatness without effort. He writes of Father Jogues, that "he had made complete studies in Europe and might have achieved a literary reputation." Perhaps he was exaggerating, but in any case brilliant studies had been made by him in Orleans, his native city, and later on, as Professor of Humanities, he wrote in the college at Rouen, at the beginning of the scholastic year, a Latin poem which made considerable sensation.

An overpowering love of souls impelled him, when still young, to enter the novitiate of the Jesuits at Paris. He was then seventeen years of age. His desire was to be sent to Ethiopia. He spoke of it to the rector of the novitiate, Father Louis Lalemant, who made answer: "Brother, you will die nowhere but in Canada!" These words, prophetic or not, were to be fulfilled to the letter. Twelve years after his entrance into the Society he stepped on Canada soil.

The first of August, 1642, he was ascending the St. Lawrence, as we have said, with a band of Huron Indians. To avoid the current the canoes kept close to the shore, and on the second of the month they had reached the end of Lake St. Peter when they fell into an ambuscade of seventy Iroquois. The Hurons in consternation abandoned their canoes, their arms and their traps, leaped on shore and dispersed in the depths of the forest. Left alone, the French, the Neophytes, and the Huron Cate-

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chumens, fifteen in all, withstood the onslaught. The struggle of course was hopeless. Most of them were made prisoners, as well as a dozen of those who had first taken flight. Goupil, the three converted Indians, and the young Theresa were of the number. Couture had succeeded in escaping and was concealed in the woods. Father Jogues had not been perceived, and stood unmolested on the bank of the river.

Here follows a scene of generous courtesy and Christian devotedness, which it is the duty of the historian to relate.

Father Jogues had been accustomed to such combats and he knew what the result would be. When he saw all his friends taken prisoners, he said to himself: "Can I abandon good Réne Goupil, the Huron captives who are Christians, and those who are about to become such?" Listening only to the promptings of his apostolic heart, he issues from his concealment and offers himself a prisoner. One of the Indians who had succeeded in escaping on learning of this, retraces his steps and surrenders himself also. "Father," said he to Father Jogues, as he embraced him, "I have sworn to live and to die near you. Behold us reunited." Couture also, who was young, full of life and activity, had escaped from the danger, but, not seeing Father Jogues with him, said to himself: "How can I abandon him, and leave him alone exposed to the rage of the Iroquois." He too returns to the place of the combat and took his place among the prisoners.

A LEGEND OF SAN JAGO.

BY ALBA.

"FROM what far country dost thou come,
Oh! holy pilgrim, say?
That thou hast wandered far from home
Thy foreign looks betray;
Nor Spanish tower nor Moorish dome
Hath seen thy natal day."

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"I come from Grecia's distant clime,"
  The aged pilgrim said,
"Where blest St. Paul in early time
  The True Evangel spread,
And where the world's black cup of crime
  With martyrs' blood grew red."

"And why, oh! holy father, say,
  Why hast thou come so far,
Braving the perils of a way
  Beset with blood and war,
Where danger lacks not, night and day,
  A pilgrim's road to bar?"

"Through dangers neither light nor few
  I come, by help Divine,
San Jago's sacred church to view,
  To kneel before his shrine,
And blessings true, and blessings new
  To ask for me and mine."

"Then, pilgrim, may the God of Love
  Protect thee with all care,
Each trouble from thy path remove,
  And grant thine every prayer;
And may San Jago plead above
  The suit thou urgest here."

"And if a kind word thou wilt say
  For other than thine own,
Oh! then, for our poor soldiers pray,
  That mercy may be shown,
And that his knightly panoply
  San Jago would gird on."

"For six long months, King Ferdinand
  Coimbra hath beset;
He swore upon his royal hand
  It should its crimes regret;
But vain the prowess of his band,—
  Closed are its portals yet."

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" And now hath Famine's ruthless sword
 Outstarted from its sheath;
Now Pestilence hath on them poured
 Its all-destroying breath ;
And well have these already stored
 The dark domain of Death."

" Right gladly I my prayers will lend
 Heav'n's clemency to crave,
That He Whose Mighty Hand can rend
 Its victim from the grave
Would of His endless pity send
 Your dying friends to save."

" But of San Jago, sooth to say,
 In error great ye be.
No belted knight, no courtier gay,
 No soldier fierce was he,
But a poor Fisher far away
 In distant Galilee."

* * *

The setting sun's last glories through
 The deep-stain'd windows pour,
With many a rich and varied hue
 Tingeing the marble floor ;
They gild the Cross-crown'd shrine anew,
 Far brighter than before.

Beside the altar rev'rently
 The grey-hair'd Grecian kneels ;
His time-worn lineaments display
 The holy joy he feels
That thus the troubles of his way
 Such happy ending seals.

Pilgrims are there from many a strand,
 In worship bending low.
The stalwart Norseman from the land
 Of icicle and snow,
The Arab from his desert sand
 Have quitted friend and foe.

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The Dane hath left his forests green,
  The Swiss his mountains blue,
The dark-brow'd African each scene
  His sunny childhood knew;
And Britain's sons, full well I ween,
  Are neither faint nor few.

The king aside his crown hath laid,
  And on the drear way toiled;
The aged monk, the youthful maid
  Have on its dangers smiled;
The soldier hath ensheath'd his blade,
  And kneels beside the child.

Who the devotion shall declare
  Enkindling ev'ry breast
Of all the hosts who worship there
  The Lamb for ever blest
Enthron'd upon the altar where
  His martyr's relics rest!

* * *

Hush'd is the anthem's solemn peal;
  The Vesper-hymn is o'er;
And priest and mitred prelate kneel
  Around the shrine no more;
The last few ling'ring stragglers steal
  In silence from the door.

Gone is the radiance rich and bright,
  The sunset's glorious beam;
'Tis the pale moon's reflected light
  Which falls in silver stream
And glistens o'er the pavement white,
  Making it whiter seem.

One only figure still is bending
  On the cold marble stone;
One heart-drawn voice is still ascending
  Unto the Heav'nly Throne,
Pray'rs for the wasted army blending
  With pleadings for his own.

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Midnight is nigh, and still untired
  The Grecian pilgrim prays ;
His soul, with heav'nly strength inspired,
  No fleshly weakness sways,
But ev'ry energy is fired
  To supplicate and praise.

His last Amen was yet unsaid
  When lo! a radiance bright
Around San Jago's altar shed
  A pure, unearthly light.
Awe-struck, the pilgrim bent his head,
  And wonder'd at the sight.

A voice of tone divinely sweet
  Fell softly on his ear ;
And now, his wond'ring glances meet
  A figure standing near
In knightly armor clad complete,
  With buckler and with spear.

White was the plume that nodded o'er
  His helmet's shining crest ;
A Crown upon his shield he bore,
  A Cross upon his breast ;
The trembling pilgrim bows before
  San Jago's Vision blest.

"Pilgrim," he said, "thine earnest prayer
  Hath favor found on High.
No more shall death and famine wear
  Spain's fainting chivalry,
For I am sent their fierce despair
  To quench in victory."

"To-morrow, ere the tierce-bells ring,
  My sword shall turn the scale,
And wide Coimbra's gates shall fling
  The conqueror to hail.
Sure is the promise which I bring,
  His word can never fail."

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" But first, I come before thy sight
Thus arm'd with mail and sword
That thou mayst know *I am a Knight—*
The Champion of the Lord,
Ready to arm, and mount, and fight,
And conquer at His word! "

Scarce had the vision ceas'd, when lo!
A proud and princely steed,
White as the pathless mountain's snow,
Two angel pages lead.
San Jago mounts—the Knight, I trow,
Of Jesus Christ indeed!

* * *

Oh! wherefore peal the bells so loud
From ev'ry town and tower?
And whither streams that motley crowd
From cottage, hall and bower—
The peasant rough, the baron proud,
And beauty's fairest flower?

To celebrate Coimbra's fall
Those ceaseless joy-bells ring;
Those loyal hearts are thronging all
To welcome back their King.
Lo! within Compostella's wall
The conquering host they bring.

Straight to San Jago's ancient pile
Proceeds the arm'd array,
For happy ending to their toil
Adoring thanks to pay;
And choir and transept, nave and aisle
Echo their holy lay.

" Hail Supreme One! All-adoring,
Lo! Thy servants bend the knee,
E'en as late with voice imploring
They besought Thy clemency."

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" Faithful art Thou, and unfailing
Ev'ry promise by Thee giv'n ;
While man's efforts unavailing
Perish at the breath of heav'n."

" Long our wasted ranks were lying
'Neath Coimbra's rebel wall.
Weary, hopeless, faint and dying,
Dark despair was over all."

" Morn, at length, the tierce-hour bringing,
Call'd us to renew the fray.
Like a knell the trumpets' ringing
Broke upon our ear that day."

" On we went, with hearts despairing,
To possess our gory graves,
Or once more, Destruction sparing,
To return, fell Famine's slaves."

" On we went, Coimbra nearing ;
On we went, to bleed, to die ;
When a white-plumed knight appearing
Fix'd each wond'ring heart and eye."

" With celestial radiance shining,
Golden mail his limbs array'd ;
On his breast a Cross reclining,
While a Crown his shield display'd"

" Like the snow o'er desert driven,
Spotless was the steed he rode,
And the majesty of Heaven
In his form and features glow'd."

" Bright he cast his glances o'er us ;
Bright he waved his sword on high ;—
' On! Coimbra falls before us !
God ! San Jago ! be your cry ! ' "

" Wail, Coimbra ! Crime unmeasur'd
In thy ruin meets its fate ;
Retribution long up-treasur'd
Now hath laid thee desolate."

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"See! Two garlands freshly breathing
Home we bring, with hearts elate—
Peace be ours, while *Glory's* wreathing
To our God we consecrate."

"Upward may San Jago bear it
At his Master's feet to lay.
Glory's garland, who shall wear it?
He Whose word is victory!"

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

First Station.

PILATE CONDEMNS JESUS TO DEATH.

BETRAYED by one of His own followers, bound by the Roman soldiers, dragged from one judge to another by the Jews who wanted His blood, but are unable to accuse Him of any crime, Jesus is at last brought before Pilate. Jesus it would appear, then, could trust, as did St. Paul a little later, the uprightness of the Roman magistracy. Pilate questions Him—he finds no crime in Him, he twice openly declares; he is going to release Him. No! the people want Christ to die—and there they stand, full of hate, blood-thirsty, yelling, in the court yard of the pretorium. The weak Pilate has an inspiration of cruel pity. "I will scourge Him," he says. "When the people see Him bleeding they will have pity." And Jesus bleeds beneath the whips of the Romans. But the people had no pity. He must die. To Pilate, who is irritated at their obstinacy against a just man, the priests said contemptuously: "Take care; if you do not condemn Him, you will work your own ruin with Cæsar," and at these words, trembling lest he should lose his office of proconsul, Pilate abandons the innocent and exclaims: "Well, so be it! Crucify Him you. I wash my hands of it. I am innocent of the blood of that just man." And he ordered a golden basin to be brought him, wherein he washed his hands. But Jesus held out His hands to the soldiers who were to lead Him to torture.

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The people in their triumph crowd around with cries of joy. They are going to see Christ die; they urge on the soldiers to hasten the work. What a feast for the Jews, above all for the Pharisees; they are going to be rid of this sermonizer! Jesus heard all—the calumnies of His accusers, the cowardly surrender of Pilate, the insults of the crowd, their cries of joy. He is silent. Eight days before, that same crowd had shouted "Hosanna to the King of the Jews."

His eyes look around for His Apostles, those whom He had loved and whom He had called His brethren. Peter, their chief, trembling before a woman, had denied Him thrice: "I swear to you that I never saw that man—*non novi hominem.*" Judas, the traitor, had gone to destroy himself. The others, at the first alarm, had fled and were hiding at a distance. And Jesus is silent.

He sought everywhere in that crowd the sick whom He had healed, the blind to whom He had restored sight, the lame whom He had made walk, that centurion to whom He had restored his servant, that widow of Naim, whose son He had brought back to life. Nobody! There was indeed a centurion there, but he was taking care that they made the cross heavy enough; and truly, too, there were women there, but with hair dishevelled they cried out, "Crucify Him; His blood be upon our children." And Jesus is silent.

And is there no one in all that crowd that will raise his voice for Christ? No heart to remember Him? No voice to repeat those words whose echoes the hillsides of Jerusalem still preserve: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck"?

No! No one! Jesus is alone, betrayed, sold, abandoned—alone in the hands of His executioners. And Jesus is silent!

. . . .

My God! Dare I compare my trifling sorrows to Your infinite sorrows? We too, we have in this world to drink of the chalice of calumny. Some accuse us of faults the thought even of which never entered our minds. Some spitefully penetrate into our secret thoughts and discover there plans which

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we had never conceived. Some misinterpret our words and pervert them to a bad sense. Some give to our purest affections the appearance of the most hateful passions. That what we are doing in all simplicity and guilelessness some say is done in malice and deceit. The jealous defame us. Are we understood, are we esteemed by the world as we think we deserve?

Let us bear this grief with patience, and like Christ, know how to be silent. Let us submit to ingratitude, contempt and outrage. . . . What are our sufferings in comparison with the sufferings of our master? And He was silent!

Let us learn to be silent!

We also have our judges, the protectors and defenders of our rights. It is sometimes a father, or a mother, a spouse, a master, sometimes a friend whose esteem we have more at heart than all the judgments of the world. Have they always judged us justly?

Alas! frequently we have found in them neither assistance nor recourse. They have believed everything that the crowd believed, they have condemned us as did the crowd, and even among them, our innocence has been waved aside and contemned. "Oh, if an enemy had condemned me, I would have resigned myself in silence, but you, you were one soul with mine. (1) *Quoniam si inimicus homo maledixisset mihi sustinuissem utique, tu autem homo unananimis!*" Let us learn to be silent.

We have done good to men, we have devoted ourselves to them, sacrificed ourselves perhaps to make them happy. Where are they now when I am suffering? I did not count the money I put into their hands. Where are they now when ruin strikes me? They have fled. Who knows, perhaps they have betrayed and sold me!

I have loved, I have given my affection, my whole soul, I lived only for him whom I loved. My thoughts were for him day and night, and my work, and my honor, and my happiness, and all my life.

Where are those whom I loved? Where is the friend of my soul? One day he left me there on the side of the road, just

(1) Ps. 54 v. 14.

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as a broken vase of which he no longer wished to assume the useless charge; I am alone! Learn to be silent.

. . . .

Jesus was personally innocent. Although He had taken upon Himself our sins, those sins were unknown to Pilate. He could, as far as the judge and His accusers were concerned, show a countenance without stain, a heart without reproach.

But we, we who complain of the accusations, the judgments, the abandonment of which we are the victims, can we show a stainless countenance and an immaculate heart? Are we innocent? Perhaps we are, of some fault of which they make us bear the shame; but for how many other faults would we have to blush, did they not remain hidden in the deepest depths of our own hearts. What man is there that would agree to appear before the world such as he knows himself to be in the solitude of his own conscience, with his deeds made known, with his desires, his regrets, his thoughts, his passions all laid bare?

They would judge us then according to our true merits. We cry out, because through the corner of the veil with which we have again and again covered our baseness, they have seen some fault in us and have judged it! But if all were known! And we complain!

Let us be silent, Christians, let us be silent! And before the approach of the condemnations of this world, let us bend with resignation our heads which repentence alone will give us the right to lift again. *Juste patimur*—we suffer justly; they condemn us, it is but justice. Jesus let Himself be condemned. He suffered in silence! Innocent, He wished to expiate our sins; culpable, let us unite our expiation to His, and let us begin to undergo judgment like Him without a murmur. Like Him let us suffer in silence the abandonment of our friends, the accusations of our enemies and their persecutions, their ingratitude, their contempt, their treachery; let us accept all the evil that men inflict on our heart; let us bare our shoulders to it. What is its weight in comparison to the weight of the cross that they were preparing for Jesus?

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The Second Station.

JESUS IS LADEN WITH THE CROSS.

All is ready: the cross is made, the Roman soldiers are under arms. To Calvary! The crowd forms in procession, the children rush to its head, shouting and clapping their hands, they are going to see a man die. The priests of the Sanhedrin follow, hiding beneath a feigned gravity the secret joy of their soul. O you, who conceal beneath the divine name your sanguinary hatred, O you, who preach under the cloak of the law and the prophets your shameful vengeance, what has Christ then done to you?

Then comes the deluded crowd, the hired crowd, which spits upon Christ and embraces Barrabas, the crowd of the slums and of evil ways. Come, Innocent Christ, it is time; move on! The soldiers place the cross erect, laying it on the divine shoulders; it is raised, its dark form outlined against the sky. And Jesus, as if He had aroused Himself from some distracting thought, sees it. His eyes light up, His lips part in smiles, He stretches out His arms toward it, He accepts it, He embraces it, He takes it on His shoulder, He clasps it in both hands and He goes to Calvary, to death!

And all the time the crowd is shouting with joy. Above the cries, one can hear the confused and increasing babel of intermingling conversations, the jests which give rise to laughter, loud and coarse and brutal. They push and jostle one another, they leap over the garden hedges, to obtain a closer view of the condemned, and to offer Him injury more easily. And behold the contrast! The Jews always ready for any revolt against the Roman authority, the Jews quivering at the recollection of the law and their ancient country, the Jews so ill-disposed to the yoke, so full of hatred against Cæsar, applaud the soldiers and clap their hands because they see on His way to death a Jew like themselves, accused of preaching revolt against Cæsar. To obtain the blood of Christ they become the courtiers of Cæsar, they, once defiant, are now cringing, haughty, —Oh, the depths of human passions!

Jesus, always silent, moves on beneath these outrages—the

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cross above His head like an archway of ignominy. Alone, not a friend, not a follower!

. . . .

But what lesson does the Master teach us here? Our cross is suffering. And what are we doing?

When, from afar, it threatens us, long before it strikes us, at the first sign that it is coming to us, at the simple thought even that it is possible, we begin to grieve at once. We cry out, beneath the fancied blows that have not as yet touched us; we anticipate sorrow, adding of our own accord to the sorrow which will come that which can or might come.

Our imagination, not under our control, makes itself in a wonderful way the distributor of our griefs. How often have we wept over evils which have never affected us. Tears, empty and childish!

Is it thus that Jesus bore Himself with regard to the Cross, while the assistants of the executioners were cutting down a tree, while they were forming it into a cross, and while they were bringing it to Him? No, His thoughts, calm and resigned, reposed lovingly in the providence of His Father! Ah! let us then not mind the future—poor souls, is the present not hard enough to bear? The future belongs to God. He alone knows whether it will bring us happiness or sorrow. Whatever comes, will come only because God willed it.

Let us repose, then, in the arms of the providence of our good God; let us lay our heart on His, let us press close to Him, as does the trembling little chicken which hides itself beneath the wings and under the heart of its mother.

But when the cross is there, erect before Him, how does He accept it! How does He reach out His hands, happy and smiling! And we, what do we do? We shut our eyes so as not to see it, we turn aside our head with cries of terror, we stretch out our arm to stay it as it is falling upon us, to cast it away from us as it touches our shoulder. We flee from it; it pursues us, it overtakes us; fatal cross, it is upon us and then, when all hope is lost, beneath its weight we let ourselves fall to earth and lie there, crushed, without energy, without courage, faint-hearted, hopeless. Let us be men! If our life be sor-

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rowful at times, God measures the sorrow according to our strength. Let us not exaggerate our pains to excuse our weakness; if we are weak, let us strive all the more against our weakness.

Oh, if we, too, were to look upon the Cross, erect, face to face, we should not consider it so formidable. If reason put a check to the wild flights of our childish imagination, we should not see its black arms springing up and stretching themselves across the horizon so as to overshadow our whole lives. We should smile at everything here below, even sorrow and suffering. But above all, if our eyes were opened to higher lights, if we had a living faith, just as a curtain, would visible things fall from before our eyes. That cross, it is not the Roman soldiers who bring it to Him, it is God Who gives it. It is no longer an instrument of torture, it is an instrument of happiness and glory. That death, it is not the vengeance of men, it is not the chastisement with which an enemy afflicts us, it is the gift of a Father, it is the gold which buys Paradise.

Why, why has the Cross become to the eyes of the faithful soul an instrument of its happiness and glory? Because the Cross purifies the soul stained with evil, buys back the soul sold to evil, because it is the instrument of expiation for those acts for which we have deserved punishment.

It is hard for the human heart to acknowledge itself blameworthy, its self-love receives a shock, it suffers. But whatever it may do, it is forced to such acknowledgment by its own conscience. This cries out in us more loudly than all the noise we make to drown its voice, and, day and night witness of our faults, it conjures them up before us. How can we plead not guilty before Him who has seen all, heard all, who was there present even in the innermost recesses of our souls?

That avowal made by ourselves against ourselves is hard, but what is it in comparison to the avowal, to the acknowledgment of our faults before the tribunal of others? Oh! How our hearts shrink from that thought! What pretenses do we not make to escape it! How ingenious we become in our hypocrisy! How we hide ourselves! But there is one thing that seems harder still; it is to bear, without murmuring, the just punishment

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that our faults have deserved, to give satisfaction for the evil we have done.

One would say truly that we have never seen Christ!

"O Jesus, innocent Jesus," cries out Bossuet, "ought You to confess that You have deserved this punishment?" He ought, He ought, my brethren. Men attribute to Him crimes which He has not committed, but God has put upon Him our iniquities, and behold He goes to make satisfaction in the face of heaven and earth. As soon as He sees that cross, whereon He was soon to be nailed: "O my Father," He cries, "it is My just due, not on account of the crimes that the Jews ascribe to Me, but because of those with which You charge Me. Come, O cross, come that I may embrace you; it is just that I should carry you, because I have so well deserved you." In this spirit He lifts it upon His shoulder; He gathers together all His strength to drag it up to Calvary. In placing it on His shoulders He burdens Himself and clothes Himself anew with the sins of the world, to go and expiate them on this infamous gibbet.

Behold what our Master does! And we would refuse to submit to the chastisement of our own sins! We would draw back from the cross we have merited! Is this not so?

—*From the French of* VICTOR VAN TRICHT, S.J.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Auriesville has not fared so badly in the severe storms of the past month. The latest news from there confirms our best hopes, and will be of interest to PILGRIM readers:

AURIESVILLE, February 22, 1902.

"I have not been able to go down to the Ravine on account of the weather, which has been something 'fierce,' one almost continual blizzard since February 5. The snow is as high as the tops of the willows across from the Shrine and from three to six feet all the way down the Ravine. East of the priests' house the snow is as high as the roof. However, no serious damage has been done, only a window broken over the porch back of the chapel,

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and the coping off the chimney in the west end of the hotel. The weather is milder to-day. We had no mail here from Monday until Thursday, and some of the farmers are not out yet.

"Mr. F. Galbraith has been transferred to Fultonville as freight agent, and Irving Shutts is now station agent at Auriesville. Mr. F. Allen has returned to live here."

—In response to our appeal last month for offerings of gold for the chalice to be made for the Shrine, several pieces of jewelry, in all about seven ounces, have been kindly sent us for this purpose. Still five ounces more are needed and we trust that all who wish to contribute pieces of jewelry will send it in good time, as the goldsmith is actually making portions of the chalice.

—Several books of interest to PILGRIM readers have appeared lately, and although we have no book department, we may take occasion to review some of them later. Among them are:

"The Road to Frontenac," by Samuel Merwin; "Maid and Matrons of New France," by Mary Sifton Pepper; "Notre Dame de Lorette de la Nouvelle France," per l'Abbe L. St. G. Lindsay; "The Mohawk Valley, Its Legends and Its History," by W. Max Reid, and the last two volumes of the "Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," the latter containing the analytical Index, and an exhaustive one it is, of the entire series of the seventy-three volumes issued under this title by the Burrows Brothers' Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. Of these last volumes the New York *Evening Post* of February 20 says:

"We thought we had said our last word on the 'Jesuit Relations' when the publication of documents ceased, but the appearance of the general index brings us back to the subject once more. This last part of the work—so essential a feature of its usefulness—has been wonderfully well done. By glancing through vols. lxxii. and lxxiii., one can now see what a wide range of subjects the series embraces, and how fully it illustrates the history of New France. That proper names and subjects are both represented is a most inadequate statement. The index forms a complete analysis of contents. Take, for example, the word 'bark (of trees),' and follow out the entries under it. '*As material:* for cabins [96 references]; canoes [57 references]; casks, boxes, etc.; cords; snares; cradles; household utensils; kettles; shields; sledges; tombs. *Other uses:* beds and bedding; litter for sick; (birch) in place of writing paper; dead shrouded

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in; eaten in time of famine; embroidery on; in Indian medicine; packages wrapped in; torches.' We have given the number of references only in the case of bark cabins and bark canoes. Altogether there are hundreds of references under the word 'bark.' 'Mosquitoes' is treated with a like respect. 'Beaver' receives greater prominence still, with heads, sub-headings and hundreds of special references. These may be taken as minor examples. In the case of a large subject like 'Indians' the classification becomes much more elaborate, and recalls the arrangement of a public library. Forty-seven pages of the index are given to Indians in general, apart from the numerous references to separate tribes. It is unnecessary to multiply details. This long set of the 'Jesuit Relations' closes with a complete and exhaustive index which is based upon logical methods and worked out with scrupulous care."

Saturday in Passion week, March 22, is the commemoration of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and it should be a day of special devotion for our readers and for friends of her Shrine at Auriesville, under this title.

Although we have not been publishing extracts from the letters received from readers of the PILGRIM and from friends of the Shrine, they contain as usual many interesting answers to prayer, as the following show:

L——, Pa.—"Two of the petitions made several years ago at Auriesville, through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, of Father Jogues, saintly René Goupil and Catherine Tegakwitha, have been happily answered. I send the promised thanksgiving and please use the enclosed for the Shrine."

St. Louis, Mo.—"I am also pleased to tell you that the intention I sent the chain for has been answered. Thank God for it."

P——, Ill.—"The enclosed offering to the Shrine is in honor of St. Joseph and to ask a particular favor of Our Lady of Martyrs. You will be pleased to learn that the one I recommended when at Auriesville is now very fervent in the practice of his religious duties and very exact and regular in his life, so that I feel an entire security in his conversion. I wish you would record a special thanksgiving for this conversion, also for a considerable improvement in my affairs. Please recommend my special intentions."

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Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	$5 00
M. B., Troy, N. Y.	50
M. McK., St. Louis, Mo.	2 00

FOR THE CHALICE.

J. C., Somerville, Mass., $10 in gold.
H. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. two gold sovereigns.
C. H., New York, two gold sleeve buttons.
K. M. H., Albany, N. Y., a gold cross and a pair of gold earrings.
B. F. J. Montclair, N. J., 102 pieces of jewelry.

OUR LADY AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION.

IN the Little Office of the Seven Dolors, the great Saint Athanasius reminds us that because the Blessed Virgin's glory was so far above the ordinary course of nature, a corresponding degree of merit had to be elaborated in her soul to fit her for the station which she occupied. There had to be an equation between what theologians call the grace which made her externally so resplendent and the grace which made her soul so acceptable to Him who honored her. "Thee whom the Angel Gabriel knelt before," says he "thee whom the Most High overshadowed, thee whom the Holy Ghost abided in; thee upon whom the Magi gazed with wondering veneration and whose glories were sung by the shepherds and the angels; thee whom Jacob saw as the ladder that reached to heaven, and Moses as the golden candlestick, and Aaron as the flowering rod, and David as the ark of the covenant, and Solomon as the throne of gold, the lily of the valley and the paradise of delight; thee who wert elected before thy birth, whom the generations longed for, whom the Father chose as His daughter, the Son as His Mother, and the Holy Ghost as His Spouse, a sword of grief shall pierce, and on the suffering it inflicts shalt thou meditate in the deep silence of thy thoughts."

The almost absolute silence which we note with regard to her in Holy Scripture in the concluding moments of the Passion reflects to a certain extent the manner in which she must have borne herself in her sorrow. The sorrow was felt as no one else could feel it, but it was buried in the silence of her thoughts. Though we have no record, it is scarcely conceivable that she gave way to any strong outward manifestations of grief such as

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almost necessarily any other mother would show. But the grief that requires consolation from others, though not reprehensible it nevertheless is something imperfect. It is wrong of course when it leads to neglect of one's duties.

She is represented as the Daughter of Sion, seated upon the mountain and calling to mankind to come and see if there were ever sorrow like her sorrow; but did the lips of the Queen of Martyrs utter any wail or complaint? rather was she not oblivious of herself, and intent only upon the outrage done to the Divine Majesty of Him who was lying mangled on her lap, as well as eager to console and strengthen the afflicted ones who stood around? Is it not more than likely that with the calm and almost incomprehensible heroism of one whom God had chosen for the ministrations of that awful moment, she kept in control the emotions of her ineffably loving heart and with that tranquillity and repose which must have always characterized her, prepared the body of her Son and her God for burial. The moments were hurrying on when He must be laid in the tomb and it was doubtless she who guided and directed those who less holy and less controlled than herself were giving way to their grief.

When these sad rites were performed, no doubt, also, she gave the signal for the journey to the burial. She is sometimes represented as leaning on St. John as she walks to the sepulchre, apparently about to sink. Is it not more in keeping with her dignity as Queen to conceive her as walking with calmness, and erect just as she is said to have stood by the cross? More than likely it was she who directed all the ceremonies of the entombment just as it was probably she who wrapped the shroud around Him as He was taken from the cross? For it was fitting that the same hands that had wrapped Him in swaddling clothes should now wrap Him in His winding sheet; and the same arms that bore Him to His resting place in the manger now assisted and directed others to lay Him in the tomb.

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MISSION NOTES.

MANY MORE MARTYRS.

The blood of martyrs has not yet ceased to flow in China and its dependencies. The Belgian Missionary Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary offered to God the blood of two of its sons on the mission field of Mongolia at the beginning of this year. Father Van Merhaeghen was sent out to southwestern Mongolia in 1894. Driven out by the tempest of persecution, he returned through Siberia to Belgium, but returned again to his former post last May. He knew well the danger he incurred, and gave up for the Faith the life which he had offered to God. He could have been in his mission only a short time when he received the crown of martyrdom.

The story of Father Merhaeghen is very touching. When he was setting out from his native town of Waereghem in 1894, the people decorated the principal street with banners. Still young, and tall and handsome, as he passed along with a little party of friends, the men raised their hats and the women waved their handkerchiefs, while they raised their children to see the missionary. His last salutation was for his aged mother as he took the train. At his Mass that morning in the parish church, at which the people with their burgomaster had assisted, she had wept for the loss of him, while she made the sacrifice to God.

He was destined to return after four years of labor and danger. He and his companions were spared from death, although their church and convent were wrecked, and their flock dispersed. He was anxious to return to the place of danger, and envied the glorious death of his Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Hamer. There was another tearful parting from the one who loved him most in the world, and, soon after, to her was gently broken the news that her son had set upon his apostolate the seal of martyrdom.

With Father Van Merhaeghen was slain Father Henry Bongaerts, who was born in 1874, became a religious in 1894, and was ordained priest in 1898. He was sent to Mongolia in 1899, to be soon the ninth martyr of his religious congregation. With the two priests a large number of their converts were put to death. A few days later, another missionary, Father Julien, of the Paris Foreign Missions, was put to death with two Chinese, in the mission of Kwang-tung, to which he had been sent from

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France in 1897. He, too, was in the flush of youth, being only twenty-eight years of age.

ECHOES OF MARTYRDOM.

A photograph of the ruined church of Tchou-kia-ho, in Che-li, China, shows the floor thickly covered with human bones. Here two priests, Fathers Mangin and Denn, were slaughtered with 330 of their Christians, on the 20th of July, 1900. Men, women, children, virgins, orphans—all were enveloped in the horrible butchery, amidst the flames of the church which had sheltered them. Priests and people had passed in the church the last night of their lives. The two priests were shot at the foot of the altar. A woman, attempting to protect Father Mangin, had stood in front of the leveled guns. Pierced with bullets, she fell dead. Just at that moment a renegade Christian, said to have betrayed his brethren, rushed through the crowd and threw himself at the priests' feet to ask for pardon. Immediately he was struck by a bullet and fell to rise no more. The church was set on fire and the people, as they tried to escape, were massacred. Just as the Boxers, assured of the death of the priests, ceased firing, the roof of the church fell in, carrying down with it a number of Christians into the furnace beneath. As the savage cohort of butchers departed next day, they wore around their necks the rosaries of their victims. Impressed by the wonderful constancy of the Christian martyrs, and by their veneration for their rosaries, the superstitious pagans put them on themselves as amulets.

For months the church remained a vast sepulchral vault, or rather an immense reliquary. The Chinese authorities have decided, by way of reparation, that all these sacred bones shall be collected in richly ornamented boxes lined with white silk, and deposited in brick vaults, over which a monument will be raised, and an expiatory chapel in this same village where they died. It is the story of our Lord over again: "*His sepulchre shall be glorious.*" They need no tears, these sacred bones. The martyr's palms befit them better.

In the district of Siu-ning, a Christian community of nearly 200 persons were massacred together. The Boxers surrounded them on a plain and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, as if those defenseless Christians were wild beasts. While some were shot, others were cut down with hatchets and knives, or pierced with lances. The heads of others were broken with

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clubs. The victims made no defence; but, holding their rosaries in their hands, prayed to God and Our Lady. The intrepidity of some was altogether extraordinary. A young girl of fifteen raised herself up, proudly declaring herself a Christian, and immediately was struck down. Even little children, wounded, faced death with joy. When the savage assailants had grown weary of slaughter, they buried alive the Christians who yet survived. Amongst those left for dead on the plain, a pagan woman found the body of a young woman who breathed still. She was nursed back to life; and when discovered heroically faced death a second time. For some reason or other, however, her life was spared.

THE INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS.

The contributions for those missions in 1901 amounted to $82,798. The largest sum from any one diocese was that of Philadelphia—$6,621. New York gave $5,100; Boston, $4,000; Baltimore, $2,900; Cincinnati, $2,412; Brooklyn, $2,141; Chicago, $1,456.

The Archdiocese of Baltimore received back as much as it had contributed; Cincinnati, $1,500; and New York the same. Philadelphia received $1,200.

From October 19th, 1898 to December 31st, 1901, Mother Catherine Drexel has given, for the support of the Catholic Indian Schools, the sum of $231,096. This sum was urgently required by the withdrawal of the government appropriations.

There are fifty-two priests engaged in the work of the negro missions in the United States; fifteen of these belong to the Archdiocese of Baltimore. During the year there were 4,551 baptisms of children among the negroes, but 3,055 of these were in the Archdiocese of New Orleans and 855 in Baltimore. The total Catholic negro population of the United States is placed at 141,000. There are 7,173 negro children in Catholic schools. New Orleans leads with 78,000 negro Catholics and Baltimore comes next with 37,000, while Louisville is a distant third with 9,500.

Of the 264,825 Indians in the country, 95,192 are said to be Catholics; 16,500 of these Indians live in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, while 50,000 live in the Vicariate of Brownsville, Texas. There are 800 Catholic Indians in Maine. Eighty-five priests look after the spiritual interests of the Indians—fifteen in Alaska, fifteen in Brownsville, twelve in Montana.

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THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

In the January number of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, which, in their new form, are extremely attractive, there is an explanation of the conditions of membership in the Society, and of the indulgences and other favors conferred on associates. The headquarters of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith are at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. It assists over 300 dioceses and 25,000 missionaries throughout the world. Some idea of the extraordinary good it helps to do for the Church and souls may be obtained from the fact that in one year alone, 112,318 adult converts are officially reported. All Catholics should help in this magnificent work by prayer and contributions.

FILLING UP THE RANKS.

Father John Pellegrino Mondaini of the Friars Minor, has been appointed Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Hu-nan, in China; and Father Odoric Rizzi, of the same Order, Vicar-Apostolic of Shen-si. The vacant missionary posts are filling with new men.

Brazil.—Two independent provinces of the Franciscan Order have been established in Brazil. Many of the old Franciscan houses have been renewed in form and spirit, and several new ones founded. "It is," says the London *Tablet*, "in these missions and settlements of the great Orders and missionary societies from Europe, in various parts of South America, such as the Benedictines of the Beuron Congregation, the German Franciscans, the Salesians and the Steyl Missionary Society, that we have the greatest hope for the religious regeneration of the people and clergy of the Spanish and Portuguese speaking republics."

His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli, commends the work of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, as appears from the subjoined letter:

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 4, 1902.

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM,
Director Bureau Catholic Indian Missions,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

REV. DEAR SIR:

I am grateful for the information you have given me concerning the nature and work of the Society for the Preservation of

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the Faith among Indian Children. I do not see how such a work can fail to enlist the zealous coöperation of the clergy and religious institutions of the country, and the charitable aid of the faithful. It is the proud boast of this nation that the Indians are its wards, and that it feels itself responsible for their care and protection. But, owing to the lack of religious profession which is universal among the people, the country finds itself utterly unable to fulfill the first of all the duties of a guardian to his ward—the enlightenment of his soul by divine faith. Upon Catholics, then, who, better than all others, understand the value of a soul and the necessity of faith for its salvation, devolves a duty of supplying by their own zeal and charity that which the nation cannot give to the Indians.

I hope and pray that the work of the Society may prosper more and more, and that God's richest blessings may descend on all its efforts.

Most faithfully yours in Xt.,
SEBASTIAN CARDINAL MARTINELLI,
Pro-Delegate Apostolic.

A number of promoters have taken up the work of securing members for the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children. At the present time the Society has a membership of 4,000. But it needs 400,000, and thinks that it should not be difficult to obtain that number in a Catholic population of over 10,000,000 souls. We beg our readers to apply at once for information and blank Certificates of Membership to—

REV. WM. H. KETCHAM,
941 F Street,
Washington, D. C.

The Society has Membership Certificates and Circulars in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. APRIL, 1902. No. 4.

FIRST SUFFERINGS OF FATHER JOGUES.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE three captives understood to what kind of treatment the ferocity of their captors had destined them, but their devotion to Father Jogues prevailed over every personal consideration. Couture was stripped of his garments and beaten with clubs; they tore out his nails, chewed his fingers with their teeth, ran a knife through his hand, and sawed off his thumb with a shell. Not a quiver of suffering betrayed itself on his countenance. At last, after all this torture, he was sent to a village of the Agniers as a slave in the family of a chief who had perished in battle. He could have escaped and Father Jogues counselled him to do so. "Father," answered Couture, "try to escape, yourself. As soon as I see that you are no longer here, I will find the means to get away. You know perfectly well that I live as a captive only through love of you. Do what you can, therefore, to get away, for I will not give a thought to my liberty or my life until I see you in safety."

Ahastirari, the Indian, underwent still more atrocious treatment. When he arrived among the Agniers he was subjected to the same trials as Couture. They tore off his scalp and cut off his two thumbs, and drove a stick which had been hardened in the fire up through his arms until it came out in the elbow; when finally, after having burned every part of his body, they cut off his head with a knife.

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Father Jogues was looking on at all this and exhorting him to keep up his courage. "Remember," he said, "that there is another life. Remember that God is looking on and will recompense all the agony that you are undergoing for Him." "I remember all that," said the neophyte, "and I will not yield." The three other Hurons succeeded in escaping, but a nephew of Ahastirari sank under the blow of a tomahawk, whilst young Theresa was forced to marry an Iroquois warrior; but, nevertheless, always remained a faithful Christian. Twelve years later a missionary met her at Onandaga, and we find these words in his journal: "My God! What a sweet consolation to meet so much faith in the heart of a savage living in captivity, and without any other help than heaven above. God makes apostles everywhere, and to this Huron woman are we indebted for the first baptism of an adult at Onandaga."

René Goupil was slain soon after. Like all the prisoners, he suffered from starvation, from fire, and all the horrible torments which the savage mind of the Indian could invent. But his sufferings never succeeded in putting a check upon his zeal. In his captivity he constantly sought for opportunities to spread the faith. One day when an old man with whom he lived saw him make the sign of the cross on the forehead of a child, he cried out to his nephew, "Go and kill that dog of a Frenchman." In the evening, when Goupil was coming back from the woods with Father Jogues, the nephew approached and slew him with a blow of a tomahawk. In this young *donné* Father Jogues lost a most devoted friend, the dearest of all his companions in captivity. He was slain on the 29th of September, 1642, after having pronounced the vows which united him to the Society of Jesus.

We have not said anything of the horrible treatment which the missionary had to undergo. His martyrdom, which lasted twelve months, was of the most cruel description. The reason of their fury is given by Bresani. "The Iroquois," said he, "look upon the priest as their enemy, not so much because he is European, for they are friendly with the Dutch, but because he is the friend and protector of the Hurons with whom they

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are at war. Moreover, they hate our holy faith, which they consider to be a sort of magic. They have an especial horror for the sign of the cross because the Dutch have taught them that it is superstition."

Father Jogues' suffering began on the day he was made a prisoner. We shall not enter into the details which the reader will find elsewhere described at length, by those who were concerned in those savage deeds as well as by some of the Dutch who were living at Fort Orange. It will be sufficient to indicate a few of the excesses which were committed by his executioners. On the very first day they tore off his finger-nails, chewed his thumbs with their teeth and beat him so dreadfully with clubs that he fell on the ground for dead. They picked him up, put him in a canoe and brought him to the country of the Agniers sailing up the river Richelieu and across Lake Champlain. On the journey they treated him as a slave. He was a sort of beast of burden to carry their packs. When they reached the Agnier territory they brought him from village to village subjecting him everywhere to the mockery of the people, by placing him on an improvised platform in the middle of the village. There everyone gave himself the pleasure of *caressing* him as the Iroquois expressed it. They tore out his beard and his hair. They cut off his left thumb. They made him run the gauntlet between two lines of Indians. His flesh was lacerated and torn with hooks to the very bones, and the children, as if to make their apprenticeship of cruelty, drove knives into his agonizing flesh, and covered his naked body with hot coals or burning ashes. With cords made from the bark of a tree they suspended him by his arms to two posts. "My suffering was so great then," said Father Jogues, "that I begged my executioners to loosen my bonds a little; but God permitted that the more I begged the tighter they drew them. Night brought me no rest, for the women and children swarmed round me to torment me in every conceivable manner."

Gangrene then set in, and he became an object of horror. The Indians, with a refinement of cruelty, relented a little but only in order to make him undergo other torments later. It is

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impossible to understand how Father Jogues did not succumb to the violence and ceaselessness of these sufferings.

During two months after the murder of Goupil he expected every day to be killed, and only by a special protection of Providence did he escape the clubs of his executioners. At this time he lost the other thumb. During the winter he was sent from family to family. He followed his masters in their hunting expeditions, carrying on his shoulders their sacks of meal, smoked meat and wood. In the night he slept in the open air half clad. How he did not die a victim of cold is inexplicable.

At the return of spring he went with his masters on a fishing expedition. During the day they treated him like a beast of burden, using him for the hardest and most revolting work, but in the evening they gave him a little liberty which he made use of to withdraw to a neighboring hill and obtain a little peace in calm and solitude. He used to cut the sign of the cross on the bark of a tree, and on his knees with tears streaming from his eyes meditated on the sufferings of his Saviour, going over mentally all the stations of Calvary. When he thought he was alone he hummed some hymn of the Church, and by roundabout paths came back to the wigwam of his masters, but did not dare to enter for they would have thrown him out. He stretched himself on the ground or sat upon the trunk of some tree and broken down with fatigue and hunger slept while thinking of God, and waited the awakening of the savages to take up again his labor as a slave. "How often in these days," he said, "I wept at the remembrance of Sion, not only of the triumphant Sion of the heavens but of the one that glorifies God upon earth? How often in that strange land I sang the canticles of the Lord, and made the forests ring with the praise of their Maker? How often I have cut the name of Jesus on the trees which reared themselves aloft in the forests."

In these days of comparative liberty he could have easily escaped. He did not do so although he was condemned to a life worse than a thousand deaths. "I have resolved to live and to die on this cross," he said, "for who could in my absence

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console and absolve the French captives?" Who could recall the Christian Hurons to their duties, who could regenerate the children in the waters of baptism, provide for the salvation of the dying, and instruct those who are in health?"

God blessed his zeal. "Without counting the persons, French and Huron whom I have aided, consoled and confessed, I have," said he, "during my captivity regenerated in the waters of baptism seventy persons, children, young men and old of five nations and of different languages."

PROGRESS IN THE CAUSE OF ENGLISH MARTYRS.*

BY JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, S.J.

THE slow progress of causes of canonization is proverbial even at Rome. To advert to only one modern instance, our present Holy Father concluded, during his year of Jubilee, the canonization of the Seven Holy Founders of the Servites, which had been before the Papal Tribunals for over six centuries. The cause of our own Martyrs is in reality over three hundred years old, if we reckon (as we should) from the first concession made by Gregory XIII in 1584.

Nowadays, moreover, the rate of speed must, of necessity, be more measured and leisurely than ever. More documents, monuments, matters needing investigation, are known now than of old. There is, by consequence, more to inquire into, and modern methods of research are, on the whole, more thorough than the old ones were. Again, the melancholy circumstances of the Church in Rome act as a decided drag. As our Universities would be sadly hampered if all their endowments passed into the hands of a hostile power, so have the men of study among the Roman clergy been miserably crippled by the latter-day confiscations of benefices under the new rulers of the Eternal City. A still further complication has risen from the modern zeal of promoting canonization which Pope Leo has encouraged. The undermanned and overworked

* From the *Weekly Register* of London, January 10, 1902.

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Congregation of Rites has now some 260 causes before it, one or two of which (ours, for instance) contain several hundred names. The Holy Father, with his usual legislative skill, has abolished some of the old regulations which were most fruitful in delays, but much remains to be done before the old machinery will be quite competent to turn out as much as is expected of it. The quality of the work, thank God, is still admirable.

To descend to our own cause in particular. The first preliminaries to the modern cause were taken in 1855, the first process was held in London in 1874, the first formal concessions came from Rome in 1886. The detailed account of the progress made down to the death of the apostle, Father John Morris, in 1893, will be found in my *Life* of him (pp. 194–217). I now propose to survey very briefly what has been done since down to the present time.

In order to understand what follows, it will be necessary to distinguish the meanings of the terms *Blessed* and *Venerable*, *Dilati* and *Prætermissi.* The martyrs are obviously divisible into three groups: (1) Those whose cultus Rome has not yet taken into consideration; (2) those whose right to cultus she is now investigating; (3) those whose cultus she has already permitted. This last class are the *Beati:* Blessed John Fisher, Thomas More, etc., sixty-three in all. The middle class are *Venerables,* 253 in all. They comprised, roughly speaking, all martyrs posterior to Gregory's concession; the *Beati* comprise those that preceded it. The third class must be sub-divided into (*a*) *Dilati* (*i.e.*, the postponed) forty-four in all, viz.: those who were reserved for further consideration at the time when the decree for the Venerables was issued; and (*b*) *Prætermissi*, those who, for various reasons, were "passed over" in the original list of names sent up from England to Rome. The number of the latter class is large, nearly 200 in all, and is to be explained by various considerations. For instance, it was first believed that the cause of all the martyrs would be decided, more or less, *en bloc*, so that any appreciable number of insufficient cases might have prejudiced the success of the whole. Hence, unnecessary caution in curtailing the first martyr roll.

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Again, far less was known about the martyrs a quarter of a century ago than now, for at that time the Record Office Papers for the reign of Henry VIII were still unarranged. These papers are now our most abundant source of information, and have revealed to us many a tale of heroism, of which nothing was previously known. The greater part of the *Prætermissi* suffered under Henry VIII, most of the rest perished in Elizabeth's dungeons.

The cause of this third class (*Dilati* and *Prætermissi* together) will be the next on which the Sacred Congregation of Rites will pronounce. Though held in this country in 1888, and sent to Rome in 1889, it was at first unavoidably kept back while the beatification of the three Benedictine Abbots (Whiting, Beche and Farringdon) was being promoted. After a decree had been obtained for this (1895), the health of our Postulator-General, Father Torquato Armellini, S.J., began to decline, and the cause made no headway until Father Camillo Beccari came to his assistance. Father Beccari is now our vigorous *postulatore*, Father Armellini having died last summer (*R.I.P.*). The whole report of the proceedings in England—a thick folio volume—was translated into Italian, and our *avvocato* has since drawn up a *positio* and *summarium* from it, and these are at present in the press. It is to be hoped that the congregation will find time to discuss them this year, and if so, we may expect a decision in 1905.

It may be as well to say beforehand, that whereas in the previous Roman decrees, almost all the names proposed in England were accepted, the contrary will, in all probability, happen now. This will follow from the description of the *prætermissi* given above. Once, indeed, we adopt the principle that a somewhat obscure case may be referred to Rome, it becomes practically impossible to do less than refer all such cases thither. Nothing short of that will satisfy future *cultores martyrum*. They will at once acquiesce if a Roman decision were given against arguments in favor of honoring liturgically some Catholic confessor or quasi-martyr, though they would not be satisfied with any other ruling. Hence the prospect that our professedly comprehensive lists of *Prætermissi* will be a good deal short-

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ened during their next revision. It will be better so, for we should all prefer a short but brilliant martyr-roll to a long and obscure one.

Meanwhile, another portion of the process of Beatification has been taken in hand in this country. In 1899, a Commission was issued from Rome directing his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop to inquire after, collect and forward to the Sacred Congregation all the books and writings of the *Venerables.* This is technically called the *Processus Industriarum*, or *Processus de Scriptis.* Information on this subject has therefore been gathered together during the last two years. All the Catholic archives and libraries have been searched, and authenticated copies have been gathered of all the books, documents and letters which could be found. It so happens that there were but few writers among the Venerables, Father Southwell being the only author of importance. The collection has, nevertheless, reached a total of over 450 pieces (mostly correspondence). When quite finished its completeness and authenticity will be tested in due form by a commission appointed by the Cardinal, after which it will be forwarded to Rome, where judgment will be pronounced as to their freedom from errors against the Faith.

Another branch of this great cause, which has only been under consideration for a few months, is the case of the eleven Bishops deposed and imprisoned by Elizabeth for resisting her changes in religion. They died in durance, and if it were clear that they all died in consequence of their imprisonment they would unquestionably be martyrs. But this last point is always a difficult one to prove, and, moreover, before we can safely (*tuto* a qualification on which more remains to be said later) give rein to our devotion towards them, we shall want to know how they bore themselves in the great vicissitudes of the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Mary. These preliminaries are not yet cleared up, but they are being investigated. It looks as though the last struggle of the old hierarchy may now be honored with honor such as only the Catholic Church can give.

This leads me on to advert to what well-wishers to the mar-

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tyrs should do and what they should avoid doing in order to promote their canonization. It must, above all things, be remembered that canonization is regarded by Rome as a sanction set upon existing cultus, as well as an incitement to future devotion. It is not a *motus proprius* made on the Pope's initiative, but a response to the collective prayer of some great section of Christianity given after the demonstration that the devotion to the Saint in question is proof against all the objections which an ever-envious and fault-finding world is likely to bring against it. Before we can demonstrate that, it is essential that all the acts of our martyrs, their *Lives*, their works, letters, the relations of their trials, the accusations brought against them of old—in fact, everything that is known about them—should be made practically accessible to all inquirers. This will mean a good deal. The whole body of evidence could not be published, I fancy, in less than half a dozen such volumes, as are issued year after year by our Government, under the title of *Calendars of State Papers*. Some organization and a good deal of coöperation would be necessary to complete such a task. But if the *Cultores Martyrum* would produce the demand, the men and the money would be soon forthcoming.

This is one of the necessary conditions for the success of the cause. The other is the care that our Martyrs get their proper share in the "devotions" of the faithful, that their monuments find due place in our churches, that they may be invoked in our liturgies, that their feasts be solemnized with due solemnity. When asked for special or miraculous favors, they should be petitioned in the joint invocation of "Blessed and Venerable" Martyrs of England. A miracle worked in answer to such prayer would assist the canonization of all.

But here a word of warning is requisite to prevent exaggerations which would result in no little harm to the progress of the cause. The Church severely forbids anyone to attempt to forestal her judgment of canonization, or to force or "cook" the cultus of any servant of God, by paying him more honor than has been declared to be his due. A special inquiry (called a *Processus de non cultu*) into this matter must be in-

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stituted before "solemn" Beatification, and we may expect one to be ordered in this country in due course. To prevent any abuses creeping in, it will be well to remember that a Martyr who may be styled Venerable, may not on that account be allowed any open honor *in* church. His relics must not be exposed there, but kept in the sacristy. His picture may not be venerated on an altar, and nowhere may it have *rays*. He may never be called Saint. I will conclude by quoting from Father Morris some limits of cultus payable to a *Beato*. "It is forbidden to dedicate altars or churches to a *Beato*, so that the title of the altar or church be taken from his name. Hence the picture of a *Beato* cannot be the principal altar-piece, but may only be a secondary picture placed before and beneath the altar-piece. His portrait, or statue, may have a *radiating nimbus*, not an *aureola*, or circle of light. The relics of a *Beato* may be exposed for veneration, but must not be carried in procession. A votive Mass of a *Beato* is not allowed, and his feast can be celebrated only in the churches of that country, diocese, or order to which this privilege has been granted by the Holy See."

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

THE Way of the Cross is a cruel way,
So long, and rough, and steep ;
It lies o'er wastes all bare and grey,
And rivers swift and deep.

And it leads through many a thorny brake
That wound the tender feet ;
But daring all for His dear sake
Will make the journey sweet.

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If thou wouldst follow the Way of the Cross
  That leads to Calvary,
Thou must endure both pain and loss,
  And bitter agony.

But glorious the light that will one day shine
  On thee, from God's great throne;
And oh, what welcome will be thine
  When He redeems His own.

EVA MOLESWORTH.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

THIRD STATION.

JESUS FALLS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE CROSS.

JESUS walked beneath a heavy cross. From the hour, when, in the garden of Gethsemani, the soldiers, under the guidance of the traitor, had apprehended Him and even from the supper itself, Jesus had neither drunk nor eaten. He had passed a night without rest and without sleep, in a dungeon of the priest Annas; in the morning He was subjected to an insidious examination by this first judge. Then they had Him dragged to Caiphas, from there to Pilate's house; Pilate had Him sent to Herod, who had Him robed in the white garment of fools. They had Him again brought back to Pilate, always amid the injuries and the curses of an infuriated mob. Pilate had Him scourged, and the whips of the Roman soldiers had cut long, bloody furrows in His innocent and pure flesh; very often a victim died beneath their rods and whips. Jesus remained standing, but His blood had gushed forth from a hundred gashes. And they procured new joy for themselves, by crowning the king of the Jews, sold by the Jews, with thorns. From His beautiful forehead, and from His whole head the blood had trickled in purple streams, dyeing His countenance, suffusing His eyes and His neck.

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And it is then, exhausted of strength and life, while His wounds, still open, were bleeding beneath His garments, it is then that with such courage, He took up the cross!

But soon, despite His great courage, His poor body became exhausted, His breast heaved, His limbs, sustained for a long time by a will stronger than pain, finally weaken, His knees become unsteady, He falls—the cross falls upon Him.

There was excitement among the people; they believed that their victim had escaped them—when they saw that Christ still lived, they recovered and resumed their cries and their insults. The Roman soldiers brutally lifted up the condemned, and without pity for a Jew, who moreover deserved to die, and whom they despised as they despised all Jews, without giving Him an instant's respite, replaced the cross on His shoulders and drove Him forward.

And Jesus, pale and bood-stained, walked on.

. . . .

To bear its cross with courage, to accept the sorrow when God offers it the chalice, is the characteristic of a great and noble soul. It is the first step towards Calvary. Let it be difficult if it will, the Christian arrives there.

A certain exaltation from the very first, an enthusiasm which always inspires a noble soul, whenever there is the conviction of a great work to be fulfilled, whenever there is the consciousness of a great trial to be undergone, these are the very human feelings which help us to attain to the heroism of accepting the cross. At the outset, there would be few hearts which would not be ready for martyrdom.

But there is something harder still than sorrow, and that is the continuance of sorrow. When exaltation and enthusiasm depart, and when man relapsing into his ordinary state of mind finds himself face to face with lasting sorrow, ah, how weak he then finds himself! To suffer for a day, yes, man can do that; he will find in his heart strength and courage for this; but to suffer for weeks, for months, for years, always the same sorrow, always the same torment, always the same anguish, it is too much for his poor feeble will; it falls crushed and the cross falls down upon it.

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Question that poor soul lying there thus bruised, afflicted, it will answer you amid its tears, "Oh! it is hard to suffer, I have no more courage, why does not God let me die!" Yes, it would be much sweeter to die!

May God keep me from reproaching a man with that failure of will, that draining away of his courage, for Jesus Christ Himself fell to encourage him to bear these things. Surely neither the will of the Master nor His courage weakened, but the strength of His body overmastered the energy of His soul. With us, poor as we are, body and soul, everything falls, and our will weakens as well as our strength.

Oh my divine Master, how well you understand our poor hearts! You know then that our wills are things of an hour, of an instant; that our strength is as the wind which passes, as a light which shines suddenly and which is lost in the night. No, You are not surprised at seeing us so weak and our falls do not turn You from us. You have had pity on us. You have willed to fall with us! But, O Jesus, you rise and shall not we rise? Shall we remain there, lying in the dust, without making a fresh effort? Arise, Christian, take up thy cross again, as Jesus Christ took up His again and walked forward.

But it is not only in the presence of sorrow that we ought to nerve ourselves, for it is not only from sorrow that we fall. The road of duty is for us another road to Calvary and how many are the falls along this road! Duty is hard for man, it is difficult, it is painful; to love it he must have a stern heart. And while duty presents itself under an appearance cold and repelling, passion, warm, smiling, alluring, murmers in his ears. Man thus lives between these two opposing inclinations from the instant in which reason awakes, even to the hour in which he reposes in death. In the interval, what is his history? I except the saints, rare, however, in this case, whom God prevents by some exceptional grace. What is the history of man, between his conscience and his desires, between his duty and his passion?

It is the history of a ship, which before contrary winds, turns her sail now to the right, now to the left, and making headway only by tacking. He goes from one to the other, he

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quits duty and he follows his passion, he comes back to his duty, he returns to his passion, and thus his life runs on. The elect, the saved, are those who, always returning to their duty, find themselves in its path in the silent hour in which God calls them. The damned, the lost, are those who, tired of tacking, abandon themselves, all sail down, to the course of evil.

And yet once again, these falls and relapses are the property of our human nature; he who does not compassionate, he who has no pity for those who fall, has not the spirit of Christ. If he comes in contact with a soul, he makes it despair—*Nescitis cujus spiritus estis.*

But the fallen soul must arise, though it falls a hundred times, a thousand times, though each step be marked by a fall, it must rise again. God is always ready to grant His pardon, why should we not be always ready to ask it?

Ah! poor souls, for God's sake I beg of you not to lose courage! When a mother is teaching her little child to walk, if it falls, does she not pity it? And how often, while its little limbs are weak and awkward, how often does it not fall! But if that babe enters the world, misshapen and deformed, will she be angry? Ah! would she be a mother! Well, does not God love us more than any mother? Does He not know that we have come into this world with our intellects blinded and our wills feeble? And God would not have pity! Without doubt evil irritates Him, without doubt our faults cause Him horror, but at the first movement of the soul which returns to Him and implores His help, how He stretches out His arms to it.

Rise then, poor soul, arise!

The Fourth Station.

JESUS MEETS MARY, HIS MOTHER.

The fugitive disciples had tried, no doubt, to conceal from Mary all the horror of the fate of her Son, but very soon, warned by the shouts of the crowd, which came swelling from the distance as if the air was bearing them along with it, she

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learned all, and she flies. Her Son! She will see her Son! Love urges her step, anguish rends her heart. Through the narrow streets of Jerusalem, shortening her journey she goes with hurrying steps, and suddenly at a turn of the road, there He is before her, pale, covered with blood, bent beneath the cross which is crushing Him.

O mother, this is thy Son!

A cry of supreme anguish escapes from the Virgin; neither the crowd nor the soldiers stop her, and, sobbing, her two arms about the neck of her Son, she covers Him with her kisses. "*Nec potuit dicere verbum,*" says St. Boniface. "She could not say a word." She did not speak, she wept, and just as tradition puts no word on her lips, it puts no word on the lips of Jesus Christ. What need have a mother and a son to speak to understand one another! Their tears spoke, their sorrowful tears, and their hearts touched one another.

O Mary! Poor Mary! Behold then thy Son, thy only Son, the well-beloved of thy womb! That Jesus, so beautiful, whom you have so often lulled to sleep on your knees, whom you caressed with so much love, that Jesus whom you hastened to conceal in Egypt to escape from the jealousy of Herod, that Jesus, who, having lived under thy virginal gaze for thirty years, leaves you to go to teach and save His people—behold what that people is now doing to Him. Oh, do not then leave Him, thy Son, again; do not leave Him any more, Mother, He is going to die!

There is, in the look of a mother, a dominating characteristic. It made the crowd and the soldiers instinctively draw back, just as, they say, that at Florence, a lion, frightened by a mother's look and by a mother's cry, stood still, trembled, and dropped the child that he was about to carry off. But that noble instinct was soon extinguished by the seething of base passions. They tore Jesus from Mary, the procession, stayed for a minute, aroused itself and continued its march. Mary, in the crowd, followed her Son with her eyes, and walked along with Him.

Jesus advanced, more firmly it would seem, and as if reanimated by His mother. One loving heart at least was accom-

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panying Him along the journey of His suffering. He was no longer to suffer alone.

I thank you, Lord, for having permitted that the first mark of love which was shown you along that dolorous way, was from a mother's heart! Oh! the love of a mother! Among all other loves, what compares to that! It was worthy Lord, to touch You and console You, though You had all other loves! Other loves will come to You, oh my God, but as it were, in Your abundance; this love will never leave you again. Behold then the first consolation offered to Jesus.

I learn a lesson from the Master in His most natural capacity. You suffer, my child. Go then to your mother and there in her arms your tears will be soon dried! What need have I to give this counsel? Our heart naturally inclines and goes towards a mother's heart. And when a mother sees her child suffer, oh! how sweet her voice becomes. Oh, how warm her love! Oh, how tender and ardent her caresses, as if she had no thought of herself, but of Him, Him her child, flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood, life of her life. See, then, Monica and Augustine on the shore where the ocean came to exhaust at their feet its dying surge. But why need I recall Augustine and Monica? Have we not all had a mother? Have we forgotten how she loved us? Have we not seen her eyes and her smile, have we not heard her voice and the pleasant sweetness of her words, have we not felt her caresses on our cheeks, her kisses on our lips?

Who does not know what a true refuge our soul has there!

But alas, however little a man goes on in years, following the ordinary course of nature, soon nothing more will be left of this ineffable love but the memory . . . to go to his mother, he must go down to the home of the dead and even there what will he find? Lifeless dust which can no longer speak to or understand him. What! Is that all that is left of her who has loved us so much?

Ah! when shall we cast aside these gross ideas of men, to believe at last and to live in the light of faith?

Dead, our mother! No, she lives, she sees us, she hears us, she loves us and across the mysterious depths which separate

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the exile from his country, the world from heaven, the earth from paradise, she still surrounds us with her tenderest and most consoling affections. Why do we no longer go to her? Why do we no longer speak to her? Why do we not show her our poor, bruised hearts?

But this is not all; on Calvary, where Christ mounts, a second mother will be given us. The Virgin, who restrains her tears and represses her sobs, in following her Son along the dolorous journey, Mary, the Queen of Sorrows, will become our mother. She also will bend over us, as she bent over Him. She also will have pity on us and will look upon us with compassion. She also, by her presence, will console us and will give us new strength.

Courage then, oh my soul, no more than your Master, are you alone when you suffer: there are two hearts which weep with you, which love you, which console you. Though you shall be abandoned by all, alone in the world, alone in your suffering, these two hearts will still be near you. The heart of your mother and the heart of Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ, your mother also. You are suffering, O my soul, but you are suffering less than the Master and yet your lips can drink from the very same cup consolation and sweetness.

. . . .

This consoling power of the Holy Virgin, the true mother's love which she bears for those who suffer, this tenderness with which she surrounds them . . . what need to insist on these things? Does not every Christian heart know them and has it not had experience of them? She is so truly our mother.

"You will see sometimes," says Bossuet, "a mother caress most tenderly her child, for no other reason than that in her opinion, it is the perfect image of herself. That is the way, she will say, that it holds its hands, that is the way it moves its eyes, that action, and that face is just like her. Mothers are ingenious in observing even the slightest details." And what is all this, if not, as it were, a hunt, if I may use the expression, in which the affection of a mother engages—who, not content with loving her son in his own person, seeks everywhere to find some likeness of him. And if they are so moved at some

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rough resemblance, what shall we say of Mary, when she sees in Christians those immortal signs of the perfect beauty of her divine Son, which the finger of God has imprinted so deeply in their souls?

But there is something more. We are not only the living images of the Son of God, we are besides, His members; we compose with Him a body of which He is the head; we are His body and his fullness, as the Apostles teach. It is this which attracts so strongly towards us the affection of the holy Virgin, and no mother can love us more than she.

Go, Christians, to that incomparable mother. Believe that she will not distinguish you from her own Son, she will look upon you as "flesh of her flesh and as bone of her bone," as persons on whom and in whom her own blood is flowing, and, to go further, she will regard each one as another Jesus Christ on earth. The love which she bears her own Son will be the measure of that which she will bear for you, and above all, do not fear to call her your mother; she has in a sovereign degree all the tenderness that that title demands.

The Fifth Station.

SIMON THE CYRENEAN HELPS JESUS TO CARRY HIS CROSS.

Christ continued His journey, still carrying His cross, but it became apparent even to His executioners, that He would not have strength sufficient for the long distance that still separated Him from Calvary. A Cyrenean happened to be passing by; ignorant of the tragedy that was being enacted, he drew near, anxious to see what could be the object that thus attracted the Jews. The soldiers seize him and make him help the condemned to carry His cross. This was a kind of service which the Roman officers on duty had the right to impose on whomsoever it seemed good to them.

Simon did not know Jesus; he was indifferent to His case, he bore Him neither love nor hate; at most he had heard men speak of the Prophet of Nazareth, who was exciting all Judea. No good sentiment could have prevailed on him to assist Jesus; perhaps, if he had a tender heart he at first pitied Him, but

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that superficial pity soon disappeared before the natural displeasure of a man on whom has been laid a heavy and unexpected burden. He could not, however, escape, he had to submit, he resigned himself. He took then on his shoulder the foot of the cross which was dragging along the ground and he carried it with Jesus.

Jesus was relieved. The weight which was crushing Him did not grow less, but it no longer dragged Him forward with painful shocks which tore open His wounds, as the wood rebounded from all the rough places of the road.

He had not regarded the indifference of Simon. He rewarded him for the good which he was doing, even with a heart perhaps unwilling. He called him to the light.

An indifferent Simon, unknown, without love or hate, and who, however, solaces us and gives us assistance in our sorrows, do we also meet him on our journey? Yes. I see his faint image in the events and circumstances that are prepared far from us, that happen independently of us, and which without removing our sorrow, give, as it were, a new course to our life and distract it.

Very frequently we cannot impute our suffering to anybody; some general causes which disquiet the world without aiming at us, overtake and strike us. A deadly pestilence passes above our heads; amid a thousand, it enters our breast, confines us to bed a prey to sickness, doomed, perhaps, to death. Where is the culprit? An industrial or a commercial crisis shakes an entire country, by some law altogether as fatal as the laws of nature, it precipitates me into ruin. Where is the culprit? A mother weeps over the grave of her child, a husband over that of his wife, a son over that of his mother; is not death one of the universal laws of humanity? Whom will you blame?

Likewise, when our sorrows come altogether, entirely, from the free will of other men, that will is not always as perverse or as malicious as at first sight we might be led to believe. Have they willed the evil they have done? Have they not been less malicious than helpless? Do they not even now perhaps grieve over an evil that they did not foresee?

And just as some circumstances, some events, some men

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make us suffer without intending it, without knowing, so too, without knowing it, without intending it, do other circumstances, other events, other men comfort us and console us.

It is a thing assuredly remarkable that at the first shock of grief it appears to us altogether insurmountable. We do not see how, under a similar shock, we can any longer live, it seems to us we are on the point of death. Time passes and we do not die! And if, after some months of that sad life, after a year, after two years, we ask ourselves how it is possible that we have surmounted the trial, we find only one answer—it is owing to the chance circumstances and events which have, as it were, come to throw a ray of light in a night that we thought would be eternal, a hope in a soul that seemed to have bid farewell to happiness. These are our Cyreneans, and we are wrong not to avail ourselves of their aid.

Neither our prosperity nor our misfortune ever attains the measure we had anticipated; nothing ever happens either for good or for evil as we had expected it; whether we look forward to a sad or a joyful future, our prevision is always exaggerated.

But why do I speak of chance events, of fatal circumstances, of blind laws? Is this a Christian way of talking? Oh, no! a thousand times, no! It is God who makes us look into the very nature of things, our good God and our Father. It is He who disposes everything about us, He who arranges the whole course of our life, He who intermingles joys and sorrows, tears and smiles, sadness and consolation. Let the road along which we walk be soever rough, it is He who has marked it out, He has made it for our steps, He has proportioned it to our forces, measured it with our courage. He loves us, and it is His love, nothing else but His love which inspires Him.

What, His love! Yes, it is His love which makes us suffer and which comforts us in our sufferings. I know well that our poor little human minds do not understand this. But God understands; He knows that it is necessary, in order that our souls may arrive at happiness. Shall we not understand it? Why, then, do we not abandon ourselves to Him? Would it not be more wise?

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Simon of Cyrene has helped Christ to carry His cross. When the Roman soldiers gave him the order, he could have objected: "Why? I am neither guilty nor am I condemned; what have I done that you should make me the companion of a criminal?"

When God permits suffering to try our courage, when He lays a part of the cross on our shoulders, who among us could say: "I am neither guilty nor am I condemned; what have I done that you should associate me with a criminal?"

We, and we alone are the true culprits, truly condemned. It is for us, to expiate our sins, that Jesus is a victim. We are they who ought to carry the whole cross—we are so inclined, when misfortune overtakes us, to cry out: "What have I done to God that He should treat me thus?" But examine yourself, listen to your own heart, review your life. Is everything so stainless in that life, in that heart?

Let us follow, then, very humbly and very submissively in the footsteps of our Master; let us take upon our shoulders the foot of the cross, which He offers us, with courage, even with joy, because he permits us to participate in His sufferings and in His expiation.

Christians, forget not that He is innocent and that we are guilty. "Nos quidem digna factis recipimus—we receive what we have deserved." Suffering entered into this world by the sin of man, God had not sent it. It has become man's chastisement; this is justice. Let us thank God.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Mass will be said at the Shrine on Sunday, April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha.

The hotel property purchased last year by the Rev. John J. Wynne, has been transferred to the corporation of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs and is now entirely under the control of this body.

For the first time the name of the Shrine at Auriesville appears this year in the Catholic Directory as a station in the Albany diocese attended by Jesuit Fathers, when it is opened for services during the summer.

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The crown of thorns in gold is now ready and a marvellously fine piece of work it is. It will be described in the *Messenger* for May, in which number there will be a fine illustration of it. Arrangements will soon be made for exhibiting it in some of our cities in which the Shrine is well known, in Providence where it was designed and made, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The statue will be ready in June. The day for the ceremony of blessing it and offering the crown will be determined later. The chalice will be ready in good time; offerings of gold for it will still be gratefully received.

The storm and flood which did so much damage along the Mohawk valley were the worst experienced there in forty years. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that they did so little damage in and about Auriesville, as the following letters show.

AURIESVILLE, March 2, 1902.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

I must try to tell you what I can about the ravine. On Friday, there was a great bank of snow and ice extending across the creek on a line with the Sepulchre, and forming a dam about four feet high. The water falling over this dam had washed the creek bed to quite an extent; but after cutting all the afternoon until 11 P. M. we succeeded in breaking a channel through the ice. The water then began running in its natural channel with such force that it rolled a great many large stones on the curb near the bridge away from the ties, and for a time it seemed as if it would wash the creek bed low enough to undermine the ties. There is more water in the creek than I ever saw in it before, and never did I see such an angry stream. We could hear it roar distinctly at the hotel. Next day the danger was passed, the water subsiding without doing any serious damage.

March 20, 1902.

The weather is very fine. The song birds are here and I assure you that they are very welcome visitors after the long, cold winter. The snow has disappeared from the hill sides, and only where the large drifts accumulated is there any trace of it. The ice is thawing so fast that we expect an early spring. Everything about the Shrine looks well. The paths are in as good shape as they were last fall except about fifty feet between the chapel and the cross which has been washed out to a depth of about a foot. This will be filled in as soon as the ground dries. The road

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leading down to the ravine, which gave so much trouble formerly, shows no sign of sliding this spring. The ravine creek is behaving very well, and has apparently given up the task of breaking the embankment, contenting itself with running peaceably along. I wish you could have been here when the ice went out of the river. From the hotel bridge you could see fields of it floating along and jumping and piling up to a great height. The water backed up so far that people had to ferry across the Fultonville bridge to the railway ties, and the ferry people charged as high as two dollars a passage.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A.E.L., Phila	$0.50
M.L.S.H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00
Miss H., Boston, Mass.	1.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

K.F.R., Troy, N. Y., a gold pencil.
M.C., Troy, N. Y., a gold locket, a brooch, a gold ring and two pieces of jewelry.
Miss H., New York, a gold brooch.
J. N., Boston, five dollars in gold.
O. Mc., Scheveous, N. Y., a brooch and a gold badge.

MISSION NOTES.

THE MISSIONARY ARMY.

France supplies more than four-fifths of the missionary army of the Catholic Church. This includes, of course, religious women, who are quite essential for the care of children and others in places where converts are numerous. Religious women, who fearlessly and nobly leave home and country to face the labors, privations and dangers of the distant missionfield, are very numerous.

With scarcely more than one exception, that of the Society of Foreign Missions, all the French missionaries belong to Religious Orders. Amongst those Religious Orders, some have no work whatsoever save foreign missions.

Native missionaries are carefully selected where it is possible, and trained with great care, particularly when they are to be raised to the priesthood. The native missionaries especially when destined for a religious life or the priesthood, are often sent to France, where they receive the most excellent education

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and training. In the extreme Orient, amongst the old native Catholic families of China and Indo-China, are found very efficient and very faithful missionaries. These have not rarely shown a courage and constancy entirely heroic.

A MISSIONARY CONTRAST.

An illustration of the remarkable contrast, which is really typical, between the spirit of the Catholic missionary and that of the non-Catholic, is given by the New York *Herald* of March 21st. Two missionaries had arrived at New York, on the preceding day, by the White Star liner Teutonic. One was the Rev. M. Schoonmaker of Plainfield, N. J., who was sent to the African missions a short time ago by the authorities of the Presbyterian Church. On the way he began to consider "whether he should sacrifice his mother's happiness to the possible salvation of heathen souls." He was the oldest son, and his widowed mother had been left to his care. She had implored him, moreover, not to enter upon a missionary career. After his arrival in England he consulted Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), the well-known novel writer, who advised him to return to his mother. This advice was enforced by the appearance of a young physician whom he met and who was wasted to a skeleton by African fever. So the missionary returned home. We are far from blaming him. Why should he go so far and risk his life to teach to the heathen what is at best but a doubtfully true form of Christianity for he surely cannot be absolutely certain that his form of religion is the true one.

The other missionary arriving at New York was Father Weig, nephew of Bishop Anzer, of Ratisbon, Bavaria. He had passed through all the Boxer horrors in China, where he had been condemned to die, but was saved by a mandarin. Through countless hardships he escaped to Shanghai, where he spent forty-two days in a hospital, exhausted by fever and privations. Undeterred he is going back to his former post of danger.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Matabeleland is in Rhodesia, just north of the South African Republics, and Bechuanaland is west of them, but on their border. Those two regions have been long annexed by England, and in them Catholic missions are favorably progressing. *The Zambesi Mission Record* is published in the interest of those and

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neighboring missions, about which it gives its readers very interesting news.

THE KRAAL FAMILY SYSTEM AMONG THE AMANDEBELE.

Although the Amandabele have considerably departed from the customs of the Zulus, their ancestors, still they retain in many ways their usages as the basis of their present mode of living. One of these is the family Kraal system.

It may as well be stated at once that the word kraal denotes the domestic establishment and usual place of residence of natives.

The upper part of a chief's kraal is occupied by his wives and secluded from common contact. There are also the dwellings of the children of the various houses, the girls having their huts nearest to their mother's hut, while the boys have theirs in front of the girls' habitations.

It must not be supposed that the kraals are circular in shape, nor that regularity or symmetry is observed in the arrangement of the various sections. The kraals are sometimes oval and often irregular in their outer boundary; still the internal dispositions of the sections are always observed in the kraals of the leading families of the country.

The sides of the kraal are facing the *isango* or main entrance by which the cattle walked into their enclosure, each kraal being provided also with smaller openings called intuba, for the convenience of the inhabitants.

The affiliation of houses is brought about by the giving of cattle or other property, generally goats, if cattle are wanting, by and on behalf of an intended husband to the father or guardian of an intended wife. This delivery of cattle or property is called *lobolo*.

In Matabeleland, marriage entered into between natives, according to native law, is not an act of religion. It is merely a civil contract entered into by and between the two parties, assisted when necessary by their respective fathers or guardians, which contract is made valid by the delivery of lobolo. In practice it is frequently not distinguishable from the purchase of a wife by a man for the purpose of begetting children, among whom the girls when marriageable are disposed of to obtain lobolo, which is used again to purchase other wives, the final object being to acquire position and substance through the possession of women and children.

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A YEAR AMONG THE BECHUANAS.

Father O'Neill, S.J., after his return from Bechuanaland, thus gives an account of his experience amongst the natives:

The people who were settled in the district of Vleeschfontein belonged to that tribe of the Bechuanas which is known as the Batlapins. They are a bright, intelligent race of good physique, some of them splendid specimens of humanity. We always found them docile, tractable, cleanly in their habits, and not adverse to work; indeed, one may doubt if any of the Kaffir tribes afford more promising material for the missionary's labors. Nearly all the men on the property had at one time or other worked in the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberly, so that they were able to speak the "taal" as well as their native tongue. This latter language is closely akin to the Sesuto (the language of the Basutos), and possesses none of the clicks which are such stumbling blocks to the European who tries to learn the Kaffir or Sulu tongues.

It had been at first no easy task to induce the natives to give ear to instructions and exhortations, but little by little they had yielded, and first one and then another had received baptism. At Vleeschfontein one witnessed real genuine piety every day. Morning after morning as regular as clockwork, practically the whole of the congregation used to come to Mass, and every evening they would all assemble in the little chapel for the public recitation of the Rosary. More than this, I have many and many a time seen men, women and children come quietly from their homes to spend a long time in silent prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

What impressed one even more than their simple piety was their wonderful honesty. The Kaffir is rarely troubled by much delicacy of conscience in the matter *meum* and *tuum*, but our Christians of Vleeschfontein were exceptions in this respect. Where in South Africa will you see natives who finding a shilling lying on the floor of a room or in the road will bring it up to the probable owner? Yet I have seen this done at Vleeschfontein, and not once only.

The collection of habitations known as the Christian village, was well worth a visit. The dwellings stood in two rows with a broad street between; the houses nearest to the mission building were rectangular in shape, those farther away being circular like the ordinary Kaffir hut, but spacious and lofty. All alike had an

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enclosed yard at the back, and the walls, both of the houses and of the yards, shone with an almost painful whiteness, thanks to the abundance of lime to be obtained near at hand, which enabled the people to whitewash their dwellings periodically. The roofs of the huts were beautifully thatched, and always kept in excellent repair. The interiors of the houses were likewise conspicuous for order and cleanliness. The dwellings were divided into three or four rooms, so that the inmates did not huddle together in one chamber at night-time as is the case among the raw natives.

ST. MARY'S MISSION, ALMA P. O., WASH.

As seen by a Visitor.

The lover of nature in all her rugged and primitive simplicity would find much to admire should chance or pleasure-seeking lead his steps to the Omack valley in distant Washington. Were he religiously inclined, he would meet, too, near the centre of the valley, a sight at once edifying and pathetic. It is the Jesuit Mission, established under the patronage of Mary in 1887. Edifying, we say, in the order, regularity and piety that there prevail; pathetic, in the history of its struggle for existence against the inroad of ever pressing poverty. The first building erected was a small log chapel, but the generosity of a French Catholic enabled the missioner to build a second larger building, which was at once his residence and a chapel. A day school soon followed, but without means, without sisters or brothers to teach in it, without the consolation and help of even a companion priest, the task was a difficult one. But it was accomplished, and with an Indian woman for cook and her husband as prefect of the boys, and small gifts of clothing and food from the Indians themselves, a few boarding scholars were received. More than once has the missioner been tempted to abandon the school for want of means but, encouraged by the exhortation of Bishop Juncker and his successor, Bishop O'Dea, he has struggled on. There are now thirty Indian children gathered under its roof, but many more have been refused admittance. How long will he be able to continue the unequal struggle? And yet the parents of these children are anxious to give them a Catholic education, and have made many sacrifices to help the father in charge. The good already effected may be seen in Indians old and young, trained to sing at mass and benediction, and in their temperance

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roll of more than two hundred names. Shall the work be dropped? I say No, and so saying have given by mite. Who will follow? Donations may be sent to the Rev. E. de Rougé, S.J., St. Mary's Mission, Alma P. O., Okenagan Co., Wash.

AN APPEAL FROM ALASKA.

HOLY CROSS MISSION, KOSEREFSKY P.O., ALASKA, Oct. 3, 1901.
Dear Messenger of the Sacred Heart :

The Alaska Mission of the Yukon finds itself in sore need of help owing to a devastating plague which has raged lately among the Esquimaux and which, in a short time, carried off one-half of the population. It would be too long to describe the tale of horror witnessed by the missionaries during the plague. Suffice it to say that the well ones fled from shelter, from food and from home, abandoning the sick to their fate, amidst the unburied remains of the dead and exposing themselves to the horrors of starvation. The missionaries exerted themselves to their utmost nursing the sick, assisting the dying, burying the dead and distributing with unsparing hand every means at command, leaving the mission exhausted and in a crippled condition, struggling to keep on with its work and its schools. We cannot think of abandoning the field or of sending adrift the orphans whom the fearful plague left upon our hands, but we shall continue the work begun, confiding in God's Providence and trusting in the efficacy of this appeal to your generosity. Hoping you will contribute your mite of one dollar and pray for the conversion of these natives, I am sincerely yours in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Rev. J. L. LUCCHESI, S.J.

P.S. Contributions may be sent directly to above address, or to Rev. J. M. Piet, S.J., Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash. We have sixteen priests on the Yukon and Mass intentions would be most welcome.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, at Washington, has just issued its first *Annual*, a neat illustrated magazine of fifty-four pages, bearing the suggestive title *The Indian Sentinel*. The reading matter is most interesting and instructive, and letters from different missionary centres evidence the work that is being done among the Indians of our Western plains and mountains, and the aid afforded them by the Bureau. The subscription price is only twenty-five cents.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. MAY, 1902. No. 5.

THE LEGEND OF THE QUIVERING ASPEN.

"WHY shiver'st thou, oh aspen, why tremble as in fright?
No storm is brewing near thee now—so calm, so low the wind!
Through the day thy leaflets quiver; in the silence of the night
The moonbeams cast thy trembling on the whiteness of my blind."

Methought the aspen answered, "When the Virgin mother mild,
St. Joseph and the Babe were forced to Egypt's land to fly,
They had entered in a forest, where, before the Blessed Child,
All the tall trees bowed themselves in reverence, save I."

"*I*, in my pride and arrogance, knew not the Infant God;
The others bent their lofty heads—alone upright I stood,
With branches swaying gently, firmly rooted in the sod
I held up my leaflets heavenwards, alone within the wood!"

"The Christ, who knoweth all things, saw my arrogance and pride,
Saw the other trees that bent their heads His Face Divine before,
Said—in sad yet tender accents, "Oh, proud aspen, woe betide
Thee and thy race. Henceforward thou shalt tremble evermore!"

Methought the tree was silent. But I saw a shiver run
Through all its fragile leaflets, though calm and low the wind;
Morn and eve I watch its quivering—and when the day is done
The moonbeams cast its trembling on the whiteness of my blind!

MARY MACALPINE.

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FATHER BRESSANI.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

IN the month of September, 1643, Father Jogues left New Amsterdam and arrived on the coast of Lower Brittany on Christmas Day, 1643. In 1644, Father Vimont, Superior of Quebec, commissioned Father Bressani to bring to the Huron missionaries some letters and packages. Nothing had been received by them for the last three years.

Father Francis Joseph Bressani was born in Rome the sixth of May, 1612. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of fourteen, having already studied one year of philosophy. When the trials of his novitiate and his philosophical and theological studies were terminated he filled with success the chairs of literature, philosophy and mathematics. He was destined for the apostolate of great cities, but he preferred the savages of the New World. Coming to Quebec in 1642, he began his life as a missionary first with the French and later on at Three Rivers with the Algonquins. To train himself to undertake the hardest kind of work he prepared himself by labor and prayer for the martyrdom which it had been predicted he would suffer.

Father Bressani left Three Rivers on the twenty-second of April, accompanied by six Christian Indians and a young Frenchman. On the third day they fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois not far from Fort Richelieu. They were all made prisoners; their letters were seized and torn up, and all the provisions destined for the Huron missionaries were captured. A brave Huron, named Bertrand, was slain while defending himself. The Iroquois cut his legs and arms in pieces, and boiled them in a pot along with his heart. After devouring what they had thus prepared they set out and journeyed along the Richelieu River up to the country of the Agniers, stopping with their prisoners at the village of Ossernenon.

Like Jogues, Bressani tells his own sufferings. His account, which is a model of literary purity and simplicity, is found in the "Brief Relation," published while he was still living at Mace-

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rata and dedicated to Father De Lugo. In reading it one feels a thrill of horror and disgust along with a profound and religious compassion. It is hard to find a story which is more touching, showing the most terrible sufferings united with the greatest endurance and expressing the loftiest sentiments. We shall not give here all the details of this terrible captivity for that would mean the transcription of all the letters of Father Bressani. It is worth noting that when he wrote them he had only one finger on the right hand, and the blood which flowed from his open wounds fell upon the paper which he was using. The ink was made from some powder which he had found and the ground was his table.

"I shall not narrate," he said, "all that I had to suffer during the journey from Fort Richelieu to Ossernenon. It is enough to say that we had to carry our packs through the woods by unbeaten roads full of stones and thorns and of holes and water and snow. We were barefooted and sometimes had nothing to eat until three or four o'clock in the afternoon or even during the entire day. At night I had to carry wood and water, and cook whatever provisions they had. When I did not succeed in doing well or did not understand the orders they gave me they did not spare their blows.

"On the fourteenth day which was the fifteenth of May, we found ourselves about three in the afternoon and without yet having eaten anything, at a place where about 400 savages had gathered for a fishing expedition on the banks of a river. They came to meet us and at about 200 paces from their cabins they tore off what garments we wore and put me at the head of the procession. The young braves formed a hedge on the right and on the left, all armed with clubs, except the first who had a knife. When I attempted to advance the man with the knife stopped me and seizing my left hand split it with the knife between the little and the next finger. He did it with such violence that I thought he had cut off the entire hand. The others then began to beat me with their clubs and did not stop till I had arrived at the platform which they had prepared to torment us. I had to get up on this heap of bark high enough for the crowd to see us and to

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jeer at us. I was covered with blood which flowed from all parts of my body and the wind to which we were exposed was cold enough to freeze it immediately on my skin. One of the chiefs seeing me trembling with cold gave me the half of an old cassock which was in rags. It was enough to cover me but not to warm me. They kept us sometime in this place leaving us entirely to the mercy of the young men and children who pierced me with sharp instruments, beat me with clubs and tore out my hair and beard.

"When night came on the chiefs cried out with a loud voice: 'Come here ye braves and caress our prisoners.' The crowd gathered in the great wigwam, then tore off the rag of garment which they had given me and in this state of nudity some pierced my body with sharp sticks; others burned it with torches or with stones heated in the fire; others again covered me with hot ashes or burning coals; they made me march around the fire on the glowing embers under which they had planted sharp sticks in the ground. Then for about a quarter of an hour they slowly burned off one of my fingers. I had now only one finger left, and they tore off the nail of that one with their teeth. One night they would tear off a nail and the next day the first joint, on the following day another, and I was obliged to keep singing during this treatment. They did not cease their torture up to one or two o'clock at night and then they left me usually tied to the ground and without shelter. The only bed or covering that I had was a portion of the hide of a wild animal; it was only long enough to cover half of my body. I was even left without any covering at all for they had already destroyed the piece of a cassock that they had given me.

"On the 26th of May we left that place and after travelling several days we arrived at Ossernenon. There our reception was like the first only more cruel; for, besides the blows with their fists and with their clubs which they showered on every part of my body especially where I might feel it most, they a second time split my right hand between the thumb and the index finger, and they scourged me until I fell upon the ground half dead. As I did not get up simply because I could not they continued to beat me on the breast and on the head. I would

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certainly have died under their blows if one of their chiefs had not dragged me upon a platform made of a heap of bark like the other on which I had already suffered. There they cut off the thumb of my left hand and split the index finger. In the evening an Indian made me enter into his cabin where we were tormented with more cruelty and in more horrible ways than before. They disjointed all my toes and pierced my feet through and through with a blazing torch. I can scarcely say what they did not attempt to do.

"After having satisfied their cruelty they sent us to another village nine or ten miles further on. In this place they added to the treatment of which I have already spoken, another torment, namely, that of hanging me by the feet sometimes with ropes, sometimes with chains which the Hollanders had given them. During the night I remained stretched out on the bare earth and tied as usual to several sticks by the feet, hands and neck. During six or seven nights the methods which they adopted to make me suffer were such as are scarcely permissible to speak of.

"After this treatment my body became so horrible to look at that everyone kept away from me, or if they approached it was only to increase my suffering. I was covered with vermin and had no power to free myself from them. There were worms in all my wounds. I had become a burden to myself so that if I had only consulted my own feelings I would have regarded death as a gain. I desired it and watched for it but not without feeling a terrible horror of the fire by which I was to suffer. Death did not come, and on the 19th of June, contrary to my expectation I was given to an old woman of the tribe in order to take the place of her father who had formerly been killed by the Hurons, instead of burning me as all had decided to do. They accepted a purchase price from her. The price was a few beads.

"The old Iroquois woman found her captive too weak and too clumsy to be of any service, and she sold me to the Hollanders at 250 or 300 francs."

Father Bressani's captivity lasted four months. He was brought by his deliverers to La Rochelle where he arrived in the month of November, 1644.

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PAUL SIU.

MANDARIN AND APOSTLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. HORNSBY, S.J.

A FEW steps from the large missionary establishment of the Jesuit Fathers near Shanghai, there is a crescent shaped mound, overgrown with long grass and surmounted by four fine trees standing tall and straight like sentinels. It is in the midst of the little fields where the peasants grow their vegetables and cotton, and round about may be seen broken fragments of statues, parts of human and animal figures. The visitor, if at all acquainted with Chinese monuments, is at once aware that he is before the ruined tomb of some important personage, though there is no inscription left to tell the name and title of the distinguished mandarin, whose mortal remains have for centuries rested within the concave of that crescent. Any passing villager, if asked, will answer at once that it is the tomb of Zi Kolao, the Prime Minister Zi, and the inquirer, acquainted with the history of Chinese missions, learns, not without emotion, that he is before the tomb of the most illustrious, and in every respect one of the noblest Christians that the Church in China has produced.

Paul Siu was introduced to the readers of *The Messenger* some years ago, (1) as the founder of the family that has given its name to Zi-ka-wei, the headquarters of the Jesuit mission. Siu is pronounced Zi in the Shanghai dialect. The name of this noble Christian has for three centuries headed the list of Chinese converts and, though the hand of God is not shortened, it would seem that the mission shall have to wait some time still before such another fervent Christian and zealous apostle arises in the ranks of China's high officials. The writer has heard it remarked by an old missionary, who is at present writing a history of Chinese missions, that three names stand out preëminently at the beginnings of the Church in the empire—the name of St. Francis Xavier, of Father Matthew Ricci,

(1) *Messenger.* Dec., 1895.

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and of Paul Siu. St. Francis gave the impulse, Father Ricci founded the mission and Paul supported and extended the growing Christianity. No greater praise and honor, from our point of view, could be bestowed upon the illustrious neophyte than to class his name with those of the great Apostle of the East and his faithful follower and brother, the founder of the Chinese mission.

Siu Kwong-ki, as he was called, was born in 1562, in what was then the unimportant little city of Shanghai. He did not belong to a family of wealth or rank, but he was ambitious and talented, and he aimed at winning himself a high place in the government of the empire. In China the doors are open to worth in any rank. Siu applied himself with diligence to the usual literary studies, and at the age of thirty-five he obtained the first place in the provincial examination of Nanking. The scholars of Nanking are reputed the first in the empire, and Siu's signal success at the southern capital assured him a brilliant career. Two years later he went up to Peking for the final examination, which was to open for him the doors of the public administration, but, however it may have happened, the first scholar of Nanking failed in the examination at the capital. It must have been a crushing disappointment for a man of his hopes and ambition, but the national spirit of patience and plodding perseverance did not forsake him. He waited quietly for the next trial, which according to rule was held three years later. Little did he dream then of the career Divine Providence had marked out for him, but after his conversion he recognized a special dispensation in his failure and the following years of quiet study at the capital.

In the meantime a learned man from a far western land had arrived at Pekin, in the company of a high mandarin, and had attracted much attention by his wonderful maps and accounts of the world, and also by his remarkable erudition and his refined manners. The stranger, known as the western scholar, Li Ma-tow, was Father Matthew Ricci. Many high officers and scholars of the capital eagerly sought an introduction to the learned stranger, and our future convert was among the number. He was much taken by the missionary's discourses

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on the immortality of the soul and the existence and nature of God, and thenceforth the missionary could claim no more devoted disciple than the scholar from Shanghai. The ideas of God and the immortality of the soul were not altogether new; they may be found more or less vaguely expressed in the national classics. But the inklings of such important truths, which he may have gathered from his books, seemed only to whet the appetite of this earnest seeker for the whole truth, and he listened with avidity to the certain and clear teaching of the missionary. After sufficient instruction, he was baptized at Nanking in 1603, by Father John Rocha. One year later he obtained the literary degree which he had missed in the former trial, and this time he succeeded so well, that he ranked high, even among the chosen few admitted to what Europeans call the "Imperial Academy." The Chinese call it, metaphorically as usual, the "Forest of Pencils." That distinction assured him a bright future in the public service. He was immediately given a subordinate place on one of the boards of administration, and he sent for his family. His first solicitude was to make them all Catholics. This he accomplished; he had the happiness of being followed in the faith, not only by his wife and his son and the latter's family, but also finally by his aged father, who was not so easily brought around.

During those quiet years of public employ in the capital, he had daily intercourse with the missionaries, and was of great assistance to them in the composition of the excellent works, on science as well as on religion, which are still standards in their line. Their first work, published under the name of Father Ricci, was a geometry, the first six books of Euclid. It has been reprinted often, notably by the Viceroy of Nanking some thirty-five years ago, who himself composed a laudatory preface for the edition. The religious works of those first years are still turned out by mission presses, and nothing better for their purpose has been produced since then.

Before going farther with our sketch, it will be of interest to know how the great Christian mandarin was and is still esteemed by his pagan fellow countrymen. The following extracts are translated from the official Gazetteer of Shanghai.

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After speaking of his birth and literary degrees, it goes on to say that "he studied astronomy and mathematics and the science of fire-arms, under the western scholar, Li Ma-tow. He mastered the works on the art of warfare, on military colonization, on the salt industry, and on the regulation of water-ways. . . . He requested permission to cast large European guns for the defence of the city. The emperor approved of his proposal, and promoted him to the presidency of the Board of War." It then recounts how he was twice removed from his charges on account of misunderstandings. "In the first year of Tsong-chen [1628]," it goes on, "he was called back, and he offered advice on the organization of the army. He was named First Vice-President of the Board of War with the control of affairs.

After narrating how he was raised to the Presidency of the Board of Rites, it continues : "About that time the emperor was troubled at an error in the prediction of an eclipse, and he wished to punish the astronomer. Kwong-ki said : 'The astronomer follows the method of Ko Shau-king. Now, in the time of Yuan [the Mongol dynasty of Kublai Khan and his successors, 1295-1368], an eclipse was once predicted which did not take place. That in the time of Shau-king himself; why wonder at the present astronomer's error? Your minister has heard that the calendar has long been in error, and it would seem time to correct it.' " The emperor took his advice and summoned the westerners, Longobardi, Terrenz, Rho and others, and entrusted to them the rectification of the calendar. Kwong-ki was appointed to superintend the work. . . . Next year, in addition to his other charges, he was named chief Minister of State and Privy Counsellor, and received the title of Senior Tutor of the Prince Imperial. We have here the account of how Siu introduced the missionaries at court as astronomers, and how he was later raised to the highest charge of state. Our authority continues : "Kwong-ki possessed a steadfast character and well bananced powers. He had capacity for governing, but upon arriving into power, he was already advanced in age, and the empire could not profit by his ability. He died the following year in the tenth moon. . . . A cen-

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sor called attention to the fact that Kwong-ki, on the day that he was put into the coffin, had no superfluous money in his purse. The fact was mentioned as a reproach to avaricious officials. He was given the posthumous title of *The Accomplished* and *Firm*. Long did the emperor speak of Kwong-ki's erudition and his diligence in office. His son Ki was granted an audience, and he offered the "Complete Treatise on Agriculture" in sixty books, which the emperor ordered to be printed by the government press and distributed. The work referred to was the chief work of the deceased.

The above sketch, in the typical laconic style of the Gazetteer, is taken almost word for word from a still more authorized source, the imperial annals of the last dynasty; so that it may be considered the official appreciation of our subject. We gather from it that Paul Siu ranked among the first scholars of his day; that his services were demanded on various occasions to save the tottering dynasty from impending ruin; that no one served the government more faithfully or with greater success; that he finally rose to the highest offices of state, and that the emperor sincerely deplored his loss and honored his family with the imperial favor and gratitude. The proud annalists would not deign to mention that such a worthy man professed a foreign religion, though that was the most prominent fact of his life, nor would they even notice the intimate friendship which existed between their subject and the westerners whom he employed to correct the calendar. The Shanghai Gazetteer, however, does not entirely ignore Siu's religion. Under the sub-heading of *Churches*, which is relegated to the end of the work and appended contemptuously to the article on pagodas, we read: "It is a tradition that during the reign T'ien-ki, in the city of Si-an-foo, while digging, a stone was found which had been erected in the second year of Kien-chung of the Tang dynasty (782), and it was called the 'Illustrious Religion Tablet.' The scholars and mandarins who had taken up the western doctrine, all contended that the religion had been known in the time of Tang. At that time Siu Kwong-ki was living at home. The western scholars, Cattaneo and Ribeiro, were very intimate with him, and he built a

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chapel west of his residence. . . . He received an imperial inscription, 'Reverently Praise the Doctrine of Heaven,' to be hung in all the churches, and first of all in that of Shanghai." Again, in noticing the chapel in the cemetery of the Catholic mission, the Gazetteer states that one of Siu's memorials to the throne which, however, it does not say was in defence of the Christian religion, is conserved there, inscribed on a stone tablet.

Siu's work on agriculture is held in high esteem, and he will be remembered in the literary annals of the empire as the author of the standard work of reference on a subject justly deemed of the first importance. The memory of their illustrious fellow citizen is perpetuated for the inhabitants of Shanghai by the most honorable and most notable monument of the city. It is a handsome granite arch over the main street, leading from the south gate straight to the magistrate's tribunal. The small merchants have encroached upon the street, and the sides of the arch are almost hidden by shop signs. The ornaments surmounting it, moreover, are broken in places and defaced, but the principal inscription in three large characters stands out boldly, to tell that it is the monument of a prime minister. Not far from the arch, on a side street, is Siu's old house, still standing, with the chapel to the west as mentioned in the annals. On the main street, also, a little distance from the arch, is the family hall, in which the great Christian receives a sort of cult from his pagan descendants.

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TWO PRAYERS.

I AM so lonely, Lord ! the night is here
Within my heart, tho' sunshine smiles above,
And pain has gathered all its hosts of fear.
The low, green mound has shut out earthly love.
When kindly eyes shone on me I was brave,
A child's hand made me fearless. But the grave
Has hid the gladness from my weary eyes.
I look to Heaven, but the very skies
Are clothed in darkness. I stand here alone,
With only Thou to hear my bitter moan ;
Thou who didst call to life the widow's son
Pity, and say to me, "Thy work is done."

So prayed I yestereve. The warm spring rain,
From God's dear hand, fell softly through the night,
And flowers, long withered, lifted up again
Their drooping leaves to greet the morning light,
What though my feet are climbing Calvary now,
He went before me with His thorn-crowned brow,
My hands are empty, but can I not share
With those whose burdens are too much to bear
As they toil upward ? Can I not pour
Balm upon wounded hearts tho' mine be sore ?
Hear Thou my pleading, till my crown be won,
Teach Thou my lips to say, "Thy will be done."

E. M. V. M'CLEAN.

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THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued*).

THE SIXTH STATION.

A WOMAN OF JERUSALEM WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS.

THE example of Mary following her Son, compassionating Him, courageous and brave, strengthened other more timid hearts. Some women soon began to accompany Him, likewise compassionate, and weeping with her. Jesus offered then a pitiable sight. Always bent beneath His Cross, ever panting heavily and very pale, He moves totteringly on, large drops of sweat roll down and mingle with His blood upon His beautiful countenance. The Jews insult Him, the soldiers treat Him roughly : as a sheep which is led to the slaughter, He offers no resistance ; He makes no complaint. In the presence of so many griefs, in the presence of such great outrages, in the presence of that divine figure, covered with blood, a woman feels her heart stirred, she throws herself before the ranks of the soldiers, falls on her knees before Jesus and offers Him a towel with which Jesus wipes His face. Tradition relates that when He returned it to her His features were stamped in lines of blood upon the cloth. Ignorant of the name of that woman, tradition calls her in remembrance : Veronica, the true image, the true portrait.

This is the second mark of affection which Christ receives and acknowledges : the first came to Him from His mother ; the second from a friend. Does not this show us the two prime sources of consolation, wherewith we can strengthen our souls, our family and our friends ?

. . . .

Holy Scripture calls friendship "the medicine of life—*medicamentum vitæ.*" It offers us in David and Jonathan a most attractive and tender picture. "Anima Jonathæ conglutinata est animæ David et dilexit eum Jonathas quasi animam suam. (1) The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

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(1) I Reg. 18, i.

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But how rare is this holy and delightful friendship among men! How frequently do self-interest, egotism, caprice, the very passions hide themselves under that name! How lavish men are of that name! How they profane it! Friendship! How they betray it! If God, in His goodness, has sent across your path a friend, a true friend, sincere, loving, tender and faithful, oh! bless Him, recognize the value of that great gift! Open to your friend your suffering heart. Only to show him your suffering will at once relieve your soul.

Did the love of Mary, did the friendship of Veronica remove the cross from Jesus? No, it is ever there, bruising His shoulder, but, at least, they have poured some sweetness into the heart of the Master.

So will it be with your friends; before their friendship, your grief will not disappear, you will carry it ever poignant in your soul, but they will sweeten its bitterness. Their words will be as those ointments which do not close the wound, but which render the pain less intense. Taste then the sweetness of friendship, since God invites you to it by His example. Cultivate the joys of friendship since He has made friendship a remedy to the evils of life.

Alas! what did I say in the beginning of these pages?

Was it not that our friends abandon and leave us? Was it not that absence separates us from their eyes and their hearts? Was it not that they die? Ah! the anguish of abandonment! the sadness of departure! The heartrending of death!

To see them forget us and leave us here when we have centred in them all our hopes and all our happiness in life!

To see them go, a great way off, without hope!

Above all, to see them die, to see them die frequently, one after another, and to survive alone in the midst of their tombs! Is not this the supreme agony of our poor human heart! Hear David weeping over Jonathan:

"O Israel, Israel, thy illustrious children are slain upon thy mountains. How they have fallen, thy valiant ones! Tell it not in Geth, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. Ye mountains of Gelboe, let neither the dew nor the rain come upon you, for upon you

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has been broken the shield of the valiant! Daughters of Israel weep over him! O, my brother Jonathan, exceeding beautiful and amiable to me above the love of women, as the mother loveth her only son, so did I love thee! How could you have died!" (1)

Alas! who does not know how those we love can die? Who does not carry the grief of these deaths in his heart?

Would we then be alone if all human friendships should fail us in our sufferings?

No! There still remains a Friend who never dies, who, night and day, waits for us and calls us, ready to give Himself to us in an unspeakable love. Jesus Christ.

It is He who calls Himself by that name, giving it to us for ourselves, "*Non jam dicam vos servos, sed amicos*—You are no longer My servants, but My friends."

Behold the immortal Friend of our soul. Before taking that cross, which He was about to carry to Calvary, He had given to His Apostles His Body to eat and His Blood to drink, wishing so to say to be dissolved in them, to make one with them. "He who eats My Flesh, and drinks My Blood remaineth in Me and I in Him." Read and reread in the Gospel that grand scene of the parting of Christ from those whom He calls His friends; it is overflowing with tenderness and love!

Why do we not go to that divine Friend? Why do we forget Him when we are suffering? Why do we leave Him alone in the tabernacle in His temples?

The friendship of Christ!

How many Christians know nothing of that word, and lose, in consequence of their ignorance, all the consolations and all the joys of that divine friendship.

Weighed down by their bodies, as I have said before, they do not imagine that there is something else in the world besides this material life.

They understand wonderfully well friendship between two living beings whom they see, touch and hear. If they had lived in the time of Jesus Christ, they would go to Him without hesitation, without difficulty, they would have loved Him.

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(1) II Kings, i.

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They understand too that divine friendship between Christ and those privileged souls, those saintly men and women, to whom they have read that our Saviour appeared, to whom He spoke, whom He questions, and to whose questions He replied. They envy the happiness of these souls. Oh, how they would love Jesus Christ, if Jesus Christ showed Himself thus to them. How they would abandon for Him all the friends of the world!

Between these two friendships, they know of no other! And how to commence them? How shall we make them recognize those mysterious communications which grace establishes without ceasing between Jesus Christ and our souls . . . and that mutual current which, by prayer, passes from our heart to the heart of the Master, and by illuminations, by strength, and by consolations, comes from the heart of the Master to our heart.

Oh! if you do not comprehend this interchange of affections, at least make an attempt to taste its sweetness. When you suffer, go to the foot of the altar, before the tabernacle wherein Jesus Christ reposes, and there, on your knees, with hands joined, without seeking formula or expression, with all simplicity, as a friend to a friend, tell Him that you are suffering, tell Him your troubles, tell Him your regrets, your desires, and ask His help. . . . Then, listen to the movement of your soul —it is Jesus Christ who is moving it, it is His grace which animates it, He is the Friend who consoles it, and responds to it.

> "Nec lingua valet dicere
> Nec littera exprimere
> Expertus potest credere
> Quid sit Jesum diligere."

Neither tongue can say, nor words picture, what it is to love Jesus. He who has tasted it alone can understand and believe.

THE SEVENTH STATION.

JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME.

Notwithstanding the help of Simon and the comfort which Mary and Veronica had given Him, Jesus was by this time

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thoroughly exhausted. His strength failed again ; He falls a second time. This happened before one of the city's gates, the Judiciary Gate. The Jews had it walled up afterwards ; according to their tradition, if the Christians should take Jerusalem, it was by that gate they should enter, and the Jews wanted to guard against this.

It was a torturing shock to the hearts of Mary and Veronica ; they stifled a cry of agony, and, without doubt, they darted forward to run to the assistance of Christ. But the crowd and the soldiers drove them back. Those executioners, with their rude hands, lifted Jesus and kept Him standing. Then Simon, who only for an instant had supported the weight of the cross, put it back again on the shoulders of the condemned. They continue the march. The martyr could not endure much longer. In the crowd many are astonished that a body so delicate, so exhausted from the loss of blood and from suffering, endures so long a torture so cruel. Who can picture to himself our Divine Master at this time? So many shocks had reopened all His wounds, His blood dyed His garments and flowed to His feet, it flowed from His forehead and enpurpled His countenance. A heart of bronze would have melted ; the hearts of the Jews remained dry and hard. If they experienced any fear, it was that death would come too quickly and rob them of the passionate emotions of the crucifixion.

But Jesus, in His heart, was thinking of that people He beheld, in the future, Jerusalem, ruined, pillaged, captured ; over her, over her children, over that perfidious race that was putting Him to death, he was weeping ! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not? Behold, your house shall be left to you desolate. (1) . . . For the days shall come, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee, (2) and of Jerusalem, not one stone shall remain upon another.

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(1) Matt., 23, 37. (2) St. Luke, 19, 43.

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It was not on His own sorrows that the thoughts of Jesus rested, it was over His people, *popule Meus.*

. . . .

In that second fall there seems to me to be a two-fold lesson for man.

Christ, the Master, shows us here that all consolations how sweet soever they be that come from creatures, are of no avail to us. He lets me have them, just as He wishes to taste them Himself; but immediately afterward, He wishes to anticipate the illusion which He fears in my regard, He is afraid that I should rely too much on them. It is when He had received all the love of His mother, it is when Simon had come to His assistance, it is when Veronica, full of pity, had wiped His face, it is then that His strength again fails Him and He falls painfully over the stones on the road.

I have said before; friendship, maternal affection, all the human affections, can sweeten for an instant our suffering. They are the oil and wine poured into the sores of the wounded traveller by the Samaritan who passes by; but see the evil: the Samaritan passes! The sweetnesses of friendship do not last long, they pass.

How often to the friend who is leaving us, have we said in supplication, as the disciples of Emmaus said to the Master: "*Mane nobiscum, Domine, quoniam advesperascit.*" Oh, remain, remain with us—the night is at hand!" But he departs! And night descends into our heart, we fall back into that gloomy solitude which our thoughts begin to people with phantoms. There is our grief, it revives, it increases, it reassumes its frightful appearance and proportions. . . . Our remnant of courage is quickly lost, and we fall back upon ourselves. We ourselves can do so little for our friends and the little we can do, how short a time we are able to do it!

In falling a second time beneath His burden, Jesus Christ wanted something more. He wanted to prepare us for the lapses and relapses of our own courage. Under the chagrin which oppresses us, we make fervent resolutions. We triumph over our chagrin. The victory does not last long; our energy

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being soon spent, suddenly leaves us, and we fall again beneath our burden.

Let us rise and renew our courage. It is the second triumph, but once more our energies are exhausted, once more we fall heavily beneath the cross which is crushing us. And fatigue and discouragement seizes us, and I know not what disgust at the victories which we must always gain anew over an enemy who always defeats us again. Will it be necessary then ever to begin anew? Yes, poor soul, it is necessary ever to begin anew. Each day you must prepare yourself for grief. But is not Jesus there to give you an example? Is He not there above all to give you strength.

But it is not for sorrow only that we must each day prepare ourselves, it is also and above all for virtue and for duty. When a man fails the first time and consents to evil, his will has in the beginning struggled, then, beginning to waver, has become weaker in its resistance, and has finally yielded. But scarcely has the quickly-passing pleasure of the evil subsided, than his intelligence, clouded for a moment, lights up again his soul; blushing with shame, the man recognizes beneath its light the evil in all its ugliness, of which he has been guilty . . . he is ashamed of himself, he reproaches himself bitterly for having yielded, for having debased and defiled himself . . . and for so little! He repents and rises again. These two phases of a first fall are inseparable; the pleasure there is followed so closely by remorse, that, how charming soever the first may be, the second is so painful that in truth, all things considered, the poor soul can say that it does not love the evil, but that the evil hurries it along. A second fall, a third brings again to the heart the same succession of contrary emotions.

Nevertheless, while, by incipient habit, pleasure in evil takes root and grows greater, by the same habit the string of remorse becomes milder and more blunted.

And there arrives a moment, when, from fall after fall, from the force of "the cup of iniquity" as the Scripture says, the pleasure of evil is so deeply implanted in the soul, remorse has so lost its sting, that the first alone excites the soul and affects

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it; the second . . . the soul no longer feels it! Or if it still feels it, it is at long separated intervals . . . at a time when a word, an event, a misfortune arouses it and harshly recalls it to its duty.

Oh! then, that soul has become enamored of evil! There it is enchained, it has become allied to it, it reposes in its arms, there is that soul, on the ground, in the mire! And who does not see that here the only remedy is in the energy of our recovery . . . we must, at each new fall, rise with so much the more courage, to counterbalance that weakening influence of habit.

Arise, O my Soul, arise more quickly, arise always!

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

SUNDAY, April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha, Mass was said at Auriesville in her memory and in behalf of all who are interested in the Shrine. The weather was quite cold on the hill-top, and the shelter afforded by the chapel made it preferable to the Shrine itself for the service. About fifteen persons assisted at the Mass, two from Troy, one from Albany, and the others from the village and the neighborhood. For altar flowers evergreens were used. The scene was quite pretty when the sun shone over it, as all proceeded quietly and devoutly, but there was no warmth in the sunlight then or the rest of the day, which was raw and gusty throughout, with an occasional rainfall, until the evening, when one of the beautiful Auriesville sunsets promised clearer weather for the morrow. Snow was still visible on the distant hillsides, and some of the drifts still remained along the willow hedge opposite the Shrine entrance and in the ravine, which, however, was the only agreeable refuge from the stormy winds above. Needless to say the cold without made the hotel all the more comfortable a resort, especially after sundown.

So frequently have we had to report damage from the autumn and winter storms of late years, that it was a great pleasure to spend the rest of the day discovering that the roads and embankments had withstood the stress of the worst winter in the Mohawk Valley for forty-one years. It is the first year for some time

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that we can proceed with improvements without stopping to repair damages, and our readers can imagine how agreeable a task it was next day to plan for the coming summer. It is a pleasure, too, to report that with favorable weather we have been able to accomplish much of what was then planned.

"We have finished," writes the foreman, "planting all the trees along the fence from the priest's house down to the Fultonville road, along the road to the hotel and around the hotel. We have replaced all the dead trees on the Shrine grounds, and planted trees about the house and a grove near the flagpole, straightened the line of trees on the north side of the ravine and planted pine trees on the south from the statue of St. Joseph down to the large fir trees on the knoll over the entrance. Vines have been planted over the bank.

"We have walled up the spring near the hickory tree, the one below the well called the old Indian well. We struck a fine spring in the ravine bank back of the statue of St. Joseph; it comes through a bed of quicksand and gravel, and we are making a reservoir so that the water can be led by pipes to any spot along the roadside. We are also draining the field between the Calvary and the old shrine.

"The new railroad station is actually in course of erection. It is to be forty feet long and sixteen feet deep, the office in the centre, a waiting room on the west side, and a freight room on the east."

The first pilgrimage for this year is announced for June 29, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, New York. Further announcements for the coming pilgrimage season we hope to make by circular during the month.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. McG., St. Louis, Mo.	$3.00
J. S., St. Paul, Minn.,	1.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

M. C., Philadelphia, a gold ring.

B. F. J., Montclair, N. J., five brooches, two pair of earrings, four cuff buttons, a gold pencil and several other pieces of jewelry.

M. A. C., Troy, N. Y., two pairs of earrings, two brooches, two rings, a pair of bracelets and several pieces of jewelry.

J. A. R., fifteen dollars in gold from three contributors.

FOR THE ALASKAN MISSION.

Collection from Ward's Island, New York	$6.00

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MISSION NOTES.

DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF RECENT MARTYRS.

The March number of THE PILGRIM announced the death of the two Belgian missionaries, Fathers Van Merhaeghen and Bongaerts in Mongolia, and of Father Julien in China. Some details of their martyrdoms are published by the *Missions Catholiques*.

On Friday, December 13, just as the night was falling, a band of thirty men, of whom sixteen wore military uniforms, appeared suddenly at the residence of the missionaries in Sia-yen-tzen, near Ning-Sia, in southwestern Mongolia. Father Van Merhaeghen was the first to fall, his head having been split open by a sabre stroke. His body was found all covered with blood, and bearing three deep wounds on the head. Father Bongaerts was left for dead, having received no fewer than fifteen wounds. Life, however, was not quite extinct. He was able to arise after some time, and lived ten days longer. There were three Christians slaughtered with them. The residence was pillaged, as were also some of the houses of the Christian natives.

These murders have been generally attributed to the vengeance of the Mahometans, who had been compelled to restore the Christian women and girls carried off after the martyrdom of Bishop Hamer.

Father Julien was from Normandy. He had been only a few years in the mission of Kwang-tung, China, whither he had gone as a missionary of the famous Society of Foreign Missions whose headquarters are at Paris. He was massacred with his two native Christian companions on the night of the fifteenth of January, through undisguised hatred of the Christian faith. He was killed while he slept; and on his head, neck and hands, were nine fearful wounds.

The Viceroy of Canton, when he heard the news of the murder of Father Julien, sent a message of condolence to the Prefect Apostolic, Mgr. Mérel. As the mandarins showed little energy in seeking out the assassins, the French consul is insisting on a thorough investigation.

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THE REVOLT IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

For some time past there has been a very serious outbreak in southern China, although as to its causes, purposes and real strength, there is much obscurity. Since the cessation of the Boxer rising in the north, there had been indications of restlessness in the south. But a general outburst of sedition was restrained by the powerful viceroys. Of late, however, the imperial troops have been defeated in Kwang-tung and Kwang-si. According to recent reports, some 20,000 of the national troops have joined the rebellion. The generals in the field seem to be unable to cope with the rebel army, while reinforcements will be slow and difficult to obtain.

Before the Boxer rising, there was a bitter, though generally not a bloody, persecution in some provinces of the south. In July, 1900, there were martyrdoms in Kiang-si; and through a great portion of the southern and southeastern provinces the ferocious secret societies had numerous followers. The present revolt seems to be a continuation of the Boxer outrages.

THE KINGDOM OF ANNAM.

South of China is Annam, belonging to France. Here the faith has been sown in blood, and quite recently there has been a fierce persecution. Over and over Christianity has been almost entirely rooted out. In 1885 occurred, in the Eastern Vicariate, the massacre of 15 priests, 60 catechists, 270 nuns and 24,000 Christians; and, in the north, the massacre of 10 native priests and 12,000 Christians. Yet, before the recent troubles, there were at least 700,000 fervent Christians, 20,000 Christian children in the schools, 355 native priests besides the European missionaries, and 2,000 native nuns. The fact that there are here so many native nuns is a singular feature of the missions of Annam.

HINDOSTAN.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, of March 27, gives the following statistics of the growth of an East Indian Vicariate:

"*The Summary of Five Years' Mission Work.*—In November, 1896, when Bishop Makil took charge of the Changanacherry Mission, there were 72 parish churches and 30 chapels. Now the parish churches number 92 and the chapels 51. According to the census of 1900, the Catholics of this mission number 140,-

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272. Of these, 5,000 souls have, within the last five years, been converted from Paganism; Pulayas, Pareyas, etc. Two churches with more than 1,000 souls were rescued from schism; the priests and clerics converted from schism are 21; parishes newly established, 20; chapels newly erected, 21; of which 5 are for neophytes; new chapels and churches under construction, 11; newly consecrated church, 1; vernacular parish schools newly erected, 20; confraternities newly established in several churches, 12; convents newly erected, 2; churches and chapels visited, 115; baptisms administered by the Vicar-Apostolic himself to pagans, 203; confirmations, 21,585; communions distributed by his hand, 12,692.

"*Ordinations Conferred.*—Newly ordained priests, 28. Besides 12 seminarists there are pursuing their course of studies 19 young men in minor orders, 10 sub-deacons and 3 deacons. Total number of the native priests of this mission, 271."

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSION FUNDS.

The *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* (March-April, 1902), give these interesting facts about the great society which they represent:

"1. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was founded on May 3, 1822.

"2. Founded in France, the Society was soon introduced into the United States, and all parts of Europe, until to-day it receives alms from the Faithful of every country in the world.

"3. The amount of alms collected through the Society and distributed by it to Catholic Missions, from its foundation until 1900 was $65,690,017.00

"4. From 1822 up to 1900 the Society gave to the Church in the United States nearly $6,000,000.00. On December 6, 1884, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, writing to the Directors of the Society, and speaking in the name of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, said: 'Gratitude imposes upon us the highly pleasing duty of acknowledging publicly the signal services rendered to the Infant Church of the United States, by that Holy Work, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. If the grain of mustard seed, sown in the virgin soil of America, has struck deep root and has grown into a mighty tree, whose branches spread from the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, even to the shores of the

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Pacific, it is, gentlemen, owing chiefly to the co-operation of your admirable work that we are indebted for this happy result.'

"5. At their annual meeting in October, 1897, held at Washington, the Archbishops of this country formally approved the systematic establishment of the Society throughout the United States; the general headquarters are at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

"6. To-day the Society helps over 300 Dioceses and 25,000 Missionaries throughout the world, and some idea of the results accomplished through the missions assisted by the Society may be gathered from the fact that in 1896 alone, 112,318 *adult converts* were officially reported.

"7. *The Society of the Holy Childhood*, in the United States, received for its mission work, from March, 1901, to March, 1902, the sum of $21,558.00. Of all the dioceses, Pittsburg gave most, namely, $2,136; Cleveland was next, with $2,108; Milwaukee gave $2,047; St. Louis, $1,942; Cincinnati, $1,601; New York, $255."

PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The effective force of the Protestant foreign mission societies of the world comprises 13,412 missionaries, men and women, and 70,218 native workers, with 1,285,227 communicants; a gain of about 4,500 over last year's reports. Their total income last year was $18,121,120.00; of which the United States contributed $5,636,758.00, besides supplying 3,635 missionaries, 17,427 native workers, and a membership of 405,653.

The *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*, a Congregationalist society from whose statistics these figures are quoted has performed a considerable part of the labor represented by them; its contributions amounted to $697,370 00, its missionaries to 544, its native laborers 3,483, and communicants 50,892. Since its foundation in 1810 it has collected $32,845,372.49 for foreign missions.

PROTESTANTIZING MEXICO.

The *Mexican Herald*, which is not a Catholic newspaper, informs us that Protestant ministers are quite welcome in Mexico since the accession of Diaz. The welcome is on the part of the government, not of the people, and the motive is political and not religious, just the same, we presume, as Protestantism

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is cultivated by the infidel statesmen of France to help the anti-clerical movement. In Mexico, Protestants of all denominations amount to about 60,000; but on the 12,000,000 Catholics of the country they make no real impression, nor is there any likelihood of their doing so in the future. The sixty thousand include all non-Catholic settlers from the United States and elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Mexican clergy are very much alarmed by the presence of such a number, and regard the exploitation of mines, the building of railroads, the establishing of factories, etc., by foreigners as a part of the religious invasion and a means employed by Protestantism for the *peaceful conquest* of the country. In point of fact, however, the business men have nothing to do with the religious propaganda, and when reproached by the parsons with their indifference answer: "We are here for business purposes, and we do not propose to interfere with our profits by attacking the religion of those from whom we hope to gain a livelihood." The quickened commercial activity of the country is, the writer thinks, a mere matter of business evolution, and is quite distinct from any proselytizing intent, although the religious views of those Captains of Industry, if they have any religious views, may not be Catholic.

Contrary to a widespread impression, the Mexican clergy, says this Protestant paper, are not rightly to be condemned offhand and sweepingly in the matter of their moral standing. Thousands of them do their Master's work, faring poorly, and coming to their last day in poverty. The self-indulgent, ill living, careless priests are in the minority. "I know priests," the writer says, "who deny themselves the principal comforts of life to be able to spare something for the poor of their parishes; and priests I have seen sleeping on boards without mattresses, and with only a rough blanket for a cover. When those who are unmindful of their high calling find Protestants at work in their parishes, they will probably be spurred on to a sense of their duty."

About Mexican women this writer has nothing but words of praise. Anglo-Saxon himself, he characterizes the modern Anglo-Saxon girl as a sort of Pagan, whose chief object is to discover how much enjoyment she can get out of life, and who is only nominally a Christian. But the "Latin woman," he thinks, places duty first, and so centres herself in her home. Her life may be "narrow," but so, according to the Scriptures,

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is the way to eternal happiness. She believes this heartily, and her life is one of self-sacrifice ; and in her old age she achieves a beauty of the soul, a tranquillity of the heart rarely seen in the lands of feminine endeavor after pleasure and individuality.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT FRIBOURG, (SWITZERLAND), August 18–21, 1902.

During the last years of the nineteenth century several congresses were held in honor of the Blessed Virgin : at Leghorn (1896), Florence (1897), Turin (1898), and at Lyons (1900). Catholic piety thought that, also at the beginning of the twentieth century, it should offer to Our Lady the homage of its respect, fidelity and love, under the form of an international reunion, at which by means of religious festivities would be proclaimed and honored the Blessed Virgin's prerogatives, which to know and revere is of the greatest importance in our days. The voice of the Roman Pontiff every year invites us with an ever increasing constancy to flock to Mary. In order that the reign of Jesus may come, that of His Blessed Mother must be established and spread ; in order that Our Lady may come to the assistance of a world, against which hell multiplies its attacks, we must strive with all our might to glorify the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, her who so often has frustrated the efforts of the enemies of the Church.

It seemed proper, therefore, to invite the Catholics of all lands to an international convention the first of the twentieth century held in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The universal character of this reunion, the study of the manifold needs of our time, the gravity of the threatening dangers, the hopes the realization of which must be secured, the very event of the festivals which are being prepared, all these reasons give foundation for the belief that this solemn homage rendered Mary will have the most favorable consequences for the progress of faith and increase of devotion towards Our Lady. Another motive for choosing the year 1902 for this convention, is that the Holy Father the Pope celebrates during these days the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate. Indeed, no one can deny that Leo XIII, ever since he governed the Church, did not cease to urge the Catholics to seek aid and protection from the Blessed Virgin and to increase her honor continually. The convention will, consequently, also be a feast of the jubilee of Leo XIII, at

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which the proper means will be studied to reduce to practise the teachings contained in the Holy Father's encyclicals on the Blessed Virgin. Acceding to the wishes expressed to him, His Lordship the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva has authorized the holding of the congress in the city of Fribourg, Switzerland, which ever distinguished itself by its devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and which possesses one of the oldest churches consecrated under the protection of the Immaculate Conception.

This same year brings back the seven hundredth anniversary of its construction, which will be celebrated by a triduum of solemn festivities.

The Catholics of the entire world are invited to render to Mary the proof of their filial devotion, to be present at the scientific sessions in honor of Our Lady, and to edify themselves by the solemn celebrations, which will reiterate the glory of Mary: *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes.*

Circular of the Committee.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. JUNE, 1902. No. 6.

OUR LADY OF THE BELLS.

AVE MARIA, the sweet bells are so chiming,
They sound on the mountain, the lakeside and lea,
And up through blue ether the echoes far climbing,
Melodious ring o'er the charmed turquoise sea.

Ave Maria, the soul knows the power
Of mystical bells in the campanile high,
Whose notes wake the day and the rose in her bower,
And forth with the lark at the Angelus fly.

Ave Maria, we hasten to render
The honor God's Mother Immaculate claims;
Thy heart, the pure seat of love regnant and tender,
The love of Thy children with ardor inflames.

Ave Maria, with deep veneration,
We ever would come to thy privileged shrine;
Devoutly presenting the truest oblation,
Hearts—worth to thy SON more than gems of the mine.

Ave Maria, the chiming is ended
And jewel-tipped tapers Thy altar adorn;
May prayer rise as pure, with the sweet incense blended,
As dew on the rose or the breath of the morn.

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PEACE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

(*Continued*).

IN his letter to Father Mutius Vitelleschi, Father Bressani makes this reflection after describing his heroic sufferings: "I never thought that a man could hold on to life so long." As a matter of fact it is surprising that he could have withstood these awful torments, but what is still more astonishing is the perfect liberty and tranquillity of spirit manifested in the midst of his sufferings. "Although every minute," he said, "I was within two inches of death, my soul always preserved its freedom, and I was able to centre my mind completely on everything I did. My body was almost crushed with pain, and I could scarcely open my lips to recite the Our Father. But nevertheless I had perfect control over my thoughts. God gave me the grace to check the very first movements of indignation against my executioners, and even to inspire me with pity for them. Of course I was not insensible to pain but felt it keenly. Nevertheless I had such power to support it that the abundance of grace astounded me, and I found myself in the same state as David when he said, 'In the midst of my tribulations Thou hast dilated my heart.' I consider that was a greater grace than my escape from captivity."

Those words are the finest panegyric of Father Bressani that could be written. The Apostle and the Religious are revealed in them in perfection.

It is narrated that the Queen Regent Anne of Austria said to the ladies of her court when she heard the story of the captivity and deliverance of Father Jogues: "They are giving us romances every day which are nothing but lies; here is a story which is true, where the marvellous is united with the most wonderful heroism." The same could be said of the martyrdom of Father Bressani and it would be hard to resume in more fitting terms the long and painful sufferings of these two men.

Father Bressani did not remain in Europe long. New France which had been moistened by his blood was always the object

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of his thoughts, and he returned there the following year. Father Jogues had preceded him by a year having only one ambition, viz., to live and die in the land of his first labors and of his bloody struggle. In fact, one would judge from his words that his very sufferings added an attraction to that which possessed his heart before. Both of them had their hands mutilated, and that was a canonical impediment for the celebration of Mass. Their piety, of course, was distressed by this privation, than which there can be no greater for a priest. The Roman Pontiffs removed the obstacle. Urban VIII. said to Father Jogues, "It would be an unworthy thing to forbid a martyr of Jesus Christ to drink the blood of Jesus Christ." Innocent X. kissed with respect the wounds of Father Bressani, and said to him affectionately, "You have been mutilated for the sake of the Gospel, you ought not to be deprived of the honor of offering the Holy Sacrifice.

When the latter returned to Quebec towards the middle of 1645, a great event was being brought about, in consequence of which the pacification of New France seemed about to be assured. The Iroquois, the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Montagais, the Attikamagues and the Frenchmen were assembled at Three Rivers for a treaty of peace. The Governor, M. de Montmagny had convoked this assembly, as his allies were partly demoralized, and he himself could make no law for the Iroquois or punish them for any infraction. He had scarcely soldiers enough to make the French outposts be respected. Commerce and agriculture were suffering as a consequence of the war. There was no safety anywhere. The whole colony was longing for peace, provided it could be brought about without compromising the honor and dignity of France. An occurrence insignificant enough in itself, furnished the governor the means of entering into negotiations with the enemy. He had some Iroquois prisoners, one of whom was a chief. This latter he sent back to his country, enjoining on him to tell the different camps that if they wished to save the lives of other captives they must send without delay ambassadors with full powers to strike a treaty of peace.

The Iroquois federation was growing weaker every day.

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Although it had achieved some successes, it had suffered considerable loss, and the number of its warriors was notably diminished. In consequence a strong party, especially among the Agniers, was calling upon the others to bury the hatchet. The scheme of the Governor produced the desired effect. Two months later the chief whom he had sent presented himself to the commandant of Three Rivers, and with him were two other envoys of his tribe. They demanded an audience of the great Ononthio, as M. de Montmagny was called. At the meeting was another great chief, Kiotaceton, an indefatigable talker and the most cunning and tricky of his tribe. Among the deputies and dressed like an Iroquois was Wm. Couture, to whom the Indians had given his liberty. We might say here that Couture, as will be remembered, went when very young to Canada, and first worked on the Huron Mission. In 1640 his name was on the list of the *Donnés*. In the list of employments in which he was engaged, he figures sometimes as a carpenter, and sometimes as a general workman. He came now as the negotiator of peace with the Iroquois, and it was that that gained him his liberty. Being freed from his contract as a *Donné*, he married and became the father of a numerous family. This marriage was contracted with the full approval of the Fathers. He died at the age of ninety-four.

On the 12th of July the audience took place under a tent within the palisade. At one end sat the Governor, having at his side de Champfleur, Father Vimont, Father Jogues, and all the military staff in full uniform. Facing them at the other end were the Algonquins; the French and the Hurons took their places on the right and left of the great hall. In the middle the Iroquois envoys deposited their presents, viz., Fourteen collars of china. Kiotaceton arose. He turns his eyes to the sun, then takes the collars one after another, explains at great length the meaning of each, offers them to the Governor, and after having spoken, sung, and gesticulated like a buffoon during three hours, he demands that the clouds should disperse, and that the sun of peace should shine upon the entire country. His harangue ends by a dance in which all the Indians took part. On the morrow a great feast was offered by the Governor, both to friends and foes.

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On the 14th, there was a new reunion under the great tent· M. de Montmagny gives in return fourteen presents to the Iroquois, and then begins to discuss the articles of the treaty of peace. Piescoret, chief of the Algonquins of the Island, presents to the ambassadors some beaver skins and says to them in the name of the nation : "Behold I place a stone upon the grave of those who died in our last combat, so that no one will disturb their bones, and we shall lose the memory of what has happened and never more dream of vengeance." Negahamet, the Montagnais chief, then rises and offers five great moose skins. "Behold," said he to the Iroquois, "something to cover your feet and your limbs, lest you be wounded on your return, if perchance there be any stones upon the road which you have taken." Three salutes from the cannon of the fort announced the end of the session and the conclusion of peace and on the morrow the ambassadors embarked on their canoes and returned to their country. But the task was not over. Peace was concluded with the Agniers, but the other tribes held the tomahawk uplifted and the greater part of the chiefs of the allied nations of France were ignorant of what was passing at Three Rivers. Before the departure of the Iroquois it was agreed that the ambassadors would have the treaty ratified by the general assembly of the federated tribes, and that the Governor would submit it for the approbation of the Huron and Algonquin chiefs who had not taken part in the Three Rivers' convention. The second reunion for the confirmation of this peace was fixed on for the month of September. Until then every act of hostility was absolutely forbidden.

This was for the whole French colony a time of great consolation and of indescribable joy. The allies were happy also. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa, and from Ottawa to Lake Huron, a general lassitude had come over the braves. Everyone was weary of war and were longing for the day when peace would return in the sombre and bloody forests of the New World. Of course the missionaries desired it more than anyone else, hoping in consequence of it to make the adorable name of Jesus Christ better known and revered among the Indians.

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Sixty Huron canoes loaded with peltries profited by this cessation of hostilities to go down to Quebec, and Father Lallemand, who had been named Superior General of the mission, instead of Father Vimont, arrived to assume the obligations of his new office. Before quitting St. Mary of the Hurons, he had transferred his authority there into the hands of Father Ragueneau. On the 20th of September the great convention assembled for the confirmation of peace. It took place under the presidency of the Governor of Quebec. At the end of the session the Iroquois chief arose, and looking at the sun steadily for sometime, said: "Ononthio, thou hast scattered the clouds; the sky is serene; the sun is beaming through the parted clouds. I see trouble no longer. Peace is established; everything is tranquil. My heart is at rest, and I go back satisfied to my country."

(*To be continued.*)

PAUL SIU.

MANDARIN AND APOSTLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. HORNSBY, S.J.

(*Continued*).

THUS is the memory of the illustrious Christian statesman preserved for his pagan fellow-countrymen; a page or two in the official annals, a public monument in his native city, and a standard work on agriculture. Such testimony is not much, to be sure, for the worth of a man whose ability raised him to the highest offices of state, but it is more than can be claimed for many a public man of high renown in his day, after the lapse of three centuries. If we turn now to the missionary records of Dr. Paul, as he was called, on account of his literary degree, by the fathers who knew him, our view of the man is far more satisfactory and complete. He stands before us in the robes of state of the last dynasty, as he is pictured in the well-known work of Duhalde, and, acquainted with the missionaries' account of him, we recognize in that modest coun-

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tenance and dignified bearing, a statesman of consummate prudence, an humble and devout Christian, and an apostle of generous and untiring zeal. Endowed naturally with an ambitious, enterprising spirit, when once converted he turned all the ardor of his generous nature to supernatural ends, to his own spiritual perfection and to the spread of our holy religion among his benighted fellow-countrymen. It should be noted to his praise, that his ability and superior qualities were such as to raise him to the highest offices of state, in spite of the fact that he was openly known to profess what was looked down upon as a foreign religion. Pages might be filled with an account of his virtues, his simple and solid piety, his zeal for the propagation of the faith, his love and profound respect for everything pertaining to religion. Twice he made the long journey to Macao, nearly a thousand miles from his home in Shanghai, and eighteen hundred miles from Peking; and though there were other reasons for his visits, he was personally largely actuated by motives of private devotion. He longed to see the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the Church carried out in detail, with the full complement of ministers and acolytes. On one of these occasions, moreover, he made a spiritual retreat of eight days, going through the exercises of St. Ignatius.

To satisfy his devotion, he would have the Fathers in Peking live next to his own residence, and he opened a private door between the two houses, so that at any hour of the day or night he could pass into the domestic chapel unobserved. He would pass long hours before the Blessed Sacrament, even when charged with onerous duties of state. He was accustomed to begin the day with meditation, and at the daily Mass which he was accustomed to hear, he often took the part of the server himself, discharging that duty with edifying modesty and devotion. He practised corporal penances worthy of a recluse, fasting frequently, and using freely hair-shirts and disciplines. Accustomed as he was to ceremonious attentions, given and received in his official capacity, he was most particular in this respect in things of religion. A missionary returning from Rome brought him from the Sovereign Pontiff, Paul V, the

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Apostolic Blessing and paternal encouragement. To show his respect for the Vicar of Christ, Paul Siu wished to receive the blessing and message with all possible solemnity. He put on his richest robes of state, just as when he was to be admitted to an imperial audience, and he assembled all his family and a large retinue of his subordinates, all likewise in official dress. Then, on his knees and deeply moved, he received the blessing. He went through a similar ceremony on another occasion, when he received an autograph letter from Cardinal Bellarmine.

His zeal was untiring, inspired with the sincerest charity and directed with consummate tact. In the single year of 1623, he brought to the faith no fewer than a hundred and twenty-three persons of the lettered class, many of them being officials of high rank. A few years later a stimulus was given to his zeal by the remarkable discovery of an old Christian monument, dating from the eighth century. That famous tablet, brought to light so opportunely, enhanced the esteem of the Christian religion immensely, by proving that it was not new, that it had, in fact, been preached with imperial consent, during one of the most brilliant epochs of their national history. When, some years later, an iron cross was unearthed in one of the provinces, and the pagans did not know what to make of it, Dr. Paul was the first to publish a discussion of it, associating it with the famous tablet as proving the old standing of Christianity in China.

The zeal of our great Christian was not confined to his own land. The missions of Tonkin, then a tributary country of China, were suffering under a dire persecution. Paul used his influence in behalf of the afflicted neophytes, and wrote them letters of sympathy and encouragement. On one occasion there was question at Peking of sending a commission to Corea for reasons of state. Paul immediately offered himself, and would gladly have undertaken that arduous and disagreeable service, with the secret hope of taking a missionary with him, to open up that benighted land to the light of the Gospel. His preferments at court were all welcomed by him, and he refused no public labor, not out of a spirit of worldly ambition, but because he was assured by the missionaries, whose advice he

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followed with childlike confidence, that by accepting such honors he could render the most efficacious service to the cause of religion. Amidst all of his occupations he was never too busy to help the missionaries with his advice, his accomplished pen, and all his influence.

It may be remarked in passing, that Paul Siu was not alone in rendering such important services to the early missionaries. He was strongly seconded by other notable converts, particularly by one who ranked even higher than he as a scholar, but whose official charges were lower. That was Dr. Leo Li, as he is called in the missionary narrations, a Christian of the staunchest character and of great zeal. He took part with Siu in having the missionaries employed as astronomers, and he was one of their great aids in the active propaganda of the press. With such scholars at their service, Father Ricci and his earliest successors produced in a short time a number of valuable works. One early edition of their writings, published in a single collection, contained nineteen works, nine being purely religious and ten on scientific or literary subjects.

The death of our subject was in every way worthy of his noble life. He fell ill in the autumn of 1633, at the age of seventy-one and, seeming to foresee his approaching end, he resolved that his last efforts should be in behalf of his religion, infinitely dearer to him than his life. In answer to kind messages from the emperor, who was filled with solicitude at the prospect of losing his esteemed counsellor, Paul memorialized the throne in favor of the missionaries. He announced that their great work on astronomy was nearing completion, that 130 books had already been translated from European languages, and in view of the missionaries' services he begged for them the imperial favor. He requested, moreover, that he might be succeeded in the direction of the bureau of astronomy by a certain mandarin, whom he knew to be a zealous and devout Christian. His requests were immediately acceded to, and we have seen, from extracts already quoted, how sincerely the Emperor deplored the loss of his valued minister. After discharging this last duty for the good of the missions, he gave himself up to his own devotions, preparing

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with calmness and a certain holy joy for the approaching end. His pious, zealous life was crowned with a beautiful death, awaited and prepared for in sentiments of the purest peace and consolation. The funeral ceremonies were performed, by the Emperor's order, with great pomp, and a few years later his remains were conveyed to his native province, and interred with due Christian rites in their last resting place.

In his death the Jesuits sustained a heavy loss, the loss at once of a beloved friend and a powerful protector. Messages of condolence were received from all parts of China, from neighboring missions and from Europe. Even the Sovereign Pontiff had his regrets sent to the Fathers in Peking. The missions of Tonkin, which had experienced the charity of the great Christian in life, did not forget him after death.

Paul Siu left one son and a large family of grandchildren, so that his descendants are numerous in Shanghai and the vicinity. Many of them, alas! are pagans. Scarcely ten years had elapsed from Siu's death, when the empire was convulsed by the Tartar conquest. Then followed persecutions and enforced neglect of the missions, so that Siu's descendants in the fourth and fifth generations fell away in numbers from the faith of their illustrious ancestor. There are, however, several branches that have never wavered in the Faith, and one of the pleasantest recollections which the present writer retains of central China is that of a Christmas spent in the family of a Christian branch of Siu's descendants. They had their family record, which the Chinese keep with such care, and even the little boys could trace themselves back through three centuries of generations to the great founder of their family.

Of Siu's grandchildren, one is especially commemorated as a worthy imitator of the great Christian. That was Candida, the details of whose edifying life are preserved in a manuscript biography composed by a contemporary missionary. We are presented with a pretty picture of Candida, instructed in holy things, when quite a little girl, by her grandfather, who was struck with her precocious intelligence and early piety. She was married at the age of sixteen, and at thirty she was left a widow with eight little children. From that time to her

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death, a period of forty years and more, her life was a continued example of the most beautiful virtues than can adorn Christian widowhood. Needless to dwell on her tender piety, her personal devotion and private virtues. She had, moreover, caught or inherited from her grandfather his spirit of zeal, and she became in her own way a real apostle. And that not only in her own domestic and social circles; she would be of service to the mission at large. Her munificence was really princely; she built thirty churches or chapels in and around Shanghai, the home of her birth, and nine in other parts of the empire. She helped to organize and generously patronized the *Catholic Truth Society* of her day. It was an association of writers, organized under the patronage of St. Ignatius, and so prolific were their pens that in a short time they had published as many as eighty-nine works on profane subjects and 126 of a religious character. Many of them were translations from standard works on philosophy, history and commentaries on Holy Scriptures. The missionaries, of course, collaborated largely upon works of this class.

Candida's eldest son was a person of distinguished qualities, and he rose to the highest charges in the provinces, under the first Emperors of the present Tartar dynasty. His mother used to accompany him to his various seats of government, for the apostolic purpose of promoting missionary work throughout her son's jurisdiction. The effects of her work may be seen to this day in some of the most distant provinces, as in that of Sse-chuan, where she resided some time while her son governed the province. Governor as he was of the province—a province, by-the-way, larger than any state of our Union except Texas, and counting to-day a population as great as that of the whole empire of Germany—governor as he was of the province, he was not always master at home. It is related that on one occasion his mother, in holy indignation, instituted a little inquisition and burnt a large number of costly books, because she considered them tainted with superstition. He was a dutiful son, and tenderly devoted to his excellent mother. History compels me to relate, at the risk of marring the gravity of the narration, that once he manifested his dutiful love, in a

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way most characteristically Chinese, which we should not understand. He presented her on her sixtieth birthday with a handsome coffin.

This excellent lady closed her virtuous and useful life at the good age of seventy-three. She was attended by one of the Jesuits, whose missions she had through life so zealously and munificently patronized. She had ever held the Fathers in the highest esteem, and they in turn had looked up to her as, in a way, the mother of many of their cherished works. She had been particularly devout to St. Francis Xavier, and she once manifested her devotion to St. Ignatius by sending to the chapel of the saint in Rome a beautiful chalice of exquisite workmanship. There is something particularly touching in such an act, as also in the intercourse which her grandfather had with the Church in Rome; it is touching as showing how the neophytes in this ancient and exclusive empire, wrapped up in the pride of its own antiquity, were free from the foolish prejudices of their surroundings, and counted themselves happy as simple children of the Church of Rome.

The Church in China to-day, however fast her members may be multiplying, is far from counting among her devout children ministers of state, or in fact acting mandarins of any description. The soul of the humblest of our neophytes, it is true, is worth as much as that of the Emperor, yet for purposes of propagating the faith, it cannot be denied that conversions in high places are greatly to be desired. A Catholic Li Hung-Chang would be a veritable host in himself for the good cause. Though catechumens are springing up by the thousands in some provinces, still the official ranks are quite untouched. Indeed, under the present system, and according to prevailing notions, it would be almost impossible to have Christian mandarins, and consequently to have conversions of high and low, of lettered and unlettered alike. But we do not know what changes may be in store for China; the time for a more general movement towards the truth may be nearer than we think. The blood of the just shed so freely two years ago—the blood of so many heroic bishops and priests, of steadfast Christians by the tens of thousands, who died, if not in every instance directly for

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the faith, at least for their association with the missionaries—may prove efficacious for the conversion of many. Never before was so much Christian blood shed in China, I do not say at any one time, but not even throughout all the three centuries of the mission's history. Persecutions in China were never violent and bloody, as in the neighboring empire of Japan; it was only here and there, now and then, that a few—relatively few—martyrs were crowned. But in the dreadful summer of 1900, single vicariates could count their thousands of victims. In five instances the chief pastor fell with his flock, and a great many priests, and some religious, men and women, made the supreme sacrifice for the faith they had preached and the charity they had practised. Let us hope then, and pray that, whatever turn things may take in China, better times may be in store for the missions, and that the Church in China may at no distant date be consoled for past trials, by seeing not only a rapidly increasing number of children, but also in the higher ranks zealous and noble Christians, like the subject of this sketch.

THE BLUE-BIRD'S EGG.

I MARVELLED, from this bit of amethyst blush,
A careless touch may crush,
A chilling breath may blight,
One day shall spring a song to sudden flight,
A little life shall come into its right,
And soaring on glad wing,
Shall through the fields the praises of the Master sing.

And looking up to the blue sky above,
A thought as bright as love
Wove me a magic spell.
In that fair cerulean arch a shell,
The inner lining of a mighty cell
Through which our souls ere long,
Shall burst into eternal sunlight and sweet song.

CHARLES ELMER JENNEY.

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THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued.*)

THE EIGHTH STATION.

JESUS MEETS THE DAUGHTERS OF JERUSALEM.

JESUS arose, and going forward with a new courage, had passed beyond the walls of the city. A hundred steps from the gate, at the spot where the road to Calvary becomes steeper, He perceived a group of weeping women, who were coming to meet Him; some of the faithful, no doubt, perhaps mothers whose little children He had caressed, perhaps that widow of Naim, to whom He had restored the son, whom they were even bearing to the tomb. He recognized them, saw their tears, He thanked them with a look, and then, revealing the thoughts that filled His soul, in a voice penetrating and sweet: "Ah, daughters of Jerusalem," He said to them, "weep not for Me, weep for yourselves and your children. For quickly shall sad days come to Jerusalem. You will then cry out, 'Blessed are the barren, blessed the womb that has borne no children, blessed the women that have not nourished children.' You will cry to the mountains 'Fall on us,' and to the hills, 'Cover us.'"

And this was but a touching echo of the prophecies made two days previous: "Let those who are in Judea flee to the mountains! Let those who are in the city leave it. Let those who are in the fields not enter it! Those days will be days of vengeance! Woe to them that are with child or who give suck in those days. . . . They shall fall beneath the sword . . . the Gentiles will lead them away captive, for Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles, till the times of the nations be fulfilled."

While Jesus was speaking, a deep silence fell on the crowd. The Jews heard His voice, but they hated the prophecies of evil, and they answered Jesus by hootings and shameful banterings. Later on, when the days shall have arrived, another Jesus, the son of Ananus, in the midst of the silence and the solemnities of the feast of the Tabernacles, will arise to proclaim in his

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time, "Woe to the city! Woe to the temple! A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four quarters of the earth, woe to Jerusalem!" They will scourge him, but at each blow of the rod he will cry in a most mournful voice, "Woe to Jerusalem!"

During four years he repeated the cry; in the public square, along the streets, on the ramparts, everywhere, and everywhere the same most sorrowful tone. One day to that cry of "Woe to Jerusalem" he added a second, "Woe to me." A rock hurled from a Roman machine had struck him—he fell, rigid.

Some days later Jerusalem and the temple were destroyed, amid the flames of a mighty conflagration.

In diverting His thoughts from His own sufferings to those of others the Master teaches us a wonderful means of sweetening the sufferings of our lot. Like Him, let us put aside all consideration of our own griefs, and consider what other souls suffer.

We are so inclined to believe ourselves the most unhappy of men! We believe so easily that our miseries are exceptional, that no one else suffers as we do; our life appears most hard.

Alas! no; let us be as unhappy as we may, we are no exception to our fellow men. It is the lot of all; we are all suffering.

Without doubt, God does not dispense to all the same measure of suffering, but no one is exempt from it. All have not the wound in the same part of the soul, but all are wounded and bleed. Our mistake comes from this, that we look at the world amiss. A mother loses a child whom she loved. She looks at a mother to whom God has granted that all her children should live; she does not consider the other who had three, four or five, and beheld them all dying at the same age, one after another, of the same disease.

A wealthy family is ruined during a crisis. . . . It casts its eyes on those whose fortune has suffered no harm, who can continue all the excesses of their luxury, while it itself must curtail its expenses and resign itself to a moderate way of living. It does not consider the poor, who pass their days with scarcely a mouthful of bread.

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Oh, consider the poor! Here is the great resource for the soul that suffers.

To think about them, to interest oneself in their miseries, to aid them, to speak to them and to listen to them, to give them help, to nurse them, to make oneself their friend, to sacrifice oneself for them, to serve them as Jesus Christ served them, in fine to love them—for one comes very soon to love them!

You can scarcely understand how the care of the poor, the love of the poor, the visitation of the poor, above all, can sweeten a deep and secret sorrow. Granted! but I ask you to undergo the experience, go thither, go as a friend and you will feel what you were not able to understand.

I appeal, moreover, to all the members of the conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, to all those Christian women who love to be called the Ladies of the Poor. What scenes might they depict if they would—emotions sweet and strong, a virtue powerful and consoling, which they have found in those attics and in those hovels where they visited the unfortunate.

Almsgiving . . . it is good . . . but, bestowed from afar, it is so very little. Approach closer to poverty and misery, and the sight of these souls, more unfortunate than you, and who bear their misery with courage, frequently with joy, will teach you how you ought to suffer.

Among the poor of this world are not only those poor in body, those who are hungry and thirsty, those who are naked. Surely this is a sad destitution, and one which appeals to your mercy. According to the beautiful saying of Bossuet, "God has committed the poor to the rich and has assigned the superfluities of the one for the life of the other," *Ut fiat æqualitas* (1) that there may be an equality.

There is a poverty, a destitution, sadder still, a moral poverty and destitution, a poverty and a destitution of soul. How many men are thus impoverished, ignorant or at least forgetful of their faith, of their duty, of their destiny! How many men are in hunger and thirst for the truth, the light for good counsel.

Think then of these; if you are rich in these higher gifts

II Cor. viii: 14.

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bestow them on these ; give them this alms so precious. Oh, how niggardly we all are of this currency even towards those we love. And what is altogether singular is the strange way in which we love them. From fear of opposing them, of paining them, of estranging them, we let them slip on quietly to their ruin. A prudent and mild reproach, a loving and sincere word would save them, and we are silent !

This is an apostolate of which God has given us a direct charge with regard to our brethren : Behold it. Learn not to fail in it.

How none of the miseries of man leave us insensible! How every suffering of our brethren finds an echo in our heart! It cries, go to his help ! Let us detach ourselves from ourselves, let us go to others. We suffer and others suffer, let us forget our own suffering and let us console the sufferings of others. Believe me, at the first attempt, our own will find consolation.

" It is a great alleviation," says an old writer, "to have a companion in pain." Let us seek then these well-beloved companions of our misery, and with them follow Christ who points out the way.

You wish consolation and relief: there they are : love, serve Jesus Christ, in His poor ! poor of body, poor of soul, poor in riches, poor in prosperity.

NINTH STATION.

JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME.

From the Judiciary gate to the summit of the hill of Calvary, there is a distance of about two hundred paces. It was about the middle of the journey that Jesus met the women of Jerusalem. He was reaching its end, when a third time His knees bent beneath Him and He fell.

They raised Him again, they put on Him again His cross and under the pushing and thrusting of the soldiers, He completed His journey.

. . . .

Why that third fall of the Divine Master ? Why recall to us again the lesson which two falls had already given us ? Do

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we not know that our courage will fail, that we must rise unceasingly? Yes, we know it, but we do not know it sufficiently; and very frequently, to see us at our work, one would say that we did not know it at all.

Oh! when we are at peace we reason so well about all these things; we see in our memory our past sufferings, and what little wisdom we have shown in our abandonment; it is in these moments that we make our strongest resolutions: henceforth we shall have courage, we shall be on our guard against the weakness of despondency into which we formerly fell. . . we shall know how to suffer when the time comes! . . . Alas, and when the time comes, all our beautiful fervor vanishes like smoke! Our knees do not support us, we fall, we lie stretched out on the ground and we remain there groaning.

The great danger of our relapses, of our failures, does not lie in the relapse itself, nor in the failure itself. These weaknesses are so characteristic of men, and the example of the Master shows sufficiently that He pities them!

The danger is not in a fit of discouragement, which passes and which one overcomes: it is in the discouragement which remains and from which one does not rouse himself. Now, though it is so humiliating for a man to remain, without energy, without vigor, supinely on the ground, bathed in tears, yet the temptation to do so comes to him so quickly; comes to him under such sweet forms: "What good will it be for me to rise, if I am going to fall again?" he says to himself, or perhaps, not throwing any cloak over his moral slothfulness, "I have no longer courage to rise, I have no more courage to take heart!" This softness, this cowardice, this lack of nerve, this repugnant shrinking of the human will in the presence of suffering is not, alas, a very rare spectacle in this world.

And yet, it is the death of the soul. What can a soul any longer do, that thus abandons itself? It has no longer any elasticity or fire; it stagnates. Ah! let us never yield to this positive discouragement, which dries up within us the roots of life. Let us struggle, let us struggle even to the last hour. Let us rise when we fall, let us rise again, let us rise continually . . . within the very sight of death as did Jesus Christ, let us rise!

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I have said that our repeated falls in the path of virtue lead us soon to love evil, or at least to commit it without sensible regret: it becomes as it were an integral part of our life, we are made so accustomed to it.

To arrive at a point in which he no longer feels that he is yielding, that he is falling, indicates a great failing in a man.

Nevertheless, there is a degree lower still, and a fall more complete. It is when one, having accustomed himself to evil, even so far as to avow that he no longer knows he is doing wrong, seeks within himself to justify the evil. It is no longer his will only which is corrupt, from the force of self-debasement. It is the intellect which has perverted and blinded itself through love of passion. To do evil is nothing now for that soul, it seeks to excuse the evil, to palliate it, to declare it guiltless, to make it almost a virtue.

Let us look well into our hearts, let us see there that effort of a corrupted will, seeking in its turn to corrupt the intellect. The motive which urges man to attempt that new perversion is evident. Howsoever rare may be the stings of remorse in a soul given up to evil, they are too numerous for it. Conscience is such a troublesome visitor! But whence comes remorse if not from the intellect which sees the evil and cries out to the soul: "You are doing evil, you are loving evil, you are giving yourself up to evil." Ah, if the intellect would see less clearly! If it did not have that invincible certainty, if evil could appear as inoffensive, as legitimate, as a lawful pleasure, it would not cry out so, it would not stir up remorse, and we could let ourselves run along so easily in the course of the passion which is luring us on.

The interest then which can prompt a man to pervert his in tellect is very clear. But does he succeed?

Yes, in a measure sufficient to assure a sinner a certain dullness of conscience and stupor to which he yields himself making a plaything of his eternity. Ask the world about such and such a fault most dear to human passion—it will tell you that it is an insignificant evil, that it is not an evil at all—that it would be a mark of great severity to think of reprehending it. Try, with such an abandoned sinner, to make him under-

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stand the horror of his vices—he opens his eyes, he smiles: you speak to him in a language that he has forgotten! And how many crimes are thus committed by these men, who, wearied of the light which condemned them, have loved the darkness better and have at last found it.

To commit evil through weakness: the first fall of human dignity. To love evil: the second fall. To justify evil: the final fall and almost irreparable, for in driving away remorse, the soul banishes the only spur which can urge it to rouse itself and live a new life.

If we do not wish to fall into such a sad excess, let us watch over ourselves: our repeated falls will lead us thither almost inevitably, unless after each one of them, rising and renewing our courage we make it stronger each time and keep it continually greater. The energy of our combat against ourselves, ought to be proportionate to the number of our falls. Alas! and so frequently we let our falls, one after the other, throw a new heap of ruin over our energy.

. . . .

This greatness of a man falling and still falling again, of which we have ourselves had sad experience, ought to inspire in us for the faults of others an extreme indulgence. How we would be on our guard against disdain, contempt, the bitter reproaches which rise so easily in our hearts when we see evil done! And are we then so guiltless?

Without doubt one should feel a horror for wrong, for evil, for sin, but what great pity should he have for men! Do we not feel within ourselves how easy it is to fail! How quickly we slip, how soon we fall! And we do not pity those who fall! And if they rise again—shall we not forget their fall? Shall we repeat it continually to ourselves and to others so as to perpetuate the hateful remembrance of it? Is it thus that Jesus acted with Mary Magdalen? Yet what was Magdalen before her repentance?

Oh! let us be kind and indulgent to others! Let us see how Jesus Christ acts towards us all! Even towards those who accuse and condemn Him, even towards those who torture Him, who strike Him, who spit in His face, even towards those who are going to crucify Him!

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ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM AURIESVILLE.

April 28.—"I have started the well in the ravine where the springs come to the surface, and I think it will be a splendid well. When finished we can erect a rustic covering over it."

April 30.—"The well above the statue of St. Joseph is finished: It is quite near the fence, and gives very nice water, which we can lead by pipe to any point along the road you wish. To-day we are draining the field between the old Shrine and the Calvary."

April 28.—"The old Indian well and the one below it near the hickory tree, just east of the line of the Stations, has been cleaned and walled about, so that we have now an abundance of water in every part of our grounds."

May 8.—"You may judge of the supply of water in the well below in the ravine by the fact that it is fourteen feet deep and nine feet in diameter. When digging it, we kept this space clear of water all day, but during the night it would fill and overflow before morning. No pump will be needed here, as more than enough water will run over to supply all the pilgrims."

May 19.—"I have finished all we had agreed to do except the changes in the hotel. The garden about it has been new soiled and planted, and all looks very well. The trees we transplanted are doing remarkably well. The flag pole has been moved forward and the space whereon it stood is now clear.

"We had two Indian visitors Saturday with Mr. Van Horn. One was a Mohawk, and the other a Cayuga. They seemed to be very much interested in the Indian village site and will call again some time next month."

The circular promised in the PILGRIM for May will be issued early in June.

How untrustworthy the new edition of Appletons' Universal Cyclopædia and Atlas is our readers may learn by reading in *The Messenger* for June, the article "Poisoning the Wells." Those who know the history of the missions in the Mohawk Valley will be surprised to find that the name of Le Moyne has been omitted from this Cyclopædia. Marquette is mentioned,

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but in such a way that one would scarcely suspect he was the explorer of the Mississippi.

The Rev. Arthur E. Jones has issued a corrected portion of his map of the sites of the Huron Missions, and we hope after verifying some of his findings to publish a copy and explanation of this map in the PILGRIM. He has used in the preparation of this map the pamphlets of Mr. Andrew F. Hunter, M.A.

We are in receipt of a brochure from the Shrine of Notre Dame de Foy near Dinant, giving an account of the statue and pilgrimages there. It will be remembered by our readers that this statue was the original of the statues first brought to the missions among the Mohawks, and we hope soon to give our readers an authentic history of the shrine and statue.

CONTRIBUTIONS, ETC.

Among the contributions for the Shrine is a thanks-offering "for a temporal favor received through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs, Father Jogues and all who suffered at Auriesville."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss D.,	$1.00
J. F., New York,	5.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

I. S., Libertytown, Md., several pieces of gold.
P. F. S., Utica, N. Y., a gold pencil.
M. McL., Troy, N. Y., fifty pieces of jewelry.
F. L., New York, several pieces of jewelry.

MISSION NOTES.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY KILLED IN CHINA.

The rumor of the massacre of another Jesuit missionary in the mission of southeastern Che-li is confirmed by the Procurator of the mission, Father Desmarquets. This last martyr was Father Lomüller who, before he became a religious, had been a surgeon-major in the French army. He was fifty years of age, and had been for thirteen years a missionary in China. The report is that he had left a fortified Christian village to visit another mission when he was slain, and that his head was afterwards carried on

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a pole by the rebels. At the same time another missionary, Father Fink, disappeared. No news has been received of him, and it is feared that he, too, has been killed. Although according to the last despatches the rebels have been repressed, the state of China is anything but reassuring.

MONSIGNOR FAVIER'S RECEPTION BY THE EMPRESS OF CHINA.

After the return of the Empress to Pekin, Bishop Favier and his coadjutor, Bishop Jarlin, were received in audience by the Emperor and Empress, on February 23. A few days before Monsignor Favier had received the dignity of Mandarin of the first class, a dignity conferred on princes, and seldom on foreigners. The following is the Bishop's own account of his reception:

"Escorted by several mandarins who had been sent to meet us, we entered the palace by the western gate, where we left our chaises. Twenty mandarins of the first class were awaiting us and ushered us to the apartment of Prince Ksing, who was to introduce us to their majesties. Clothed in purple cassocks and robes, we followed the Prince into the throne room. One end of it, separated from the rest by draperies, is set apart for the meetings of the State Councils; that is where we were received.

"Their majesties were seated on a throne covered with embroidered yellow silk, the Dowager Empress on the right, the Emperor on the left. A little table was before them. Having made three bows we approached the throne, and at once I began to express our gratitude to the Empress and the Emperor for the great favor shown us by granting the audience. I congratulated them on their return to Pekin, and thanked them for the decrees enacted in favor of the Christians.

"The Empress deplored the troubles of the last years and assured us repeatedly that they would not occur again. She added:

"'I perceive that the doctrine you are teaching is excellent, that the Bishops and missionaries are very good men and lead the people to do good. All the mandarins have told me that you are most just, having for so many years decided all questions with a perfect equity and love of peace which have won universal esteem. I have known you by reputation, and for a long time have wished to see you. I am very much pleased at having done so.'

"In the course of our conversation I had informed the Empress that Pope Leo XIII, ninety-two years old, had asked me about

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her ; so her last words were : 'I wish that the Pope may have many days to live full of peace and happiness.' "

The Empress assured Monsignor Favier that he might rely upon her protection, and that in future the peace of the Christian Chinese would not be disturbed.

On the following day an official letter was received from Prince Tsin, written at the instance of the Empress, and announcing that further dignities had been conferred on the two Bishops.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

The three West Indian Islands, Santa Cruz, St. Thomas and St. John, recently purchased by the United States from Denmark, lie a short distance to the east of Porto Rico, and belong to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Roseau in the island of Dominica. Dominica is the neighbor of ill-starred Martinique. It is estimated that the Catholic population of the three newly-acquired islands is about 17,000. *Church Progress* (May 3) announces the consecration of a new Bishop of Dominica, and gives interesting details of his life and projects :

"Much interest attaches in this country to the elevation of Mr. Schelhaut to the list of bishops. The ceremony took place recently in the Redemptorist Church at Brussels, and he becomes Bishop of Roseau, Dominica Island, W.I. This interest arises from the fact that Bishop Schelhaut will have jurisdiction over the West Indian Islands which the United States recently purchased from Denmark.

"The new bishop, who is a Belgian by birth and a member of the Redemptorist Order, spent nineteen years in the Lesser Antilles in a missionary capacity. He therefore knows the needs of the territories over which he will rule as chief pastor. That knowledge, coupled with the fact of the transfer of some of the islands to the United States, make him desire to secure American priests, or at least priests imbued with the American spirit. He addressed himself to that end to the American College of Louvain, where he has been given good hopes to secure the recruits he looks for.

"The diocese of Roseau contains about 48,000 Catholics and is composed of the islands of Dominica, Antiqua, Montserrat, St. Christopher, St. Thomas and St. Croix. The islands recently purchased contain about 17,000 Catholics, and have a number of academies and high schools."

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AN AFRICAN KING WRITES TO POPE LEO.

King Samuel of Onitsha in Lower Nigeria (West Africa), lately converted to the Catholic faith, received from Pope Leo a magnificent picture of the Blessed Virgin, in February, 1901. The convert king was much affected by the gift and fatherly encouragement of the Pope, and in a letter recently published pours out his gratitude, his joy in his new-found faith, and his confidence in the success of the Catholic missions in his country. Addressing Pope Leo as "the Head of the true Church of Jesus Christ," he says:

"Among all the African kings I am fortunate because you have had the great kindness of presenting me with this picture of the Blessed Virgin and especially because you have given me your paternal blessing. This picture of our good Mother will always hold the place of honor in my house and I shall unceasingly ask of my powerful advocate her assistance in the faithful discharge of all my duties. My people are now receiving Christian instructions. The schools are filled with children and a great crowd of people assist every Sunday at the divine service. It is a truly consoling spectacle for a Christian king to see his people thus cultivating religion and turning their backs upon the idols.

"I have also great pleasure in informing you that the law against the killing of twins is now strictly obeyed and that Chief Obi-Fatou of Nsoube, the neighboring village to Onitsha, has been baptized and is a fervent Christian. The great majority of his people are ready to follow his example. The chiefs of Ogidi have given orders that the missionaries for whom they are building a house shall be received. All the settlements on the Niger are now disposed to receive the Gospel. Send them, Most Holy Father, a still greater number of missionaries that they may take possession of these villages in advance of the Mussulmans and of the various Protestants sects, such as the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, African Church and the Episcopalians of the Church of England. These sects are everywhere doing their best to get ahead of the Catholic Church. They are ten times more numerous than the Catholic priests, but with your blessing and under your orders the true Church will be stronger than all others and she will be everywhere victorious as she is now at Onitsha, Ossomari, Nsoube, Agouleri, Ikem, Ogidi, and in other places with a population of from ten to fifteen thousand souls.

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"Bless me, most holy and well beloved Father, bless me as well as my subjects, bless also our dear mission with its fathers, its brothers and its sisters, so that the Niger may become one of the most flourishing Catholic countries."

FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* announce (May–June, 1902) that the total amount contributed during 1901 by the Catholic world for the foreign missions is $1,345,733; something less than during the preceding year. Much of this sum—apparently the far greater part—represents the offerings of the poor and the working people. The contributions from the United States have increased. In 1901 they were larger than in any preceding year. Some dioceses are, however, not at all up to the mark; and it is, no doubt, only required that the importance of work be brought to the notice of the people in order that their generosity may be awakened.

Of the above-mentioned offerings for the propagation of the faith, France contributed $791,236, the diocese of Lyons, as usual, leading all the others. Its share was $85,922. Our offering from the United States is $77,000. The most generous of all the dioceses is Boston, which gave $20,805. Next comes Baltimore, with $3,740.

The *Annals* give the following impressive words of Bishop Le Roy, Superior-General of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, who delivered recently an eloquent sermon in favor of the Propagation of the Faith:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ commenced the Propagation of the Faith when He founded the Church; or rather He founded the Church for the Propagation of the Faith. . . . This is why the constitutive elements of the Church, Pope, bishops, priests, religious, nuns, faithful, while keeping for themselves the sacred deposit of the Christian faith, must strive to communicate it to as many souls as possible. No one may disregard that mission under the fallacious pretext that that apostolate will impoverish ourselves in men and resources. There is nothing to oppose to such a clear and formal command as this: 'Go and teach all nations and baptize them.' . . . Therefore, let us confess it, it is a cause of deep humiliation for all Christians to see that nineteen centuries after Christ died on Calvary and sent His messengers to announce that heaven is open, there are still eight hundred

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millions of men who never heard of it. Can there be a more sorrowful spectacle for a true follower of Christ? There can be one; and it is to see Christians, good Christians, even priests, who remain perfectly indifferent at that spectacle."

APPEALS FROM CUBA.

In Cuba and Porto Rico a determined effort is made to rob the Catholic natives of their faith. With a strange zeal, Protestants who have themselves no definite creed, who can scarcely agree on any point of religion amongst themselves and very many of whom deny the divinity of Our Lord or doubt about it, look upon the newly acquired territories as expressly opened by heaven to the light of the Gospel. They are succeeding with great rapidity and inevitably in destroying Christianity at home by their unceasing and radical contradictions. Careless as many of our Spanish-speaking Catholics may be, they are far more religious than American Protestants. Their religion, too, is advancing with enormous strides in the United States, and is gaining every day more widely and deeply the respect of Protestants. But such is the traditional obliquity of spiritual vision through senseless prejudice in many people, that they esteem it a work most acceptable to heaven to uproot the Catholic faith from amongst the unfortunate people who have already had to bear many temporal as well as spiritual ills.

It is only too easy to close our eyes and hearts to the needs of our fellow-Catholics. We are assured by letters recently received from the Dominican Fathers now at work in Cuba that the principal cause of religious indifference is the lack of religious training amongst a people ill-provided with priests, scattered widely over country districts, and long agitated by political disturbances. The Protestants saw immediately the influence which they would acquire by schools in seizing upon the rising generation. The adult Cubans, like all their fellow-Catholics, can see nothing in the endless contradictions of the Protestant sects to win their conviction; but the needy and the children may be led away in the present crisis of want and unrest. The needs of our fellow-Catholics in the newly acquired territories call aloud for our most intelligent and devoted efforts.

PORTO RICO.

We take from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* the following account of Porto Rico:

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"Porto Rico, with an area about twice as large as the State of Delaware; with a widely scattered rural population; with priests numbering less than one to every six thousand people; with an influx of scores of Protestant missionaries; with feeble resources to oppose to their ample wealth, Porto Rico in this condition has to face problems which should stir our deepest sympathy.

"As a step toward preserving the faith, the Porto Ricans, who are fully alive to the dangers that confront them, have commenced to organize Catholic societies throughout the island. They also have felt the need of federation, and on the 2d day of March, 1902, a meeting of their most prominent citizens was held in San Juan under the presidency of the Bishop, Rt. Rev. J. H. Blenk, S. M. Judges, lawyers, bankers, doctors, merchants, etc., numbering about four hundred in all, attended. In the words of an eyewitness, 'It was the grandest religious manifestation ever beheld on the island, and showed clearly that, whatever may have been said, religious faith is thoroughly alive in the hearts of the Porto Ricans, whose only desire is to remain faithful children of the Catholic Church.'

"The main object of the meeting of the newly founded federation is, in the words of its president, Dr. Saldaña, 'to preserve and propagate the Catholic faith, and promote the practice of Christian virtues under the guidance of the Catholic Church.'

"A distinguished lawyer, Mr. J. Guzman Benitez, speaking on the duties of Catholics, affirmed to the applause of all, 'that if the Porto Ricans were happy to live under the American flag, if they were ready to admit modifications in their laws, and to adapt themselves to American customs, never would they give up the faith of their forefathers. Nothing is more absurd than to assert that the arrival in our island of the Americans must mean the exit of our religion.' Other addresses were delivered to devise means for the financial support of the Church, heretofore maintained by the Spanish government; for the adoption of American methods in Sunday-school work, Catholic societies, etc. Resolutions were adopted on each one of those points, and commissions appointed to carry them out. Finally, a telegram was sent to the Pope to declare the inviolable fidelity of the Catholics of Porto Rico to the Vicar of Christ. Meetings have been held in other parts of the island, and the formation of societies for affiliation with the general organization is steadily going on."

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. JULY, 1902. No. 7.

THE BROKEN TREATY.

HOW could Quebec be sure that the Indians were not tricking them? Had the Iroquois representatives acted honestly? Did they represent the Five Nations or only the Agniers? Did not the treaty conceal a trap? Judging from the *Relations* the hearts of the Jesuits were troubled, for they had a sad experience of the treachery, falsehood, fickleness and wickedness of the Indian. The Governor took about the same view now after the treaty was solemnly renewed at Three Rivers the following year. But it was of vital necessity to do everything for peace, and M. de Montmagny proposed to send an embassy to the Iroquois to express his satisfaction at the good understanding that had been arrived at.

This mission called for a man of tried courage who knew the Iroquois customs and spoke their language. The peril came from the inconstancy of the savage, whose tomahawk made light of diplomatic immunities. Father Jogues seemed to be the man, and Father Lalemant approved the choice without hesitation, for along with the diplomatic purpose he had another of a loftier kind, and he hoped that the Jesuit ambassador might succeed in planting a mission for evangelizing this land of the martyrs. Father Jogues was then in Montreal.

As the writer of Father Jogues' Life remarks: "However well controlled human nature is in the heart of the saints, it is never utterly dead, and although the will is strengthened by

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grace, there still lingers the shudder of repugnances in the face of sublime self-sacrifice." Father Jogues felt that when Father Lalemant's message came. In the heart of this valiant apostle there was a moment of involuntary terror. How could it be otherwise with the remembrance of all that he had undergone among the Agniers so fresh in his memory! And perhaps the new mission which was entrusted to him was a new way of the cross and the road to death.

"But," says Father Lalemant, "this warrior, who had fought such a fierce battle, was not going to shrink in times of peace." On the 2d of May, 1646, he wrote to his superior: "Would you imagine that on the receipt of your letter my heart was at first seized with terror? The past made my poor human nature tremble, but Our Blessed Lord by His goodness has sent me peace and will send me still more in the future. Yes, Father, I wish all that Our Lord wishes, were it a thousand lives. Could I bear the thought that because of me some souls had not been saved! I trust that His goodness, which did not abandon me in the other trials will not fail me now. He and I can overcome all the hardships that present themselves." And he ends the letter by saying: "My companion must be capable of great courage and virtue, and desirous of doing something for God."

The Governor gave him the man he wanted, namely, Jean Bourdon, a man of energy and good sense; resourceful and devoted to the land of his adoption, and ever ready for any service. He was a civil engineer, a surveyor, a lawyer, a soldier, an explorer, and had been a counsellor and ambassador; he had shown himself a master in all he undertook, and above all, he was an honest man and a good Christian.

On the 16th of May the two envoys set out for Three Rivers along with four Agniers and two Algonquins, and carried many presents with them. On the Feast of Corpus Christi they reached the northern extremity of Lake Andiatoracte, which Father Jogues called the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament now called Lake George. This latter appellation was given it by General Johnson, not in honor of St. George but of one who was not a saint, George IV of England. There they met

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the young Indian girl Theresa, whom they consoled and strengthened in her faith. They travelled down the lake, and leaving it near the southern end travelled across the country and reached Ossernenon on the eve of Trinity Sunday.

On the 10th of June they met the chiefs and old men of those tribes. There were present also some Iroquois braves.

In the midst of a profound silence Father Jogues arose and, in the name of Onontio and of all the French, expressed the great and universal joy which was felt in the colony at the conclusion of the peace between the Iroquois, the French, the Hurons and the Algonquins. "The council fire is lighted at Three Rivers" he said, "and will never be extinguished." At the end of his discourse he gives and receives many presents and peace is once more confirmed.

But it was only apparent. He was not deceived by the tranquillity which was on the surface. He soon perceived that the Agniers alone had made the peace and only with the French; and he was convinced that they would break the treaty on the first occasion and for the slightest pretext. He learned also that the other tribes were still on the warpath and that a band of warriors were actually on the Ottawa, waiting for the Hurons who were going down to Quebec. Meantime he went the round of the wigwams to hear the confessions of the Christian prisoners, and on the 16th of the same month set out on his homeward journey by the way of Three Rivers.

His impression of course was not and could not be favorable as to the pacific dispositions of the confederation, but the reception which he personally received from the Wolf family, the most important of the tribe, had profoundly touched him. He saw in it an indication of the merciful Providence of God, and, as Father Lalemant informs us, he began to think of going back even before winter, not being able to bear separation from the tribe that he had attached to himself in his bloody espousals. He found the opportunity at the end of September and he left Three Rivers on the 24th of the month, 1646, along with a young Frenchman and some Iroquois and other Indians.

Before his departure he had a vague presentiment of what was in store for him, and he wrote to a Jesuit in France who had

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the secrets of his heart: "My heart tells me that if I have the happiness of being employed in that mission, *ibo et non redibo,* I shall go, but I shall not return; but I shall be happy if Our Lord would deign to complete the sacrifice there where it began, and to accept the blood which I shed there as the pledges that I will pour out for Him every drop that is in my veins and in my heart."

These presentiments were not long in being realized. On their journey word came that there was a change in the feelings of the Agniers. The Indians in terror refused to go further and abandoned the Father, but he continued his journey in his canoe down the Iroquois River along with that splendid Christian, Jean Lalande, a native of Dieppe who had given himself as a *donné* to the Society.

The news of the change of sentiment among the savages was only too true. But how had it come about?

At the end of his diplomatic mission, Father Jogues had entrusted to an Indian with whom he lived, just before setting out for Three Rivers, a little box with some things in it for his personal use. Having the intention of returning he did not wish to burden himself with it on his journey, but knowing the suspicious nature of the Indians he was careful to open it, to show them all it contained and then he closed it. But a contagious disease broke out soon after in that part of the country, and besides, worms destroyed all the crops. There was universal desolation, the medicine-men were consulted; they dreamt their dreams, and when all else failed they discovered that there was a spell in Father Jogues' box and that it was the cause of all their woes. The Huron and Algonquin prisoners confirmed them in this belief.

Immediately two parties were formed among the Agniers. That of the Bear for war, while the Wolf and the Tortoise family pleaded for peace. The former prevailed; the tomahawk was again uplifted and two bands set out for Montreal. One of them met Father Jogues and his companion on the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, and carried them back to Ossernenon stripped of their clothes and all bruised and battered with the blows of fists and clubs. "You will die to-morrow" they said.

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"But fear not, you will not be burned; we shall cut off your heads and plant them on the stakes before our village to show them to your brothers whom we shall take prisoners." Father Jogues endeavored to show them how serious was their action, that he had come to them in time of peace and in pursuance of an invitation by the chiefs of their nation.

His remonstrances only exasperated them. One savage cut off pieces of the flesh from his arms and back and devoured them saying: "See if this white flesh is the flesh of a manitou." The sufferer regarded him calmly and made answer: "No, I am only a man like the rest of you. But I fear neither death nor torments. Why do you kill me? I only came to your country to cement the peace; to strengthen you and to show you the way to heaven and you treat me like a wild beast. Have a fear of the Master of Life."

THE WATCHER.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND (LADY GILBERT).

BEHIND the altar-stone,
In silence and alone,
Hid in perpetual night,
Thou, the Author of light,
Bidest for love of me—
For me, untrue to Thee.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

Who madest the universe—
Each sun in its course,
The children of those suns,
The planets with their moons—
Dwellest in this hole
For my ungrateful soul.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

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Who madest the teeming earth,
Mother of fruitful birth—
Madest the flocks and herds,
Fishes and singing birds—
Madest ungrateful me
Who turn my back on Thee.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

The seas and the high hills,
Rivers and little rills,
Blue sky and green wood,
All Thou madest is good;
Only me, me,
A rebel child to Thee.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

O Thou mighty One
Behind the altar-stone!
Thou the Giver of breath,
Thou the slayer of death,
Here ensepulchrèd
Stayest as one dead.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

When the day is loud
With voices of the crowd,
Of men who know Thee not,
Of men who have forgot,
Thou waitest on the feet
That pass Thy lone retreat.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee!

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While the night wears old,
Dark and lone and cold
Is Thy place of rest.
Soft is the bird's nest
And mine ; Thou, Thou alone
Choosest the hard stone.
Lord, I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee !

Lord, let me watch by Thee,
Even ungrateful me.
Quiet in Thy holy place,
Dreaming of Thy hidden Face,
Trusting I am all-forgiven,
Watching at the door of Heaven.
Lord I love Thee, I adore Thee,
I beseech Thee, I implore Thee !

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued*).

The Tenth Station.

JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS. THEY GIVE HIM WINE MINGLED WITH MYRRH.

AT last, behold the end! They lift the cross from the shoulders of Christ and make the last preparation for the sacrifice.

The crowd, kept at a distance by the Roman guard, gathers in a circle round the victim and the executioners. In the first rank, her soul pierced with grief, but strong and courageous, I behold Mary; Magdalene is with her and one man, John the well-beloved !

The soldiers begin to dig the hole wherein the cross will be set, others are preparing the hammers and the nails, while two others strip Jesus Christ. They pull off His cloak, they pull off His long robe, that robe which the hands of Mary had spun

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and woven for her child. These clothes of the condemned are the spoils of the soldiers; presently they will divide the cloak and cast lots to see to whom the long robe will belong.

And Christ stood forth before the world naked, erect, with eyes uplifted to heaven!

The blood which flows from His newly-opened wounds is His kingly mantle, the platted thorns which press upon His head are His crown! Behold Christ! The Master and the Sovereign of the universe! It is He, it is He, in the state of absolute destitution.

What has He left?

Gold? He has lived by His labors and by alms, and the little which might serve to support His disciples, Judas has stolen. A home? For a long while He had been able to say that He had not a place whereon to lay His head. Glory? He is about to die on a gibbet, between two criminals, who are there at His side, and whom they will crucify with Him. . . . Honor? They have calumniated His fair name, they have made Him pass for a common conspirator, for a drunkard, for a fool; they have found that a Barrabas was more worthy than He. . . . The faithful disciples? Where are they? They have fled, they have hidden themselves! They did not hide themselves when they had to follow their Master as He was borne along in triumph! But to-day there remains to Him only a piece of cloth for His covering, and they are about to pull that off, and the soldiers are wrangling over its possession.

What then is left to Him?

Ah! There remains something, something tender and sweet. O my God, be Thou blessed for having guarded that treasure at least, and for having thus permitted me to keep it myself.

There remained to Him His mother and two friends! His mother, Magdalene and John! These souls He kept, He did not deprive Himself of these!

Tell me why the Roman soldier permitted them to cling together at the foot of the cross, if it were not because Jesus wished that the last glance of His eyes might fall on them?

It was the custom of the Romans to offer to the condemned criminal a mixture of wine and myrrh, a drink so bitter that

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you could compare it to gall; its effect was to produce drowsiness and even a stupor that would relieve the sensation of suffering. This mark of traditional kindness was shown to Jesus. Wishing to recognize it, He brought His lips to the mixture, but would not drink it; to let us understand that it was not by the deadening of our own feelings, nor by drowsiness of body that we are to seek for an assuaging of our sorrows! And yet how many confiding natures have thus sought to divert their thoughts, but they have found nothing but animal abasement, more befitting a brute than a man.

. . . .

But what did Christ wish to teach us by that total spoliation of self? Why did they deprive Him even of His robe? I shall tell you: "It would be a horrible blasphemy," wrote the venerable Father de Ravignan, "to pretend that there exists in the world a pain, a trial, a fall, a relapse, a grief, that Jesus has not borne upon His blood-stained shoulders."

You do not understand that divestment, Christians, because your unhappiness has not reached such a depth; you do not understand it, because Providence, even in striking you, has not cast you into such an abyss of misery.

But you are not alone in the world! There are poor people who have not wherewith to clothe themselves, and who must beg from door to door for the rags that cover them. There are fathers who have poured out their sweat in ungrateful toil, yet have not obtained sufficient money to dress their ragged children. There are mothers who, as the day approaches when their little boys and girls will make their first Communion with other children, and will go to Jesus Christ who calls them, to that very Heart to which He calls the rich, must weep and sob because they have not wherewith to clothe becomingly their dear little ones, these poor little ones who are eager to receive their God!

What! You do not know this? What! You do not know that in our large cities, within a few feet of you, perhaps, there are men and women, there are children who have nothing to eat? And, think you, that Christ forgets them, these poor? Think you that He does not see what they are suffering, and

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that He has not an example and a consolation to offer them? Behold how He stands there on Calvary, naked, stripped of everything! It is for the poor, for His well-beloved poor, for the poor whom He has made His brothers. Forget not this, ye rich, it is not among you that He willed to be born, it was among them.

He who loves not the poor and the little ones and the despised and the condemned of this world, has paid no attention to the love of Jesus Christ.

. . . .

Providence sometimes inflicts on us a certain divestment of body when It deprives us of the goods of fortune. But more frequently It inflicts on us what I may call a "divestment of soul."

Be prepared, O my soul, to divest yourself of your own wishes so as to yield to the wishes of others; of your own will so as to bend it to the will of your superior or master; and of your affections so as to obey the voice of duty and the commandment of God!

I shall go further. If God demanded of you the sacrifice of your liberty, are you ready? your memory? your intelligence? Yes, if God in His impenetrable designs, should strike you with insanity, that terrible evil which deprives man of the characteristic of humanity, are your prepared?

And yet, why should you complain?

Why should you complain if God should say to you, "I have given you desires that you might aspire after good, you have directed them to evil. I have given you a will by which you might become attached to duty, you have turned it to revolt. I have given you power to love so that your heart might lift itself to Me, Who alone am lovable and you have given yourself to the love of things transient and vain, shameful and blameworthy. I take these goods from you, for you have not learned to make them subservient to yourself. I take back that liberty which you have perverted. I take back that intellect whose light you have disdained."

What will you answer? You have only one answer to make: "Lord, it is just; take all from me."

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Let us not complain then, Christians, because God has deprived us of certain goods whose loss we deplore ; they are so small in comparison with those greater gifts, which He still leaves with us, notwithstanding the manner in which we have abused them.

Let us thank Him and let us suffer in patience!

THE ELEVENTH STATION.

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS.

The Evangelists have only one word to describe the scene of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. "Crucifixerunt eum," says St. Matthew. St. Mark uses the same word, and St. Luke and St. John "Crucifixerunt eum," "They crucified Him" : without delaying at all on that torture, they pass on to the details which follow.

The productions of painters and sculptors would lead us to believe that the Saviour was nailed to the cross, while it was still lying on the ground and that the soldiers afterwards raised it, and planted it in the hole prepared. The faithful, long accustomed to such representations of the crucifixion in art, have come to regard them as historically true, though there is little probability that such is the case.

For the Romans did not crucify in that manner. But the cross was erected and the condemned, stripped of his clothes, was brought to its foot; then the soldiers passed a rope under his armpits, threw the ends of it over the arms of the cross and drew him upwards. Next, the ladders were raised and the executioner mounting stretched out the arms of the victim and fastened them to the wood ; finally large nails were driven through the hands and feet.

If the Roman soldier, who had charge of the execution of Jesus Christ, had modified the form or the manner of torture, the Evangelists would undoubtedly have mentioned it.

See now what has befallen Jesus, our Master! His body, which was but one wound, is raised upon the cross, the cutting cords bind His hands and feet, and the nails, piercing His flesh under the blows of the hammer, cause His blood to gush forth. He is nailed and fastened to the cross.

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And all this before the eyes of His Mother. The Jews shout in triumph ! All the blood which is flowing, that palpitating and quivering flesh, the Mother who weeps beside Him, all these add joy to their hatred.

Hear how they insult Him :

" Come ! " say they, "You Who would destroy the temple of Jerusalem, and in three days rebuild it, save Yourself now from death."

" Come ! " cries another, " If You are the Son of God, come down from the cross."

" Ah ! " answers a third, " He saved others, Himself He cannot save."

And at each one of these sarcasms, the crowd answers with shocking laughter.

The Roman soldiers, too, laugh at Him and mock Him. Even one of the two thieves, whom they have crucified with Him, amid His own tortures insults Him.

Jesus had allowed His head to fall upon His breast. His open eyes rest upon Mary, upon John and upon Magdalen.

He answers, however, the insults of the crowd. With open lips and eyes turned towards heaven, He cries out ; " O My Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Why all this shedding of blood ? Why all this accumulation of torture, this poor body scourged, this forehead opened by the thorns, these hands and these feet pierced and torn ? Why has Jesus willed to die in this way ?

He would be an example to martyrs ; He Himself wished to bear all the pains of the body to which He would call thousands of His Faithful.

The martyrs are so far from us, so many ages have passed since the days of the Coliseum and the catacombs that we forget what it then cost to remain faithful to Jesus Christ. We forget that other martyrs have followed, in every age of Christianity, that each century has its own, and that for all the passion of the Master has served as a model. Jesus Christ is not our only teacher here. Is it nothing that His Mother without fainting stands, contemplating the sufferings of Her Son ? It is not only the body of Jesus that is laid open by the

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executioners: the Heart of Mary is torn by each of their blows, by each of the wounds they inflict, by each drop of that blood. Is not that victim, now in agony, Her Son?

It was necessary that Mary too should give us that grand example! For some mothers, later on, will have to lead their sons to martyrdom and look on them as they die.

It was necessary that all the sufferings, all the sorrows, all the tortures of humanity, throughout all the centuries of its history, should find in the divine sufferings an example and a model.

And now I invite you: "Come and see if your sufferings are comparable to these sufferings?"

And you complain! You lose courage! You would reproach God for the lot He has assigned you! You ask yourselves when have you merited such great sufferings! "What have I done to God" you cry!

Did He merit these sufferings? What had He done to God? He has suffered. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things," says the Gospel, "and so enter into His glory."—"*Nonne hæc oportuit pati Christum et ita intrare in gloriam suam.*" (1)

And now see why you, you too suffer, why you ought to suffer! It is to enter into happiness and glory.

Oh, my God, what then are the goods of this world, whose loss we so bitterly deplore? What is there in worldly pleasures for which my poor heart suffers so cruelly when they depart from it? Is not all this vanity and foolishness? Has any of these pleasures, any of these goods, ever known how to satisfy my heart? And when God demands the sacrifice of them from us, as the cheap coin with which we should pay for the riches of heaven, we hesitate, we grow niggardly, we find that this is too dear a price.

Oh! if we only understood once for all what earth is, and what heaven is, what this short life here below is, so fugitive, so transient, and what the eternal life is. If we once thoroughly convinced ourselves that to suffer here is to be happy

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(1) St. Luke xxiv, 26.

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hereafter, how quickly would all our complaints vanish, how much would we bless our sufferings!

. . . .

Behold then Jesus raised on the cross! His passion is nearing its end; very soon death will come and finish the completed series of His sufferings. Let us cast a look backward. What has Jesus done in the midst of His sufferings? Let Bossuet answer for us:

"Behold it in one word in Holy Scripture: '*Tradebat autem judicanti se indigne*—(1) He delivered Himself, He abandoned Himself to one who was judging Him unworthily,' and that which is said of His judge must be consequently said of all those who undertook to insult Him: '*Tradebat autem*—He gave Himself to them to do with Him as they wished.' They want to kiss Him, He offers His lips; they want to bind Him, He yields His hands; they want to give Him a blow in the face, He bends His back; to scourge Him cruelly, He bends His shoulders; they accuse Him before Caiphas and before Pilate, He stands condemned by all; Herod and his court mock Him and send Him back as a fool, He admits everything by His silence. They abandon Him to the servants and the soldiers, and He Himself still more abandons Himself. That countenance formerly so majestic, which held heaven and earth in ravishing admiration, He tries not to turn away from the spittle of the mob. They pull His hair and His beard; He speaks no word, He complains not; He is a poor sheep which lets itself be shorn. 'Come, come, comrades,' cries that insolent soldiery, 'see that fool under guard Who imagines himself to be King of the Jews; He ought to wear a crown of thorns.' He receives it and 'it is not tight enough, it must be driven in with the blows of a rod. Strike, see His head.' . . . Herod clothed Him like a fool, in white: 'Bring that old scarlet cloak here,—throw it on Him; see, here are the shoulders; put out your hand, King of the Jews; hold this reed as your sceptre! There it is, do with it what you wish. But now it is no longer a jest, your sentence of death has been pro-

(1) I Pet. ii, 23.

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nounced—put out your hand that we may nail it. Take hold, there it is again.' Jesus answers not when they accuse Him, He murmurs not when they strike Him, and even that confused cry which a moaning and groaning produces, the cry full of sadness, the only resource of oppressed weakness, striving to arouse hearts and arrest through pity that which it cannot prevent by force, that cry Jesus would not permit Himself. Amid all that violence no one hears Him complain; why, no one hears even His voice—*non aperuit os suum* (1); nay more, He does not even permit Himself to turn His head aside from the blows. Ah! a worm of the earth which you trample under foot, makes at least some effort to withdraw itself; and Jesus stands motionless, He tries not to elude the blow by the least movement: '*Faciem meam non averti.*'" (2).

Is it thus that you suffer, Christians?

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Instead of issuing a circular announcing the date of the ceremony, as some call it, of the coronation of Our Lady's statue at Auriesville, as we promised in THE PILGRIM for May, we have concluded to devote the entire number for the month of August to this announcement, and to an account of this ceremony, together with a brief history of the Shrine and the pilgrimages since the location of the site of the early Missions there and the purchase of the property.

This special number for August will be issued as early as possible this month, so as to reach subscribers about the fifteenth. It will contain illustrations of the shrine and scenes on and about the grounds, the Statue and the Crown. It will be sent as usual to subscribers, and an extra edition will be printed for all who may wish to send copies to friends. Glimpses of the correspondence from the very beginning of the work, and statistics from THE PILGRIM and diary of the pilgrimages will make it a most valuable number.

Though we speak of the ceremony as the coronation of the statue of Our Lady, it is not strictly speaking a coronation, but the

(1) Isaias liii, 7. (2) Isaias l, 6.

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offering of the crown of thorns, in gold and precious stones, the votive offering of her many clients, as an ornament for her statue. This statue, as our readers know, is the group known as the Pièta, the Blessed Virgin, supporting the figure of Christ taken from the Cross. It would not be proper to crown the figure representing her in her grief, but it is highly proper that the offerings of gold and precious stones form a crown representing the one removed from the head of Christ at that solemn moment.

The statue is of marble, and by the time this PILGRIM reaches subscribers it will be on its way from Carrara where it has been carved. Due announcement will be given in the special number of THE PILGRIM for August of the dates and places for the exhibition of the Crown in the cities in which the patrons and friends of the shrine reside.

We have held this number back a few days so as to give our readers a report of the first pilgrimage of this season, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, New York, which took place Sunday, June 29. As our readers are aware, we prefer not to have pilgrimages so early, but there are special reasons why this one should be held in June. Next year we hope to be prepared to receive pilgrimages even earlier than this.

The pilgrimage from Saugerties and neighboring towns along the Hudson is announced for August 24; another from St. John's, Utica, for August 31. It is probable that the ceremony mentioned above will take place Sunday, August 17, within the octave of the Assumption, but this will depend on the arrival of the steamer carrying the statue.

Mass will be said regularly every morning at the shrine, beginning Sunday, July 13, and special excursion rates from points on the West Shore Railroad may be obtained from the day before, July 12.

The new station at Auriesville is a decided improvement, and the hotel is at last quite as well appointed as any along the route.

On June 29th, the feast of the great Apostle Peter, the French Canadian parish of St. Joseph's, Cohoes, N. Y., came as pilgrims to the shrine. There were nearly 900. A pitiless rain met them as they descended from the cars. Of course there was none of the usual display of banners by the different societies, nor could the usual solemnities of the procession be observed, but the very inclemency of the weather to which they were subjected, made

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the sight of that vast body of pious people toiling up the hillside in the wet all the more inspiring. They completely filled the chapel and though naturally disappointed accepted the trial in the way that only pious and enlightened Catholics know how to do. It was impossible to even attempt a visit to the ravine though some of the more devout made the stations over the wet grass. There was a *missa cantata* by Father Dugas who accompanied them. At the Post Communion the celebrant preached an eloquent sermon reminding his hearers that if any one could feel at home at the shrine it was assuredly the French Canadians some of whose ancestors had accompanied the early missionaries to this sacred spot. After the mass some of the pilgrims withdrew to the shelter of the cars, but the greater number remained quietly in the open chapel until the afternoon. At two o'clock the beads were recited, a sermon was preached in English by Father Campbell, S. J., and after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament all betook themselves to the cars to wait for more than an hour for the time of departure. The sun had not shone upon them but the piety of the pilgrims was only the more in evidence.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

A grateful subscriber	$5 00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y	5 00
M. J. W.	5 00
A. T., St. John's, Canada	.25
H. S., St. John's, Canada	.25
P. E., St. John's, Canada	.50

FOR SACRED VESSELS.

Miss G., two gold rings.

E. B. D., Eldred, Pa., twelve pieces of jewelry.

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MISSION NOTES.

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL WORK IN SHANGHAI AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Shanghai, April 6.

To the Editor of the Shanghai Mercury :

SIR.—In an article entitled "Shanghai by night and day," which appeared in your issue of April 3, a valuable tribute is paid to the educational work performed by Protestant Missions in and around Shanghai. Statistics are also quoted from Dr. Fryer's educational directory for China, 1890, and betoken the excellent work that is being done. You then add: "It will be noticed that nothing has been said of the educational work of the Roman Catholic communion. This is not from lack of interest, but from want of statistics. We believe, however, from our own observation and the reports of friends that the Catholic Missions are quite as much to the front as their Protestant brethren and that in numbers they probably outshine all the rest combined."

While thanking the writer for his unbiased and very hopeful view of Catholic educational work, I venture to supply the much needed want of statistics of which he complains. They are gleaned from the annual report of the Catholic Mission for the year 1901, and will adequately bear out the most sanguine expectations.

In Shanghai and its neighborhood, the Catholic Mission maintains 26 schools for boys and 32 for girls, thus making a total of 58 in all. The children frequenting these schools are grouped as follows :

Catholic boys, ...	1032
Catholic girls, ...	1298
	2330
Pagan boys, ...	625
Pagan girls, ...	186
	811

The two—Catholic and pagan—aggregate 3141 pupils, a very large number indeed and probably equal, if not in advance of all other religious denominations combined.

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Having stated briefly the general results, I think it will not be out of place to dilate upon a few principal schools, which combine an elaborate programme with a large staff and a big attendance and accordingly deserve a special mention.

1. The Sicawei College. This institution, founded in 1849, is exclusively for native boys and purports to give them a thorough knowledge of the classics and train them in letter-writing and penmanship. A special course under competent teachers prepares for the B.A. and the large numbers who have so far attained the coveted degree are evidenced to visitors by the diplomas that adorn the entrance to the college. Beside the native programme, a western one has been lately introduced and comprises the study of modern languages, French, mathematics, history and geography. The teaching staff is carefully selected and is under the superintendence of one of the Fathers. The pupils in attendance number 150. Of these 35 study Latin and 65 western science.

2. St. Xavier's School, Hongkew. This school, situated in Nanzing Road, is carried on under the direction of the Marist Brothers, of whom there are eighteen on the teaching staff. The programme is most extensive and comprises a full course of English literature, French being optional, science, modern history, political and commercial geography, especially of the East, mathematics, bookkeeping, shorthand and typewriting, drawing, music and gymnastics. The teaching is in English throughout, and the three upper forms are directly superintended by British subjects. Children of all religious denominations are admitted into this school, and the conscience clause is strictly respected, no undue influence being used to change the religious belief of a pupil. There is also a well-stocked library of ancient and modern literature provided with the intention of affording the boys agreeable and useful pastime.

The attendance nowadays at this school is over five hundred boys, one of the largest in Shanghai. Strange to say, however, no mention of this establishment is found on the "Map of the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai, 1900," published at the office of the *North China Daily News* and *China Herald*. A next edition shall, we hope, remedy this oversight.

3. The French Municipal School. On Wednesday last, 2d April, the *North China Daily News* published minutes of a report on this school. From these it may be gathered that the pupils

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are divided into two divisions. The upper contains four classes and is superintended by three Marist or Teaching Brothers, assisted by one native teacher. In the lower are six classes, each subdivided into two sections. The teachers of the latter are all natives. The pupils on the rolls at the opening of the present year numbered three hundred and twenty-nine, and these figures are daily on the increase.

4. The Tusewei Orphan School. This may be styled a model training school for native orphan boys. An elementary programme is carried out, and when the children have reached the age of twelve or fourteen, they are taught a variety of useful trades, such as architecture, drawing, painting, lithography, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, etc. The establishment has a large European printing press and workshops for the boys, both of which are highly appreciated by visitors. Poultney Bigelow, an eminent American writer, went over the school a few years ago, and he states that he "much admired the beautiful altar-pieces and statues chiselled by the lads, and the large number of books and other articles they helped to turn out." "The Catholic missionaries," he adds, "who conduct the department do a great work, and if China can be transformed, they will be prominent factors in her revival."

5. St. Berchman's School, within the native city. This is an elementary establishment conducted on native lines, and superintended by trained native teachers, of whom the mission has thirty at present. The number of pupils attending this school is one hundred.

The other schools, twenty-one in number, for boys, are all elementary. The programme comprises the memorizing and explanation of the classics, reading and writing and the general attainment of the native curriculum.

The girls' education is no less carefully attended to by the Catholic Mission than that of the boys. To illustrate this, it is but necessary to consider a specimen or two of the institutions both for natives and foreigners.

1. The Sicawei Boarding School. The French nuns assisted by native teachers are in charge of the school. The pupils, all natives and of the better class, are taught reading, writing, geography and arithmetic and have the classics explained to them. Special instruction in needlework, embroidery, knitting and practical housekeeping is imparted in all and principally in the superior grades. The number of boarders is 160.

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Besides the boarding school there is a large female orphanage, the inmates therein numbering 430.

There is also a deaf and dumb institute with sixteen pupils and superintended by one of the sisters specially trained for the work.

2. St. Joseph's Institution, established 1871. At the writer's request, the lady superior has furnished him with a prospectus and a brief report upon the state of this school. From the items supplied, he begs to quote the following: This institution is situated in the French settlement and is under the direction of the sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls. The building is a large, well constructed monument of four stories, containing capacious dormitories, classrooms and refectories, all clean and well kept and provided with every requisite for the comfort and health of the pupils. The establishment is divided into two departments, one a high school or academy for the paying pupils and boarders, and the other a poor girls' and orphan school.

The institution proper is under the management of a lady superior, assisted by fourteen sisters on the teaching staff, several of whom are of English or American nationality. The aim of the school is to provide the advantages of a complete education for young girls of foreign nationality. The course of studies embraces all the branches of ordinary and higher education in English and French, comprising reading, writing, grammar, poetry and literature, ancient and modern history, geography, arithmetic, the outlines of astronomy, elementary physics and chemistry, shorthand, vocal and instrumental music, drawings painting and calisthenics. German is optional. Special hour› are allotted daily for instruction in plain and fancy needlework, embroidery and dressmaking. The number of girls attending the boarding school is 270.

Another department of this school was started is 1875 and is engaged in the instruction of poor children, orphans and Eurasians. The pupils in this branch are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, a fair knowledge of English and French, music and drawing and moreover the more practical knowledge of laundry work, cooking, plain sewing and other useful subjects fit to equip them efficiently for the work of after life.

The children supported and educated in this latter department number 150, making a total in both schools of 420 pupils.

3. The Holy Family Day School in Hongkew. This estab-

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lishment, opened but a few years since, is conducted on lines similar to the preceding one. The lady superior is of English nationality. A limited number of boarders have been lately admitted. The actual attendance aggregates 407 girls and embraces all the nationalities represented in Shanghai.

The above is but a brief sketch of school work performed by the Catholic Mission in this great metropolis of the Far East. The mission has ever considered education as an indispensable work.

Hoping this information volunteered in the interest of the general public will meet with its kind appreciation and find a valuable place in "Shanghai by day and night."

I am, etc.,

EDUCATIONIST.

STRICKEN INDIA.

Towards the beginning of May, Bishop Barthe, during his pastoral visit to the missions of Madura, Southeastern India, wrote that famine was increasing day by day : there was neither food to eat, nor water to drink. The thatch of the houses was given as fodder to cattle. The Christian converts of his flock were suffering from extreme poverty, so that the missionaries, from their slender store, had to aid them, and thus save them from actual starvation. In many parts of these poor, miserable missions, the priests had only a shelter of no better conditions than the wretched abodes of their flocks. In 1,120 villages, the Bishop stated, there was no church.

At the same time converts were offering themselves in great numbers. "What a magnificent harvest," he exclaimed, "would we not reap if we had only chapels and schools! In our helplessness to open Heaven to so many pagans, we stretch out our hands towards the Heart of Jesus and the generous souls on the earth."

A special cable despatch to the New York *Sun* (June 22), from London, giving the Government statement regarding the condition of India in respect to the plague, from its first outbreak in Bombay, in September, 1896, to March, 1902, shows a total of reported deaths from the disease during that period of 536,600 in the Bombay Presidency and 315,400 in other parts of India, or a total of 852,000 for the whole of British India and the native

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states. Making allowance for untraced and unreported deaths it is calculated that a million died during the period mentioned.

During the first three months of 1902 the deaths reported in the Bombay Presidency were 62,667 compared with 17,806 in the corresponding period of 1901. Other parts of India show a corresponding increase, especially in the Punjab, where the deaths in 1900 were 515, in 1901, 15,245, while in the first months of 1902 the figures have risen enormously. The deaths reported in March alone numbered 42,788.

THE TRAPPIST MONKS IN JAPAN.

Father Marie-Gérard Peullier, Prior of the Monastery of Our Lady of the Light-house, writes in the *Missions Etrangères*, of the foundation and growth of his religious establishment.

At the end of October, 1896, nine Cistercian Religious landed at Hakodata, at the instance of its Bishop, Mgr. Berlioz, who had been long anxious to see a Trappist monastery founded in his vast diocese, so much in need of apostolic laborers. The foundations were laid in the island of Yeso, and a temporary dwelling-place of wood was erected. The constancy of the mission monks was soon severely tried. The rigor of winter conspired with sickness, and even death. The surrounding people were hostile, the newspapers bitter, the government distrustful. A typhoon threw down a part of the buildings, and want began to be painfully felt. At times, it seemed a miracle that the missionaries could live; and, exiles as they were, their hearts turned fondly home. But men who had renounced everything for the noblest of all causes were not to be shaken in their purpose. Even the novices' fervor became a powerful motive to persevere. Soon came the first religious profession of native Japanese monks, and the schools became nurseries for the novitiate. Difficulties gradually disappeared; and the neighboring pagans, who before had threatened violence, now offered, as they passed, their friendly salutations.

After a time, too, the unfriendly watchfulness of the government ceased altogether; and one of the police officers reported that "those are truly men from Heaven." The chief paid a visit, others followed: Japanese journalists came to write friendly articles for the newspapers. The President of the Senate came, and even the governor of the province.

Although devoted to a life of contemplation, the Trappist

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monks made converts in the neighborhood. These drew their relatives and acquaintances; and soon there was a question of establishing a Christian village beyond the monastic enclosure. "Only a pleasant dream yet," adds the Prior, "since resources are so small."

Mgr. Berlioz confided to the missionaries a boys' orphanage, the little waifs being fed and clothed, as well as taught. But the rules of the Ministry of Public Instruction—for there is such in progressive Japan—had to be followed, and a teacher hired who enjoyed a government diploma. This increased expenses very considerably. But the school has great advantages for the mission inasmuch as the Japanese have a thirst for knowledge. The school has been enlarged, and its pupils keep increasing. The best of these, when they desire it and have been sufficiently well proved, are admitted as novices into the Trappist community.

The Trappists are the only Religious Order in Japan. Their number now, novices included, is twenty-two.

THE MISSION-HARVEST IN CHINA.

The Society of Foreign Missions (Paris) has published the annual report of its labors. In the beginning of January, 1901, the only hope for the missions of China was that founded on supernatural grounds; namely, that persecution and especially martyrdom, would be followed by a rich harvest of souls. Notwithstanding all the ruins heaped up during 1900, this supernatural hope has begun to be justified. The missionaries have gone back to the two extensive missions in Manchuria, nearly all the former posts being reoccupied. And notwithstanding the disorder and uncertainty reigning over that province, 292 adult pagans have been baptized. In the other missions of China, also, although there have been local outbreaks and the Mandarins are not friendly, very consoling results have been obtained. The Society has thirty-one missions in China, not including Yun-nan. In these during the year 1901 there have been 32,472 baptisms of adult converts, and 132,790 baptisms of children of pagan parents; 607 heretics have been converted to the faith. In the thirty-one missions of the Society there are at present 632 native priests, 2,474 catechists, 5,023 churches or chapels, forty-two seminaries, 2,812 schools, 299 orphanages, 404 free dispensaries, and sixty-seven hospitals, including those for lepers.

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The Jubilee was celebrated throughout the missions with great fervor and manifestations of faith, and "with admirable fruits of salvation."

IN NORTHERN PATAGONIA.

Father Berardi, a Salesian missionary, writes from Viedrua:

"Lately, a group of young girls received, from the hands of Bishop Cagliero, the religious veil of the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians. One was Ceferina Yancuché, twenty years of age, the daughter of the Cacique of the Marzanares, and sister of Captain Miguel de Comayo. She is the first Indian of Patagonia to receive the religious habit.

She has had a touching history.

Bishop Cagliero, Fathers Milanesio and Panaro, with the catechist Zanchetta, now a priest in Chili, gave a mission in Chichinal, in 1887. During this mission, 1,700 Indians were instructed and baptized. Amongst the native children was the daughter of the Cacique Yancuché, who had fled to Chili to escape the troops of Argentina. Little Ceferina was then nine years of age and remarkable for intelligence and piety. Her older sister, Maria, was the first confirmed, and then became god-mother for the others. Ceferina and her little cousin Josepha were brought to the boarding-school of Our Lady Help of Christians. Their progress in study and manual training was very rapid. Some of their handiwork won a prize at the exposition in Genoa. They had the happiness of being presented to the Holy Father. Having returned to Patagonia, they continued their studies. And now Josepha's great desire is to receive the same religious habit as her cousin, in order to go with her to evangelise and instruct the children of their native tribes in the vast region of Comayo, at the foot of the Cordilleras.

FRENCH INDO-CHINA.

A telegram, published in the Madras *Catholic Register* of May 10th, states that an outbreak has occurred at Laos, and that communications between Savannakek and Vientian have been cut for several days. The Siamese Government having made important movements of troops, the French Minister at Bankok has made representations on the subject. Serious difficulties have also occurred at Battambang. The acting governor of Indo-China has sent four hundred troops to Pursat and three hundred to the left bank of the Mekong, opposite Bassac.

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NOTABLE CONVERSION OF A NATIVE OF CEYLON.

The above-cited paper (of the same date) gives an interesting account of the mental trials and final conversion of Mr. T. S. Charles, B.A., a native of Ceylon, and a communicating member of the Church of England Mission, who has declared for our holy Faith, to the sacrifice of his worldly prospects. He has for about twelve years been attached to the local C. M. S. High School as First Assistant Master, which place he has now had to resign, thus throwing himself on the wide, wide world to begin life anew. Mr. Charles' parents, who are living in Ceylon, are converts from Hinduism to Congregationalism. From them (and also from seeing the bad lives of some Catholics in his native place of Jaffna) he had imbibed very strong prejudices against the Church. It was when he came in contact with Mr. B. C. Banerji, who was then carrying on his work in Karachi, that these prejudices began gradually to wear away. He was sincere and honest with himself, yet in spite of constant efforts on the part of Mr. Banerji and others, it has taken Mr. Charles ten years' study of Catholic literature to be thoroughly convinced of the claims of the Catholic Church. As soon as he had made up his mind, he sent in his resignation. There was consternation in the Church Mission Camp.

The Protestant Bishop of Lahore, Dr. Lefroy, who happened to come to Karachi just then, disowned the doctrine of justification by "faith alone," and with it Luther himself. He further denies that the Church of England had ever been Roman Catholic! But he, like the others, was loth to give or hear "a reason for the hope that is in you." All his Protestant acquaintances complimented Mr. Charles on having led an exemplary Christian life. He told them all how he had himself heard conflicting doctrines preached from the pulpits of the Church of England in Karachi, nay, even from one and the same pulpit, and how Lord Curzon, the highest representative of King Edward VII, "Defender of the Faith," had publicly and repeatedly advised Hindus and Mohammedan to stick to their respective religions, and bestowed praise on the same. The Bishop admitted that there was indeed no definitude in his Church and want of authority was really its weak point.

The Kiangnan Mission comprises two large provinces of China—Kiangsu and Anhui—both extending over an area of 90,000 square [miles] (Macmillan's Atlas of China and Japan), with a total popula-

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tion of about 50,000,000. There are in Kiangsu 67 district cities and 12 prefectures, while Anhui has a little less—55 of the former and 13 of the latter. In regard to missionary labor, both provinces are otherwise mapped out. Leaving aside Shanghai and its environs, the field is divided into 19 sections and 100 districts. A district comprises a certain number of churches and out-stations administered by one missionary. A section is the sum total of several districts, and is under the supervision of a head priest, whose office is principally to direct and control his workers and their respective flocks.

The staff of the Mission is numerous. Of the regular clergy there are the Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Paris, S.J, 138 Jesuit Missionaries, of whom 23 are natives; 16 theological students, and 22 coadjutor brothers. Of the secular clergy there are 30 priests, 17 theological students, 17 following a preparatory course, and 22 Latin students. These latter are all natives, the priests having completed their theological studies and the others undergoing training for the ministry. Beside the clerical element, the Mission is helped in its work by several religious congregations: the Little Marist Brothers (29) in charge of St. Xavier's College, Hongkew; trained native teachers (30), Carmelite nuns (32), Helpers of the Souls in Purgatory (81) conducting the orphanage in Sicawei and Convents in the French Concession, and in Hongkew; Sisters of Charity (29), and a native congregation of Presentation nuns (134), occupying in the interior 23 stations throughout Kiangsu and 18 in Anhui.

Sicawei, distant five miles from Shanghai, is the headquarters and training department of the Mission. The various buildings are all of the foreign type and bespeak an elaborate organization unparalleled in the Far East. There are within this human hive a central residence for the whole Mission, a Theological Department for the training of foreign and native clergy, a College (131 pupils) with a native classical and Western programme, a Meteorological and Magnetic Observatory, a museum containing valuable specimens of zoology, conchology, ophiology, etc. Close by, at the village of Tusewei, there are an orphanage for boys (247), a European printing press, workshops where the lads, after completing an elementary education, are taught a variety of useful trades such as architecture, drawing, carving, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, etc.

At Sen-mou-yeu (Our Lady's Home) there is a nunnery, a boarding school for native girls (157), and a complete detailed organization of a Deaf and Dumb Institute (16), a Home for Aged Females

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(44 inmates), a Foundling Asylum (425 destitutes), a Dispensary with gratuitous consultations, aggregating 23,545 during the year.

On the French Concession at Shanghai the mission maintains a General Agency and the very popular Church of St. Joseph. There are also a European Girls' Academy (St. Joseph's Institution—269 pupils), a Poor Girls' School (Europeans and Eurasians 145), and a Dispensary (12,863 consultations). The French Municipal School (303 pupils) is under the superintendence of a Jesuit Father and of three Marist Brothers. In Hongkew we are informed that there are a Boys' School (St. Xavier's College, 500 pupils of all kinds), the Holy Family Day School for Girls (407 children), a Hospital, two Dispensaries, a Catholic Circle (80 members), and a Conference of St Vincent of Paul (28 members) for the assistance of the poor and needy. Within the city and in the Tungadu suburb there are a Cathedral, two Hospitals (1,265 patients received during the year), a Home for the aged, a Native Elementary School (109 pupils), etc.

Distributed over the sections beyond Shanghai we find a central residence at Wuhu (Anhui Province), forty-three Orphanages, two Hospitals, two Homes for the Aged, and 120 centres for probationers. These stations have trained during the year, of men 4,604 and of women 2,040; 188 boarding-schools, largely frequented by day scholars, of whom 3,407 are boys, and 2,384 of the female sex.

The total number of baptized Christians in the present state of the Mission amounts to 127,839, a very creditable result indeed, and the more so when we consider that in 1847 it reckoned but 60,963 converts. In the space of sixty years the number of Christians has therefore more than doubled. Inquirers attain the very considerable figure of 52,000, one section furnishing alone nearly 20,000.

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions:

For Indian Missions	$1 00
For Negro Missions	1 00
For Peter's Pence	1 00

Contributed by W. H. M., San Antonio, Tex.

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The Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs

Auriesville, New York

The following account of this Shrine, on the site of the tortures, labors and death for the faith of some of the first missionaries to the Mohawk Indians and their neophytes in the territory now comprised in the State of New York, is compiled from the "Annals of the Shrine," published in THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS since January, 1885, and from our correspondence with the many friends of the Shrine during this period. —EDITOR.

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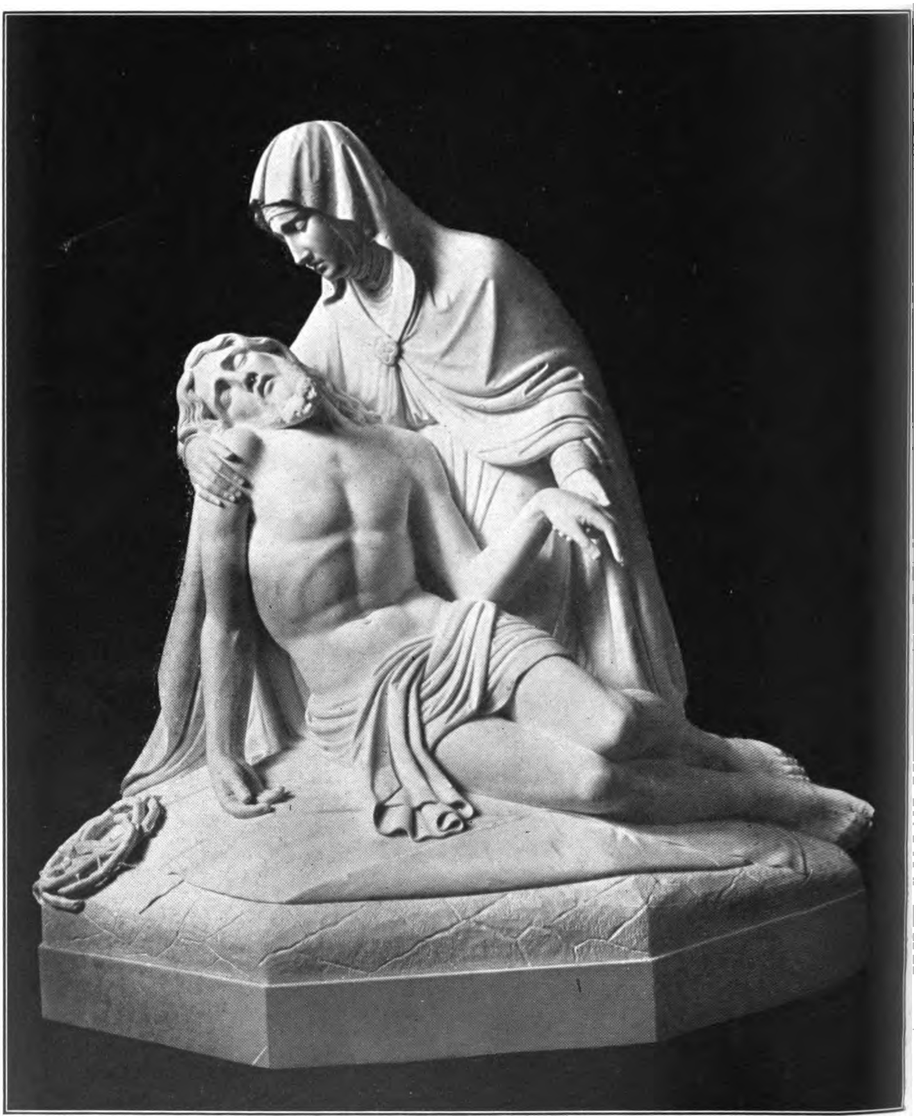

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

After the design of Achterman, in the Münster Cathedral.

The new statue for the Shrine at Auriesville is carved after the same model even more closely than the statue represented above.

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SPECIAL NUMBER

OF

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. AUGUST, 1902. No. 8.

AURIESVILLE.

On Sunday, August 24, there will be a remarkable ceremony at Auriesville, New York. There, on the hilltop overlooking one of the beautiful scenes of the Mohawk Valley, in a fane gleaming white under the sun, a statue representing in marble the figure of Christ departed, resting on the knee of His mother, will be unveiled and blessed, and near by a massive crown of thorns in gold and precious gems will be placed as the votive offering of hearts to which this Pietà, as the group is called, is the most perfect expression of motherly piety.

The place is famous for historical and sacred associations, which this ceremony in veneration of the Mother of Sorrows will fittingly commemorate. It was, in 1642, the scene of the torture, captivity and labors of the first missionary to the Mohawk Indians, Isaac Jogues, the death and burial place of his companion, Rene Goupil, and the birthplace of the Indian maiden, Kateri Tegakwitha, who lived so innocently among this savage people as to deserve the name "Lily of the Mohawks." It was the scene of the torture of Bressani, another missionary, in 1644; of the death of Father Jogues, in 1646, and, a year later, of several Indian Christian neophytes. The first of a series of fourteen missions established among the Indians along the Mohawk Valley, it was opened on the Feast of the Holy Trinity in June, 1646, under that august title, by the one whose own sufferings and death on the spot deserved for it even then the name by which it is still most commonly known: the "Mission of the Martyrs." (1)

(1) Isaac Jogues, Life, pages 186, 189.

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Auriesville is a station on the West Shore Railroad about forty miles west of Albany, and fifty east of Utica. Fonda, the Montgomery county seat, is the nearest town of importance. About four miles up the Mohawk River is a New York Central Railroad station, at which most of the express trains stop. The village had different Indian as well as Christian names. Ossernenon (Osserion, Oneongioure) it was called when Jogues was brought there first, August 14, the eve of the Assumption, 1642. Auries, too, is an Indian name taken from the last of the race known to have lived where the village now stands. Its chief point of interest is the site which was once a mission, but which is now a shrine; for where Jogues and Goupil and many Christian Indians suffered torture and death for the faith a shrine now stands erected to their memory, but dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs, until such time as we may be permitted to venerate them as saints and dedicate a temple in their honor.

It was under a title like this that Our Lady was first venerated in the Mohawk Valley. At least, the meaning attached to the name of her first statue which was brought to the Mohawks when their village was at St. Peter's, above Fonda, was "Virgin Faithful," Notre Dame de Foye, though "Foye" would seem to have been the name of a town near Dinant where she was specially honored, and whence also statues similar to the statue venerated there were sent to many places in Europe and to the missions in America. At any rate, it was suggestive of the fidelity of Our Lady in life and in death, not only to her Divine Son, but to all her clients; and the missionaries had good reason to be grateful for the fervor manifested by the Indians on the advent of this statue. In 1676 Father Bruyas wrote in the Relations:
"Since we have this precious treasure in our possession, the church of the Mohawks has completely changed its appearance. The old Christians have regained their fervor, and the number of the new goes on increasing day by day."

A tribute altogether similar to this might be paid to the many devout people who visit Auriesville in pilgrimage. Since the simple shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs was erected there in 1885, every year has witnessed an increase in the number and extent of the pilgrimages made thither, and not the least, nay the chief, attraction there has been the Pietà, simple and inartistic though it be, which represents the Mother of Christ in the climax of her sorrows. It was this that led the pious originator of the crown

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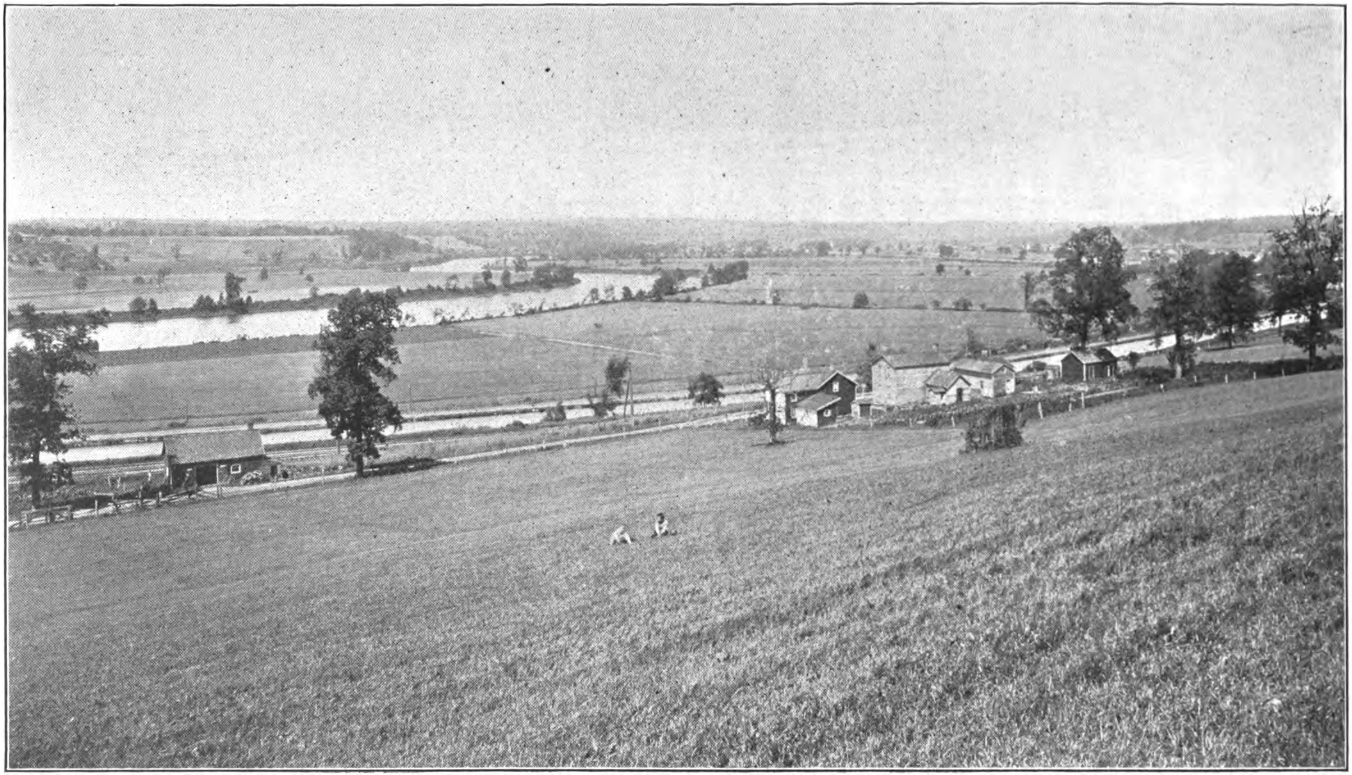

VIEW OF THE VALLEY FROM THE HILLSIDE.

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to contribute for it the first bits of gold, and it is this that has induced us to provide for the shrine a statue worthy in every way of the traditions and beauty of the place as well as of the devotion of the donors.

On Sunday, August 24, then, this statue will be blessed by the Right Rev. Bishop Thomas M. A. Burke, D.D., of Albany, in the presence of pilgrims assembled from every part of the Mohawk Valley and the adjacent country, as well as from more distant cities. The statue is after the design of Achterman in the Cathedral at Münster. It represents Our Lady bending over her Son's body reposing in death. One knee on the ground, with the other she is supporting her precious burden. The group is perfect, the central figure of our Lord attracting the gaze of the spectator only to direct it to the form of the Mother, in whose sad features one reads unerringly the meaning of the statue. Placed over an altar erected on the brow of the hill within an octagonal colonnade, it overlooks a scene of surpassing beauty, recalling the words of DeVere :

The Saviour from the Cross they took;
  Across His mother's knee He lies;
She wept not, but a little shook
  As with dead hand she closed dead eyes.

* * * * * * * *

The Saviour from the Cross they took;
  Across His mother's knee He lay,
O passers by, be still and look!
  That twain compose one Cross for aye.

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The Story of the Crown.

One of the most touching and beautiful features of the devotion paid to Our Lady of Martyrs in her Shrine at Auriesville, has been the spirit of pious emulation manifested by Catholics throughout the country, in their efforts to make a crown worthy of her statue. To this end her clients have contributed their jewels—many of them treasured heirlooms, associated with all that is holiest, dearest and tenderest in life, as pathetic letters, accompanying the gifts, attest.

Fused, as this is, of metals, precious intrinsically, but infinitely more precious for the sacred memories they represent to the donors, the crown of the Queen of Martyrs will be aptly and uniquely symbolical of the love and self-sacrifice of her children and subjects. The very pathos of tragedy breathes through these letters, every one telling its own tale—some of grateful thanksgiving for favors received, some of trustful petition for favors hoped for, others of pure zeal for our Lady's honor and glory—all of fervent devotion to the Queen of America's glorious martyrs. The donated jewels suggest and represent every epoch of life, every dream and hope and aspiration of the human heart, from the young graduate's medal of honor to the engagement and wedding ring of maid and wife, the birthday gift of brother or sister or friend, the death-bed legacy of father or mother. "Dear Reverend Father," wrote the lady who originated the project of this coronation, "to-day I send you four medals, the offering of my sons to the shrine at Auriesville. I hope they may be the beginning of a crown for the statue of Our Blessed Lady of Martyrs. Two of the medals are given in honor of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, and the other two in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

This was the beginning, and so rapidly did offerings of gold for this purpose flow in that it was necessary to limit the time for receiving them to a few months. Later on, as the plan for the crown assumed larger proportions, other contributions were received, with the understanding that whatever could not be used for the crown would go to make a chalice. "I have a five-dollar gold piece, dated 1853," wrote a person from Northfield, Vt. "It belonged to my mother, who died in 1868. She gave it to my sister, who let my brother have it, and he kept it until his death in 1890, when he left it to me together with his watch

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chain, to which it is attached. I value it very highly for its associations, but will give it for our Lady's crown, if it will be accepted."

Another person writes from Syracuse, N. Y.: "With this note you will find a ring for our Lady's crown. The ring is very precious to me for three reasons: it was the first piece of jewelry I ever wore; it is my graduating ring, and, greatest of all, it was a gift from my father, now dead. If it may form a part of that crown how much more precious it will be!"

Yet another writes from Tremont, N. Y.: "I send this pin as a donation for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, for a special favor." While a poor Irish girl writes pathetically: "You will find in this package one gold sovereign. It is the only thing I had to remember old Erin by, but I am glad to send it to our Lady's crown." In like strain is the following: "I send you two rings to be used for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs. One was a present from a sister who has since died. The other is made from a piece of gold I brought from my home in the Green Isle. I send them in honor of Our Lady, Refuge of Sinners, that she may obtain the grace of a happy death for a poor exile of Erin."

A widow writes from Chicago: "I send the enclosed earrings, a gift from a loving husband, now dead. I wish them to be used in the crown of our Lady at Auriesville, in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, from whom I have received many favors, and for the reform of two young men, who are the cause of great trouble to their parents."

There are some things that money cannot buy—things that suggest "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Just such things are the priceless heirlooms of maiden and widow and wife, of orphaned childhood and bereaved parents—the trinkets of love and affection—the ring, the necklace, the bracelet, the earring, the pin, the brooch, hallowed by sacred association; yet they have been ungrudgingly given to crown our Lady's statue. What a crown that will be! How much of human pathos and human tragedy it will represent! How many tears and heart-pangs, how much of suffering and self-surrender it will symbolize, all laid in loving homage at the feet of her who was the Mother of Sorrows and is the Queen of Martyrs!

So the touching letters continue: "I send my wedding ring as an offering for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs. It is a

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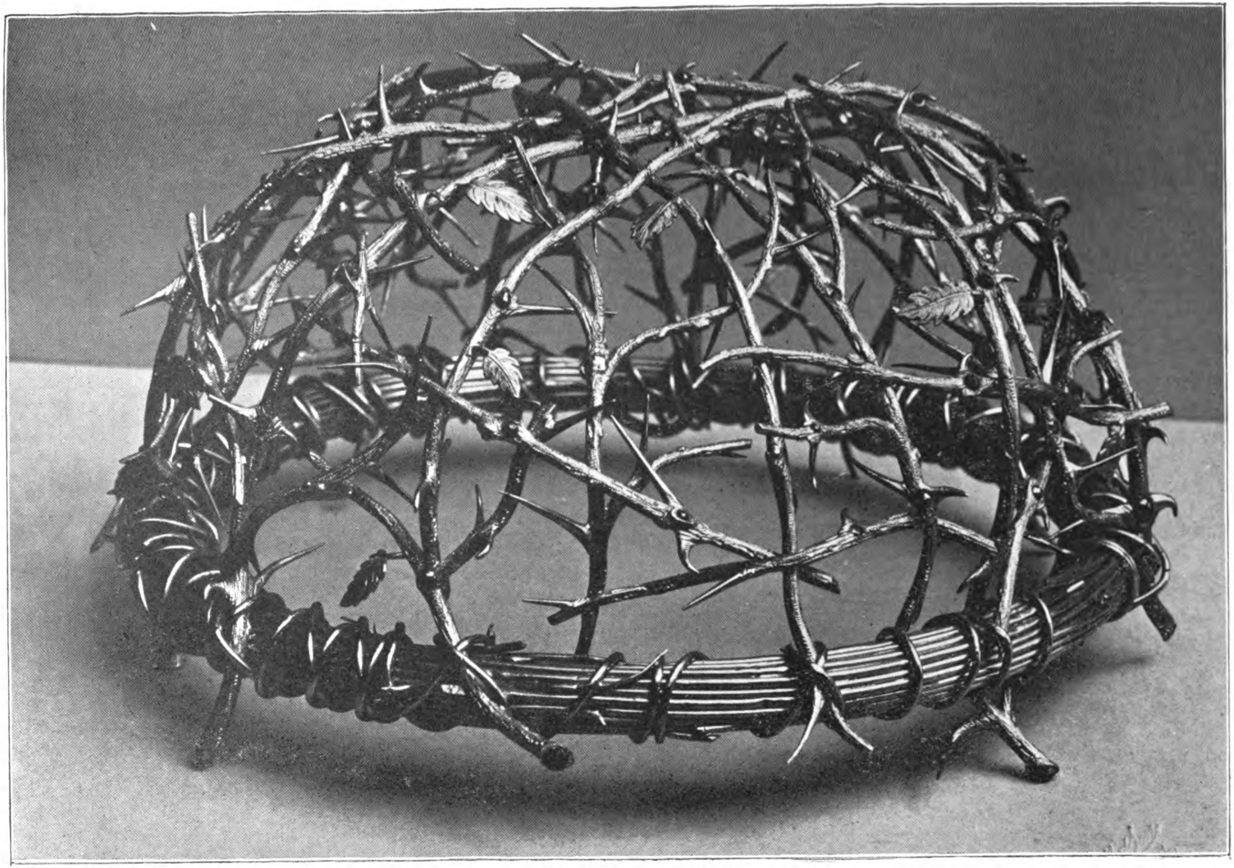

THE CROWN OF THORNS IN GOLD, SHOWING ONE-HALF THE DIMENSIONS.

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token of gratitude to our Lady for a great favor she conferred upon my dead husband."

"Enclosed are a few grains of gold for the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs," writes a Western miner. "While suffering acutely from a severe disease the words 'Promise and be made well!' came into my mind. I did so, and in about an hour I felt well, without the aid of medicine. The Blessed Mother has granted me many favors, and I feel that she desires me to make this offering."

"I send you two little diamond rings which I ask you to put in the crown of Our Lady of Martyrs. One belonged to my deceased sister; the other is my own. I wish I could send more, but I trust our Lady will accept even these small gifts."

From Philadelphia came jewelry with the accompanying note: "The much-worn ring is my great-great-grandmother's wedding ring, which was and still is regarded as a relic, as it was only a short time before her marriage that she became a saintly Catholic."

Men that go down to the sea in ships are not proverbially pious, but what a lesson is taught in the following note: "I am a captain of a vessel on the Great Lakes, and I belong to the League of the Sacred Heart. I enclose you five dollars in honor of the Sacred Heart, that Almighty God may give me the grace to spend all my life without sin."

Offerings and donations in money were frequent. They came in sums ranging from one hundred dollars to fifty cents, in almost all cases in thanksgiving for graces obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Martyrs and the martyrs of Auriesville—"in thanksgiving for favors obtained through the intercession of Father Jogues," being a not unusual explanation.

A ring with a history came from St. Louis, to be, in the crown of our Lady, a perpetual petition for spiritual favors for the Protestant friends of the donor. She writes: "I send my wedding ring, given to me in 1864 at my marriage by a Baptist minister, we all being Baptists then. The ring has a history. It was first a handsome string of solid gold beads belonging for years to my grandmother, a saintly woman. At her death they passed to my mother. Not being then fashionable, they were laid away, but my sister, roguishly, with a playmate, came upon them in a drawer and innocently ate them, to my mother's dismay. She managed to recover some of them and afterwards gave them to

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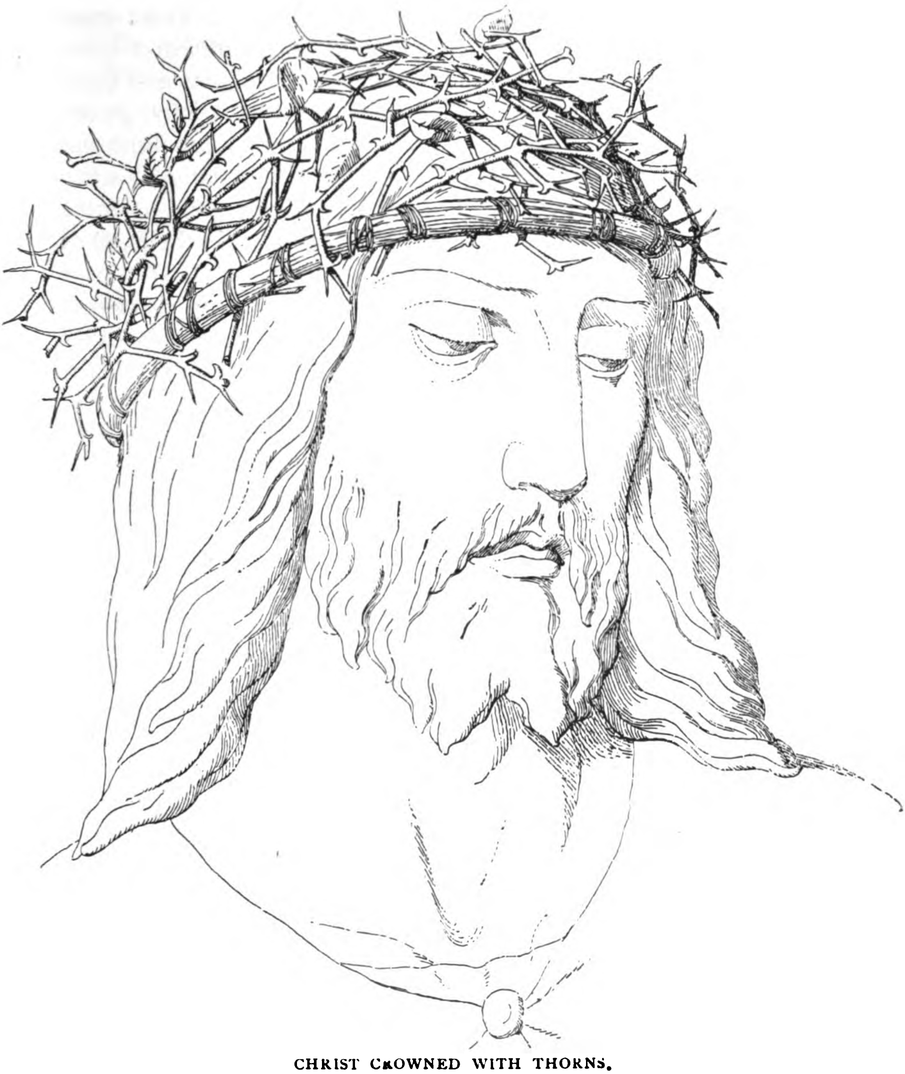

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.
After the model of Rohault de Fleury.

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me for my wedding ring; but I, young and foolish, got a friend to make it up nearly pure, with insufficient alloy. Hence it is much worn, but I hope what is left may be a share for me in that beautiful crown of our Lady. I became a Catholic some six years ago and love my beautiful faith daily more and more. We were all brought up very bigoted against Catholics and hated them with deep hatred—brought up exceedingly strictly, as my parents understood God's Word; but so absolutely ignorant was I of what Catholic belief is, that I was utterly astonished when I learned the true belief, having been taught to regard it as the antithesis of Christ's teachings. May I be a means in the hand of God to bring others to a knowledge of the truth!"

Thus the offerings record favors, spiritual and temporal, granted through Mary's intercession—death-bed conversions, returns to lives of religious duty, conversions of the indifferent, the apostate, the intemperate; light in difficulty; heavenly counsel in doubt; solace in sorrow and affliction; vocations to religious life; success in business affairs; miraculous cures of sickness and disease; protection in deadly peril; reconciliations of the estranged. So, too, the petitions for graces cover every possible spiritual and temporal phase of life. But what a record of faith, often pathetic in its childlike simplicity, these petitions are!

"Holy Mother!" writes a poor invalid from Philadelphia, directly addressing the Queen of Martyrs, "enclosed you will find a small donation for your crown, for the cure of a helpless arm. Sweet mother, as you brought the King into the world to redeem and save us, you may hear my prayer and grant my petition."

So runs this record of love to our Lady and faith in her intercession. But we will close it with one more quotation from the annals of the poor, assuredly not a monument of etymology, but a lesson of faith and hope and living devotion as eloquent, as beautiful and as edifying as it is touching in its evidence of womanly love and tender human devotion to God's afflicted and erring ones. "You will find enclosed $10 for our Lady's crown. I own no jewelry nor precious stones, but I send my earnings for my brother and myself. He is an invalid and I am a poor washwoman. I hope it may be acceptable to our Lady for my poor brother, Michael, for all intemperate persons, and especially for twenty such."

Now to help our readers form some image of the crown of thorns destined for the Pietà at Auriesville, we repeat here the

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following extract from the *Messenger of The Sacred Heart* for March, 1897, from an article on the "Instruments of the Passion," based on the researches of the eminent archæologist, Rohault de Fleury:

"The soldiers, platting a crown of thorns, put it on His head.

"We are accustomed to think of the crown of thorns as a mere circlet resting on the temples, whereas it was, in all probability, a sort of cap, covering the whole top of the head, and inflicting intense pain at every point of the skull. Judging from the relics extant, it was composed of two sorts of plants. There was a large wreath of reeds, bound together by filaments of reed, which served as a frame. So large was it that of itself it would have slipped down from the head to the shoulders. The reason of its size was that the thorns were interwoven and inserted into the wreath of reeds, thus diminishing its inner diameter. So horrible was the torment which this cruel cap of thorns inflicted that the early Christians could not bear to represent it in its awful reality, and so only expressed it by emblems. Thus, in a bas-relief in the Lateran Museum, a soldier is seen respectfully placing a crown of roses and laurel on the head of our Lord. Perhaps, too, this is the reason why, in Christian art, the crown of thorns is rather suggested than depicted as it really was—an instrument of fiendish torture.

"This explanation of the forming of the crown removes what was formerly considered a great difficulty—how to account for the reedy circlet preserved at Notre Dame in Paris and the numerous thorns treasured in various places. The combination solves the difficulty satisfactorily."

We hope to have inserted in the gold a relic of the Crown of Thorns.

The Chalice.

The new chalice is a very handsome piece of work of solid gold set with precious stones. About the cup is a band of seraph beads surmounted by a row of diamonds, a row of pearls underneath. Precious stones adorn the stem and knob, and the base is profusely covered with them—sapphires, diamonds, rubies, emeralds and garnets. To designate the object of the chalice as an *ex voto* a medallion of Our Lady of Sorrows is inserted in the base. Thirty ounces of gold give the chalice the massive appearance this work and ornamentation require.

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Captivity and Death of Father Jogues.

In the year of our Lord 1642, Isaac Jogues was led to Auriesville, then known as Ossernenon, as a captive of the Mohawks, one of the Five Nations of Iroquois Indians, who lived in the Mohawk Valley. He was a missionary of the Society of Jesus, only thirty-five years old, but he had already proved himself a competent and intrepid apostle among the Hurons and Ottawas, and it was while leading an expedition of the former back to their own country that he was captured by the Mohawks at Lake St. Peter, above Three Rivers, along with René Goupil and William Couture, two young Frenchmen, who had given their services to the missions; Joseph Theondechoren, Eustace Ahasistari and his nephew; Stephen Totiri, and Paul Ononchoraton. Of these Paul was put to death at Ossernenon, Stephen at Andagaron, and Eustace and his nephew at Tionnontoguen. When they were seized the missionary's first thought was to baptize the pilot of his canoe, who was still a catechumen. He might have escaped himself, but "how," he wrote, "could I abandon the captives, many of whom were not baptized?" He had the happiness of regenerating all who were unbaptized. By encouraging Goupil and Couture he aroused the rage of the savages. They rushed upon him, stripped him, beat him with clubs, bit his fingers, tore out his nails with their teeth, and crushed the bones of his forefingers.

The victims were then thrown into canoes. The captors amused themselves by irritating the undressed wounds of the captives. On land they were treated like beasts of burden. At night they were bound to stakes and exposed to the bites of innumerable insects. After eight days they met a band of warriors. Indian custom required all prisoners to pass between a double row of executioners armed with clubs. At the end of the line, half dead from the blows, the victims were placed on a platform for fresh tortures. They beat Father Jogues about the head and body, burned one of his fingers, and crushed another with their teeth. The next day they started again. Four days' journey still remained. Whenever they met with warriors the same fearful tortures ensued. On the eve of the Assumption they

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reached Ossernenon, now Auriesville. "I had always thought," wrote the servant of God, "that this day of great joy in heaven would be for us a day of suffering, and I thanked Jesus, my Saviour, for the joys of heaven are only purchased by sharing His sufferings." On a platform erected on the hilltop the captives were subjected anew to all these excruciating tortures. At

FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S.J.,
From portrait in the private chapel of Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, Albany, N. Y.

night the children amused themselves in torturing the captives. Among other torments Father Jogues was hung up by the arms from the beams of a hut. After a quarter of an hour of agony, a strange Indian cut the cords and released the poor victim, who else would have died. A year after, Father Jogues in a distant village found a dying man. The poor savage at once said: "Don't

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you recognize me, Ondesonk? Don't you remember the man who cut the cords? It is I." Father Jogues, known as Ondesonk by the Hurons, was overpowered with joy, and hastened to prepare his liberator for baptism and heaven.

From Ossernenon to Andagaron, a village eight miles west, and from there to Tionnontoguen, about as far away again, they were all led, suffering the same tortures on the march and at each station. Father Jogues had the consolation of baptizing at Tionnontoguen four Huron captives condemned to be burned. He himself was destined for the same fate at Andagaron, but was handed over as a slave to a family which had lost a member in war. René Goupil was a slave in the same village. This angelic young man was soon after put to death for making the sign of the cross on a child's forehead. Father Jogues thought his time had come. But his martyrdom for the present was to be a slave. Wherever he went he carved the Holy Name and a cross on the trees. Again his life was menaced. Again the execution was deferred, and in his place ten Abenaki prisoners were burned. He had the happiness of baptizing all of them. Several efforts had been made to ransom the captive. He, however, showed no inclination for it. He was willing to live and die on the cross "to which the Lord had nailed him." He saw in his captivity God's way of effecting an entrance for the faith into this country. In one year he had baptized seventy persons belonging to five different nations. Thus had he scattered the good seed which later on would yield an abundant harvest.

In August, 1643, Father Jogues was on a fishing expedition with his masters on the bank of the Hudson. On his way back to Ossernenon he passed through the Dutch post of Rensselaerswyck. The Governor had certain information that the Iroquois intended to put their captive to death. He, therefore, begged the Father to escape on a vessel about to start for Europe. The saintly man spent a whole night in meditating upon what choice he should make. Deciding that he was useless for souls in the present state of affairs, he accepted the offer. His escape was discovered before the ship sailed. So enraged were the savages that they threatened to sack the settlement. Father Jogues came forth from his hiding place willing to surrender himself, but the Dutch paid a ransom of sixty dollars and the rage of the Indians somewhat subsided. In the meanwhile the ship sailed away without him. For six weeks Father Jogues lay hidden in a barn to

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which the savages had access. Finally, towards the middle of October, he effected his escape. While passing through New Amsterdam, now New York, he met an Irishman who profited by the occasion to go to confession. Thus the Father was probably the first priest to exercise the priestly ministry on the island of Manhattan.

He reached France on Christmas Day, and was received by his brethren in religion with reverence and joy. The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, summoned him to Paris, treated him with the greatest honor ,and wept when she saw his mangled hands.

The more he was honored, the more he humbled himself. His heart was with the poor savages and he earnestly entreated his superiors to send him back to Canada. His prayer was granted, and, in the spring of 1644, he embarked at La Rochelle for Quebec. His first office, on reaching his destination, was that of ambassador of France to the Iroquois. The embassy was successful, thanks to the Father's eloquence and generous presents. He profited by the opportunity to visit and absolve many Christian prisoners. He also baptized several children in danger of death. He then returned to Quebec.

Three months later he started for the country of the Iroquois, who were now supposed to be at peace with the French. "My heart tells me," he wrote, "that if I have the happiness to be employed in this mission, I shall go, but shall not return; but I shall be happy if our Lord will complete the sacrifice there where He began it, and that the little blood I have already shed on that earth shall be the first fruits of that which I shall give from all the veins of my body and heart. Farewell, beg our Lord to unite me to Him, never to be separated."

The holocaust was accepted. The fury of the fickle Indians was once more inflamed. The French were blamed for all their misery. War was declared. Warriors took the warpath on October 15. Father Jogues fell into the hands of one of the bands. He imagined them to be allies, but the bonds with which he was bound and the harsh treatment he underwent soon undeceived him. Two days later he reached Ossernenon, where he had before spent thirteen months of captivity. Here the barbarous reception he knew so well awaited him. He was savagely beaten. A wretch tore out pieces of flesh from his arms and shoulders and devoured them before his victim's eyes, saying, "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of a manitou" (god).

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"No," replied the victim, "I am only a man like you; but I don't fear death. But why do you kill me? I have come to confirm peace and to lead you to heaven, and you treat me like a wild beast. Fear the punishment of the Great Spirit."

Opinions were divided. The two powerful families of the Wolf and the Turtle wished to save the captives at any cost; those of the Bear and the Beaver clamored for his blood to appease the Sun God, Agreskoui, whom he had offended. A general council was convoked at Tionnontoguen. It was decided to free the prisoners. But when the delegates brought the news to Ossernenon, it was too late. On a pole of the palisade hung the bleeding head of Father Jogues, who had been struck with a tomahawk and then beheaded, as he was entering a cabin for a banquet to which he had been treacherously invited; his body was thrown into the river. This was on the evening of October 18, 1646; the next day his companions, Lalande and a Huron Indian, met the same fate. The last wish of the martyr had been granted: "The Lord had united him to Himself, never to be separated."

We call him martyr, not that he has been so proclaimed by the Church, but simply repeating the words of Pope Urban VIII., when permission had been asked for the apostle of the Iroquois to offer the Holy Sacrifice in spite of the mutilation of his hands. The Pontiff replied, "*Indignum esset Christi martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem.*" "It would never do to deprive Christ's martyr of drinking Christ's blood." And so he accorded the permission with this glorious eulogy even before the last shedding of the blood.

The ground whereon he poured his precious veins
  Not fruitless aye nor fallow, Lord, shall be;
Such field made fertile by such heavenly rains
  Shall blossom yet for Thee.

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Death of Rene Goupil.

In the month of September, 1642, Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil were captives of the Iroquois at Ossernenon, now Auriesville. The attitude of the Indians towards them was hostile. Father Jogues resolved to prepare his companion and himself for death. He invited René to go with him one evening to a little hill about a gunshot from the village. There they fell upon their knees and prayed together for a while.

When they were returning, they were stopped by two young savages. One of them said to Father Jogues: "Go ahead." To René he said: "Stand still." Both obeyed. Hardly had the Father taken five or six steps, when he heard a voice behind him. He looked back and saw poor René struck to the earth by a blow from an axe, by which one of these two savages had broken his head. At the same time he heard his dear companion utter the Holy Name of Jesus as he breathed his last. This was the agreement they had made, to have the Holy Name frequently on their lips and to try to say it at the hour of death.

Father Jogues expected a similar favor for himself and knelt down, took off his cap and prayed. Then quite fearless he said to the Indians: "Do as you please with me."

"No," replied one of them, "I only wanted that fellow there. Get up."

The Father arose and went to embrace the body of his dear companion. The savages separated them and dealt the dead body two more blows with the axe, lest some spark of life might still remain in it.

Not satisfied with this, they took the corpse, bound it with ropes, dragged it through the street of the village, and then threw it into an out-of-the-way place.

"The death of this blessed martyr," says Father Buteux, "occurred September 29. I have called him blessed martyr, for besides my belief that the opinion of many theologians is true, which holds that they are martyrs who die a violent death in this country where they are solely for the conversion of the savages, there is still another reason why René should be considered a martyr, which Father Jogues learned afterwards. It is that this good young man, out of zeal to contribute something to the spiritual welfare of the savages, was in the habit of frequently making the sign of the cross on the little children. A certain old

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man noticed this and would not suffer him to make this sacred sign on his grandson. Becoming angry he said aloud to his nephew who was present: 'What is that dog there doing to that child? The Dutch tell us that it is no good and he doubtless wants to kill my grandson. Go, nephew, and kill this dog for me.' Soon after, this very nephew executed the command and killed poor René."

Although Father Jogues envied the happy lot of René, his dear companion, and had every reason to rejoice at seeing God glorified by so beautiful a death, yet he could not help feeling great interior anguish at finding himself alone among the savages, and at his inability to render the last offices to one whom he loved so tenderly.

When he had returned to his cabin, they watched to see how he would behave. They even felt the beating of his heart to see how he was affected. They forbade him to go out for fear that some other young rascals would break his head, as they had resolved to do. None of these things astonished him. On the contrary, he believed that it was a fine chance which God gave him, to die like those who exposed their lives and shed their blood when seeking and honoring the relics of the holy martyrs.

He believed that this would certainly be the last day of his life, for a certain Huron, who had given him a pair of shoes, asked for them again, saying that he would soon have no further need of them. He willingly gave them back. While this was going on, an impudent young Iroquois entered the cabin and invited the Father to go with him to another village. The look of the young fellow bespoke his evil intentions. The Father replied that he was not his own master, but that if the one who had the say in the matter agreed to it, he was quite ready to go. The would-be murderer had nothing to answer, but did not give up his murderous design. He disclosed it to another old man, who dissuaded him, and told the Father's guardian not to let him go out alone. This was promised. Accordingly, the Father had two young men to escort him to the place to which he was going. He searched for the body, which he found naked in a little brook.

All that he could then do was to cover it with some large stones which he found near the place, hoping that the next day he could come with a pick-axe to dig a grave in which to inter the body. This, indeed, he tried to do on the morrow, but without success; for all night long the rain had poured down, so

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swelling the brook that it had become a torrent, and had carried away the body, so that the next morning the Father could see neither body nor stones, for the water had covered everything. Thinking that the body might still be where he had laid it, he plunged into the torrent at that spot, but could find nothing either there or in the neighborhood. "Oh what sighs I heaved, what tears I shed," he wrote later, "to mingle with the waters of the torrent, while I chanted to Thee, O my God, the psalms of the holy Church in the Office of the Dead."

RENÉ GOUPIL.

The loss of so dear a treasure brought to his eyes tears which mingled with the waters of the stream, and afflicted him much more than the cold and rain which chilled his body. Up and down he went sounding the bed of the torrent with his feet and a stick, still hoping to recover the body. But God withheld this consolation until the coming spring, when he learned from some young children that the body of the Frenchman was in a brook near a little thicket. Thither he betook himself. He searched for a long time and at last found the bones. He reverently collected them, kissed them and hid them in the earth, hoping to bring them with him some day "as a great treasure to a consecrated Christian land."

"This angel of innocence and martyr of Jesus Christ," says Father Jogues, "was immolated in his thirty-fifth year, for Him who had given His life for his ransom. He had consecrated his soul and his heart to God, his hand, his very life, to the welfare of the poor Indians."

With good reason is the Cause of René combined with that of Father Jogues. In his early days he entered the Jesuit noviceship in Paris, but was obliged to leave it on account of poor health. Skilled in surgery, he resolved to devote his talents freely to the service of the Society's Canadian missionaries, and in this capacity, as a *donné* of the Fathers, he met his death, not, however, before making his vows of devotion as a Jesuit, with the consent of Father Jogues.

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Catherine Tegakwitha.

Catherine, or Kateri, as she was called, was born in 1656 in the Indian village of Ossernenon, in the Iroquois territory, on the banks of the Mohawk River. She was the daughter of a Mohawk chief. Her mother, a Christian Algonquin, had been reared in the French settlement of Three Rivers. Taken captive by the Iroquois, she became the wife of one of their braves who had saved her from torture.

When Kateri was four years old her father, mother and little brother died of smallpox, and she herself bore the marks of the disease.

The little orphan was adopted by an uncle, and she grew up to be a treasure to the household. She was not proof to the love of finery, and in after years she bewailed, as the one sin of her innocent life, that she had taken pleasure in such fooolish things.

Her uncle tried several times to induce her to marry, and even resorted to strategy to effect his wish. But Kateri was firm in her refusal. This brought down upon her harsh treatment. Thenceforth she was treated rather as a servant than a daughter. They jeered at her disfigured features and defective sight—the result of smallpox—but she bore it all so patiently that they desisted.

When she was eighteen years old, some Jesuit missionaries visited her village, which in 1667 had beeen removed to the hills beyond Fonda overlooking Cayadutta Creek. Kateri, by the innocence of her life, was well prepared to receive the truth, so that after a careful instruction, she was baptized by Father de Lamberville on Easter Sunday, 1675. She received the name of Catharine, and her modest bearing and angelic piety made a deep impression on the crowd of Indians who witnessed the solemn rite.

Her delight was to be in the Mission Chapel, and more than ever she shunned the dances and disorderly gatherings of her people. This excited their anger. They accused her of idleness and even attacked her fair name. But her real virtue shone the more clearly for the notice attracted to her by the slanders.

The real cause of the offence was her refusal to marry; for, though by no means beautiful, she was a desirable match, as she excelled in needlework. But Kateri was steadfast. Her only desire was to advance in perfection. They feared that she would betake herself to the French settlement to escape persecution.

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They attempted to terrify her. One day a young savage rushed into her presence and brandishing a hatchet over her head, cried out: "Death, death! or give up thy faith, and swear never to leave this village." She bent her head, saying: "I give thee my life; my faith, never!"

CATHERINE TEGAKWITHA.
In St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie.
Design by Sibbel.

Under these circumstances she determined to take refuge at Sault St. Louis, where she met one who had known and loved her mother, Anastasia, one of the pillars of the Mission. This was a great help and comfort to her. She advanced rapidly in perfection, chiefly by the exalted idea she had formed of the majesty of God. She loved the services of the church.

On the Christmas day after her arrival she had the happiness to receive for the first time the Bread of Angels. So great was her fervor on this and similar occasions that people declared that to be near her served them as a preparation.

Once more false accusations were made, but not once did she turn upon her accusers. The originator of the slander afterwards performed voluntary penance for three years, and loudly proclaimed Kateri's saintliness. Again matrimony was proposed, but she answered that she had consecrated herself, body and soul, to her heavenly Spouse. He did not prolong her exile long. Her health failed. They recommended her to go to the forest to regain her strength, but she could not bring herself to starve her soul of its spiritual food for the sake of her body. So she remained in the Mission and suffered heroically, adding self-inflicted penances to share in the passion of her Saviour.

On Wednesday in Holy Week, in the year 1678, she passed away from earth. After death her face became like that of an

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angel: serene, pure, fair, without a trace of the disease that had marred it in life; all felt impelled to pray as they gazed upon her, stretched on her pallet apparently asleep. Every article that had belonged to her was treasured as a relic. Many are the favors related to have been granted by this pure and holy "Lily of the Mohawks," "the good Catharine," as those who knew her were wont to call her.

Her body was interred beside a little stream, at the foot of a tree, on which she had cut the figure of a cross, and before which she used to pray. After two hundred years her tomb is still a place of pilgrimage for tourists as well as for the members of her tribe, whose reservation is but a few miles away. There on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the late Father Walworth erected an urn-shaped monument to her memory and the cross beside it speaks the devotion of her life. To her intercession their pastor ascribes the constancy with which they adhere to the faith, and the marvellous favors granted to their prayers. Her Cause has been combined with that of Father Jogues, because she is the first distinguished fruit of his sufferings and death.

Annals of the Shrine, 1647–1700.

1647. A band of Algonquin Christians were tortured and slain, with unusual cruelty, from hatred of their *Prayer.*

1648-9-50.—The Mohawks took a principal part in the destruction of the Huron missions and massacres of the Jesuit priests, Daniel, Brébeuf, Lalemant and Garnier.

1650-1. Several leading Algonquin Christians were burned in the Mohawk villages, with added tortures for their faith: also a captive French woman, Catherine Boudart. Blind Monica and other native Christians kept the memory of the faith alive among the captives.

1653. Father Anthony Joseph Poncet captured and tortured; he exercised the ministry of a Catholic priest, ***for the first time in Albany,*** on a visit to that place, and was sent back to Canada by the *Black River* route.

1655-6-7. Flying missions, with visits to Albany, of Father Simon Lemoyne; at the same time a settled mission was attempted at Onondaga (near Syracuse), where the first chapel in the State was erected, with three sodalities of the Christians.

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In this and following years, many native Christians were captured and put to death, often with additional cruelties because of their faith; among others three sodalists, one the prefect of the Huron Sodality. French captives were also tortured. Catherine Tegakwita was born in 1656, of an Algonquin Christian mother, who was married in captivity to a Mohawk chief, but died before the baptism of her children.

1666. After an unsuccessful expedition of Courcelles, which reached Schenectady, the Marquis de Tracy, lieutenant-general of the French king, marched with the regiment Carignan-Salieres, famous in the wars against the Turks, into the country of the Mohawks and destroyed their villages. He was accompanied by two secular priests, MM. Cosson and du Bois, and by the Jesuit missionaries, Raffeix and Albanel, who celebrated Mass with Te Deum. The burning of the village was on the twentieth anniversary of Father Jogues' death.

1667. Founding of settled mission, called *St. Mary's,* though still retaining the old name of Mission of the Martyrs, by Fathers Frémin and Pierron. In the following years, arrival of Fathers Beschefer, Nicolas, and Boniface. The latter had charge of first village, now moved across river higher up and known as Gandaouagué (*Caughnawaga*)—*St. Peter's.*

1670. The Jesuit lay-brother Maigneret superintended building of churches in two villages. Fifteen leading Mohawk Christians went for Christian training to *Notre Dame de Foye,* near Quebec.

1673. Large bands of native Christians took refuge in the Canadian reservation (now Caughnawaga, near Montreal). Father Boniface died worn out, and Father Bruyas, general Superior of the Iroquois missions, now resided at the upper Mohawk Church (St. Mary's).

1675. Father James de Lamberville came for lower mission, bringing the venerated statue of Our Lady of Foye, devotion to which was inaugurated on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

1676. Easter Sunday, Father de Lamberville baptized *Catherine Tegakwita* in the church at St. Peter's. Kryn, the great Mohawk, led new bands of Christians to the Canadian reservation.

1677. Hot Ashes, one of the murderers of Father de Brébeuf in 1649, but now chief of the Oneida converts in Canada, helped

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Catherine Tegakwita to escape to the reservation near Montreal. Father Francis Vaillant de Gueslis, the last resident missionary, took charge of all the Mohawk missions. Before their destruction, Fathers John de Lamberville and de Carheil, the latter a companion of Petavius in learning when young, and afterwards labored here on the Iroquois and Ottawa missions for sixty years.

1680. Brother Maigneret again at work at church building.

1684. At the beginning of the year, all the missions were abandoned on account of the French and English war. Father Vaillant came to Albany in 1687, as French envoy, but was prevented from visiting his flock. The Mohawk Indians were henceforth under English influence, and those already Christians took refuge in Canada. There may afterwards have been a few flying visits from missionaries of the west; Catholic Indians from Canada continued trying to draw their countrymen to the faith by frequent visits as late as 1730.

After 1800, Canadian Iroquois *voyageurs* begin the Rocky Mountain Indian Missions by a journey to St. Louis in 1831, ask the Bishop for a Black-gown, a journey which resulted in the mission of De Smet.

Identification of the Site.

The heroism and holiness of these first missionaries have been always a theme for our historians. Bancroft, Sparks, Parkman, O'Callaghan and Shea have immortalized their courage and zeal for the civilization of the Indians of New France, in territory which is now comprised within Canada, Maine and New York State. Nor are Catholic writers alone in recommending the most distinguished of these missionaries to our veneration and gratitude. When the Reverend Joseph Loyzance, as Superior of the Jesuit Residence in Troy, New York, conceived the desire to discover the site of Jogue's captivity and death, he found his most competent and zealous adviser in General John S. Clark, of Auburn, New York, who had spent years in determining the sites and migrations of Indian tribes in New York and other States. Before 1880 Father Loyzance was of the opinion that Ossernenon, now Auriesville, had been situated at Tribes Hill, and ocasionally some of his assistant priests used to say mass in the church in that village on or about the anniversary of Father Jogue's death. In this view Dr. John Gilmary Shea concurred

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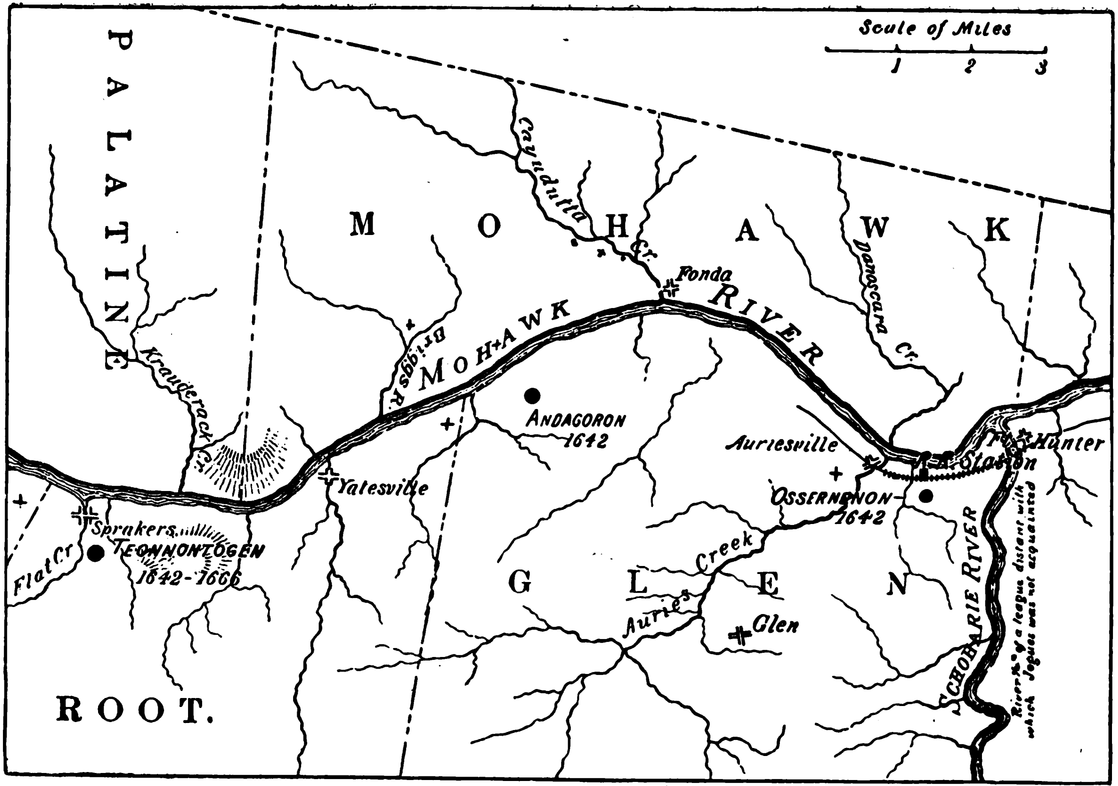

THE MOHAWK CASTLES, 1642.

with the reverend pastor. General Clark, on the other hand, was satisfied that all the Mohawk villages had been on the north side of the river, and he wrote to Dr. Shea to express this view on August 15, 1877. It is providential that the chief authorities in this matter had been thus committed to views which they would not be likely to change later on without the strongest evidence. Writing to Dr. Shea, February 15, 1880, General Clark expresses his conviction that the Mohawk villages between 1642 and 1673 were on the *south* side of the river. The evidence on which this conviction is based may be summed up as follows:

1. The three Mohawk villages, Ossernenon, Andagaron, and Tionnontoguen, from 1642 to their destruction by fire at the hands of the French in 1666, were certainly on the south bank of the Mohawk, and west of the Schoharie River (as is clear from the contemporary maps in Vanderdonck, the Relations, the Expedition of De Tracy, Jolliet's Map, etc., and from the letters of Fathers Jogues and Poncet). Louis Jolliet, who with Father Marquette explored the Mississippi River, and who was one of the best and most accurate hydrographers of his time, as his many maps show, left one on which Ossernenon is shown in the angle between the Mohawk and Schoharie rivers, where Auriesville railway station now is.

2. Father Jogues, in his account of the captivity and journey of himself and René Goupil to the villages in 1642, says: "We arrived at a small river distant about a quarter of a league from the first Iroquois village" (Relations, 1647, p. 22). A quarter of a French league was considerably less than three-quarters of a mile; the same distance is given in the MS. of 1652, taken from the lips of Father Jogues himself by his Superior, Father Buteux. In the account as given by Bressani, who had been a captive in the same place, the words are: "On the Eve of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, about three o'clock, we reached a river which flows by their first village; . . . both banks were filled with Iroquois, who received us with clubs, sticks and stones. They then led us to their village on the top of the hill." The MS. of 1652 says: "On the other side of this river were many Iroquois who were waiting for the prisoners." This locates the village south of the Mohawk on a hill a quarter of a league distant from the river.

3. In his account of the death of René, Father Jogues says: "They told me that the body had been dragged to a river a

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quarter of a league distant, with which I was not acquainted." This can only apply to the Schoharie, as the Mohawk was in plain view of the village, and Father Jogues must certainly have been thoroughly well acquainted with it at this time; whereas the Schoharie was separated from the village by the hills and woods between. The village then must have been on a hill at a point between the Mohawk and Schoharie rivers, about a quarter of a league distant from each. At this exact point, on the hill near Auriesville Station, is found abundant evidence of an Indian village. These two accounts alone taken together appear to be conclusive and unanswerable. The impossibility of locating it elsewhere is clear from the explanation formerly given of the two rivers by Dr. Shea, "Catholic Missions," note, p. 218. At this time (1854) it was commonly supposed that the villages were on the north bank of the Mohawk.)

4. In addition, several allusions to the topography are made by Father Jogues in the different accounts he gave of his captivity. From the river to the foot of the hill the bank was steep (MS. 1652; the word used is the old French *escors,* now written *ecore,* or, more commonly, *accore,* and still employed in naval engineering. It signifies, not cliff-like, but simply a strongly inclined ascent. The name is still given in Canada to a part of the banks of the mouth of the Ottawa, near St. Vincent de Paul, opposite Montreal Island. It exactly describes the condition of the ascent from the river beach to the plateau at the foot of the hill at Auriesville Station. Up this Father Jogues and the other captives were forced with a rush, pursued by sticks and stones; he said pathetically to Father Buteux, "We climbed up with great difficulty").

Near the village was a ravine. In the same MS. of 1642 is given the further detail in regard to the precise spot of the ravine where he found the body of René, that it was at the union of a small water-course with a rivulet. The ravine, as now existing, could not be more exactly described than by this and the other details given of it in the different accounts.

In all the accounts the hill of prayer, overlooking the village, is mentioned; the MS. of 1652 describes it as it still is—"a small hill, distant from the village a musket-shot."

5. Besides all this, the first village was at a known distance from Andagaron, the second castle; and this again a given dis-

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tance from Tionnontoguen, the third. Both of these are found at the precise points thus indicated.

To sum up, a few only of these details thus verified would render strongly probable the identification of the sites; the meeting of all in one spot places it beyond reasonable doubt; while the fact that no other spot of the carefully explored Mohawk Valley verifies any number of them taken together, as General Clark, from personal study of every site known by map, account, or tradition, declares positively, puts the matter beyond all possible doubt, or, in other words, gives the conclusion absolute certainty.

On the plateau the outline of the Indian town is still visible, and remains of Indian occupation have been constantly found there. The field in which are found the chief remains of the Indian village has recently been bought by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

All these circumstances, and the finding during the necessary researches of the necessary documents for taking up the Cause of Beatification, led to the presentation of the whole matter before the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in December, 1884. This resulted in a petition to the Holy Father, Leo XIII., for the formal introduction before the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Rome of the Cause of Beatification of the three servants of God, René Goupil and Father Isaac Jogues, both of the Society of Jesus, as Martyrs, and Catherine Tegakwita as Virgin. Since that time other important petitions of the same nature have also been sent to Rome, especially from various members of the venerable Canadian hierarchy, and from more than a score of different Indian nations, each in their own language. There are reasonable grounds for hoping that Providence will at length, by the authoritative voice of the head of His Church on earth, confirm those titles, and that religious veneration and confidence which all who have studied these holy lives have already in heart bestowed on these true servants of God.

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ANNALS OF THE SHRINE, 1884-1902.

1884. Purchase of the site of the village of Ossernenon, the scene of the death of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and the birthplace of Catherine Tegakwitha, a ten-acre field in the farm of Victor Putnam. The PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS announced as the organ of the shrine.

1885. Erection of memorial cross near entrance gate by Rev. J. F. X. Hourigan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Binghamton, New York. Chapel of Our Lady of Martyrs erected in July. First mass August 15, pilgrimage of 4,000 people from Troy, Albany and points in the neighborhood of Shrine; 1,500 received Holy Communion. Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., Provincial of the Society of Jesus, blessed the chapel and celebrated the mass; Rev. Augustus Langcake, S.J., preached at the mass, and later Father Wayrich. Publication of the *Life of Isaac Jogues* by Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

1886. Second great pilgrimage on August 15, 2,600 communicating. St. Joseph's German Catholic parish pilgrimage, September 20, Feast of the Sorrows of Our Lady.

1887. No organized pilgrimage, nor mass at the Shrine.

1888. Calvary erected in centre of field, life-size figure of Christ on huge cross, with figures of Our Lady and St. John beneath, and fourteen Crosses in circle as stations for Way of the Cross. August 12, pilgrimage from Troy for men, Very Rev. T. M. A. Burke, V.G., officiating; August 19, pilgrimage from Troy for women, 1,200 communicating.

1889. Pilgrimage from Philadelphia, forty in number, Fathers Buckley, S.J., and Currier preaching.

1890. Pilgrimage from Amsterdam August 15; from Troy August 17, communicants 1,700. Publication of the *Life and Times of Kateri Tegakwita,* by Ellen H. Walworth.

1892. Pilgrimages from Amsterdam, Philadelphia and New York, August 15.

1893. First donations for the crown for the statue of Our Lady. Gold and precious stones received in such abundance that limit was set to time for receiving it. First donation of vestments and altar ware. Project of new statue for crowning. Pilgrimages from Cohoes, Amsterdam, Little Falls, Troy.

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1894. Erection of open chapel for shelter of pilgrims during mass, instead of tents, used hitherto. Priest at Shrine all month of August. Pilgrimages from Amsterdam, Troy, Albany, Little Falls. First procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Purchase of strip of two acres on brow of hill. The first annual novena in preparation for Feast of the Assumption.

1895. Erection of sanctuary, sacristy and dwelling rooms back of chapel. Blessed Sacrament reserved. Pilgrimages as usual, especially August 15, 18, 25. Purchase of sixteen acres, including the Ravine. Planting of 500 trees; grounds fenced about.

1896. Two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. Grotto built in Ravine. Way of the Cross from Memorial Cross to Calvary. Bell of shrine blessed. Shrine manual, album and medal issued. Exhibition of Jogues and other documents by Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal. Pilgrimages numerous, one bringing 5,000 persons. Mass October 18, anniversary of Father Jogues. Death of Rev. D. McIncrow, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Amsterdam, New York, friend and patron of the Shrine from the beginning.

1897. Death of Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S.J., founder of the Shrine, and *The Pilgrim,* its organ. Stations in zinc; roads. Pilgrimages as usual.

1898. Confraternity of Our Lady of Sorrows, established at Auriesville. New altar. Pilgrimages earlier than usual, June 26. Shrine incorporated. Ravine damaged by storms. Decision to offer crown of thorns in gold as votive offering for a Pietá, instead of crowning a statue of Our Lady standing at foot of cross.

1899. Gold and jewels collected in 1893 sent to goldsmith for crown. Ravine repaired. House erected for priests attendant on Shrine. Pilgrimages as usual.

1900. Pilgrimages more numerous than ever.

1901. Hotel and surrounding property purchased for Shrine, four acres, and improved. Way of Cross extended down the hill. A Holy Sepulchre and statues of St. Joseph and St. Ignatius in Ravine. Pilgrimages as usual.

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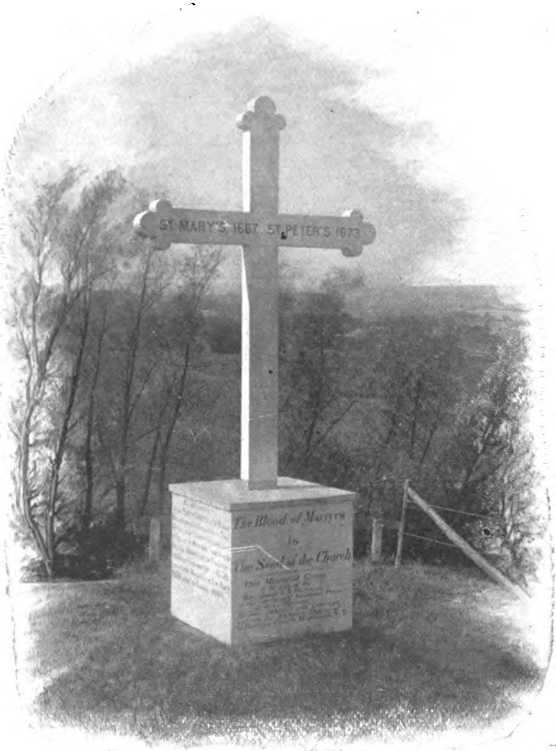
Auriesville and the Memory of Father Jogues and Companions.

This is the eighteenth year of the pilgrimages to Auriesville. The site on which the Shrine stands was purchased and made ready for the first pilgrimage in 1884, and every year since it has been frequented by pilgrims. Until 1895 the Feast of the Assumption and the Sunday within its Octave were the special days of pilgrimage. Since then the number of days and of pilgrimages has been increasing, and it has been necessary for one priest or more to be in attendance all during August, and during part, if not all, of July. This year the first pilgrimage was held on the last Sunday in June, as recorded in the July *Pilgrim,* from St. Joseph's parish, Cohoes, and a priest has been there since July 12, and one will remain there until September 8.

The question naturally suggests itself, What has been done at Auriesville the past eighteen years? What is there to show for the contributions and the labor devoted to the Shrine? When we put it altogether it seems very little, and, in truth, it is not a very great deal. In fact, nothing very great has been attempted. We have not, as yet, for instance, made any strenuous efforts to erect the permanent chapel or the house of retreats it was at first and is still proposed to erect.



THE MEMORIAL CROSS.

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there in good time. It is most desirable, no doubt, to have something permanent there, and to begin it very soon; but it should be remembered that the Shrine and the pilgrimages, important as they are in themselves, were not the principal object in view in erecting, improving and maintaining them. That object was the beatification of the servants of God, Father Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, who died there for the faith, and of Catherine Tegakwita, who was born there. This object has by no means been neglected, but the work done for it is not of such a nature that it can be estimated properly by any save by those who have to do it.

Although no formal steps have been taken for the Introduction of the Cause of Beatification of Father Jogues before the Holy See, from the very time of his death popular veneration made his religious brethren and superiors careful to secure authentic accounts of his saintly life, of his captivity, suffering and death, testimonies to his heroic virtues, and evidences of his intercession after death.

Unfortunately, the state of the missions in which they toiled, the arduous labors of all concerned, the distances separating them, the difficulties of communication in the regions in which Jogues and his companions died, the dispersion of the Jesuits prior to the French Revolution, and the subsequent scattering of their most precious documents here and in France—all these and

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

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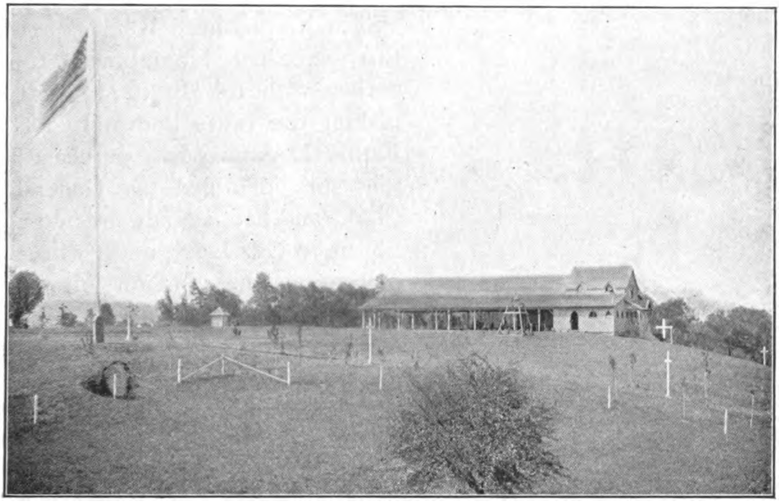

THE OPEN CHAPEL.

other causes prevented any formal attempt to have the Cause introduced at Rome. But for the learning and labor and great expenditure of time and money of the eminent historiographer, Felix Martin, S.J., it would be hopeless to think of attempting to prepare a process for the beatification of Father Jogues or any of the heroic missionaries who died as nobly in the same cause.

About eighteen years ago, the Rev. Joseph Loyzance, S.J., then Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, since departed, began the work of preparing for the process of the beatification of Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and Catherine Tegakwita. After he had enlisted the interests of thousands of Catholics, he petitioned the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, who petitioned the Holy See to act in the case. He was instructed to proceed in the ordinary manner, and founded the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, in order to make known the lives and virtues of the servants of God in question. By the aid of the eminent topographer, Gen. John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., he was able to identify the site upon which Father Jogues and René Goupil died, and upon which Catherine Tegakwita, the saintly Christian maiden, was born.

Meantime the late Dr. Gilmary Shea, whose life was, in a measure, one of devotion to Father Jogues, translated and published Father Martin's life of the saintly missionary, and, a few years later, Miss Ellen H. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y., pub-

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AT THE CALVARY.

lished her entertaining life of the Virgin Catherine. While these two excellent biographies, together with the PILGRIM, were making the cause known to all, Father Loyzance had purchased the site identified by General Clark, and had already erected a Shrine to Our Lady, under whose invocation the Mission of the Martyrs was first established, and, as early as 1884, he had instituted the pious pilgrimages which have been growing in number and fervor ever since, so much so that it is safe to say they would continue in our Lady's honor and in memory of her servants even if their cause should never be advanced.

To elevate a saint to the honors of the Church is not the exclusive work of the Sovereign Pontiff, but, in some measure, of every member of the Church of whatever degree. Bishops must aid in it by their judgment, priests by their pleading, all who can by their testimony, the rich by their alms, and the poor by their prayers. It is fortunate, then, that every Catholic in America can contribute to this great work, because the time, the labor, and expense required would far exceed what any individual or body of men could contribute. It is well known how rigid are the examinations demanded by the Holy See before any servant of God, of howsoever great a repute for sanctity, can even be proposed as worthy of beatification. Few, however, except those who are immediately employed in such work, can estimate what vast labor the entire process entails or estimate what it must cost.

To collect, authenticate, examine and copy the best documents bearing upon the case, scattered as they are in different libraries in Canada, France, Italy and the United States; to search out, verify and present for examination the correspondence and writings of the servants of God; to compile the various testimonies concerning them left us in books written by authors from their time down to our own; to collect the traditions that still exist as to their virtues, heroic deaths and powers of intercession with God; to meet the salaries of secretaries and their assistants in so many

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different places, the cost of translating, printing and publishing the various processes in various languages; the expenses of travel and the necessary fees of the Postulator for his advocate and their assistants—all this is only a summary of what must be done and expended in order to bring the cause to a successful issue. Then explorations must be made, at the sites thus far identified, for relics of any sort that may confirm even indirectly the truth of our documentary testimonies.

FORMERLY A CHAPEL, NOW USED FOR INDIAN RELICS.

The process of proving the heroic virtues of those who are proposed for beatification, the veneration in which they are held by the faithful, their martyrdom, as in the case of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and, if need be, their power of intercession by authenticated miracles, is not an easy nor brief one. In this case the preliminary steps are slower, because it has been decided to combine in one the processes of Fathers Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died in missions situated in what is still Canadian territory, since ultimately this will save the labor and expense of repeating the process.

The Rev. Arthur Jones, until lately Archivist of St. Mary's College, Montreal, has not been idle so far as his share of the

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work is concerned. Besides arranging the documents that pertain to the missionaries mentioned above in order in the vaults of the College, he has made a map of the early Huron Missions and identified some of the sites where they labored and died. His successor will continue his good work. We may therefore hope soon to put in form the material we have been gathering for some years, so as to present it to the Postulator and thus introduce the Cause which so many are praying for, especially when visiting Auriesville in pilgrimage.

The principal object in view in the purchase of the land at Auriesville and in the erection of the Shrine there has not been lost sight of; nor have we neglected the Shrine and the pilgrimages. Most of all, we have been fortunate enough to become possessors of the Ravine, a site quite as important as the hill site, as it is described so accurately as being the burial place of René Goupil, and the place has been preserved from destruction and beautified in a way that will begin to appear in another year. The Holy Sepulchre, the grotto of Our Lady and the statues of St. Joseph, St. Ignatius, already erected there, as well as one of the Sacred Heart which we hope to add to these, make it preeminently a place of our favorite devotions.

The Shrine grounds proper are not the fenceless sun-scorched fields they were when we purchased them. The improvements made there have been duly recorded in these pages, and need not be mentioned again here. These, too, will appear to better advantage in a year or two. Last, but not least, is the purchase made only this year of all the land we need to keep the Shrine grounds strictly private, the hillside and the hotel from undesirable intruders on pilgrimage days. As we have often told our readers, there would be no sense in making permanent improvements before obtaining possession of what we now own. Accommodating as our neighbors have always been, this year for the first time can we invite guests to the hotel, plain as it is, without apologizing for its condition and appearance.

Meanwhile divine worship has been faithfully and properly provided for; the pilgrimages have been multiplied and are now made Sunday after Sunday instead of one day only; the crown of thorns in gold, the pious offering of hundreds of clients of Our Lady, is ready, and the statue on which this is to be placed will, we trust, be ready this time next year. Thus, devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows has been more piously practiced; the heroic

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STATUE OF ISAAC JOGUES.
In St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y. (Designed by Sibbel.)

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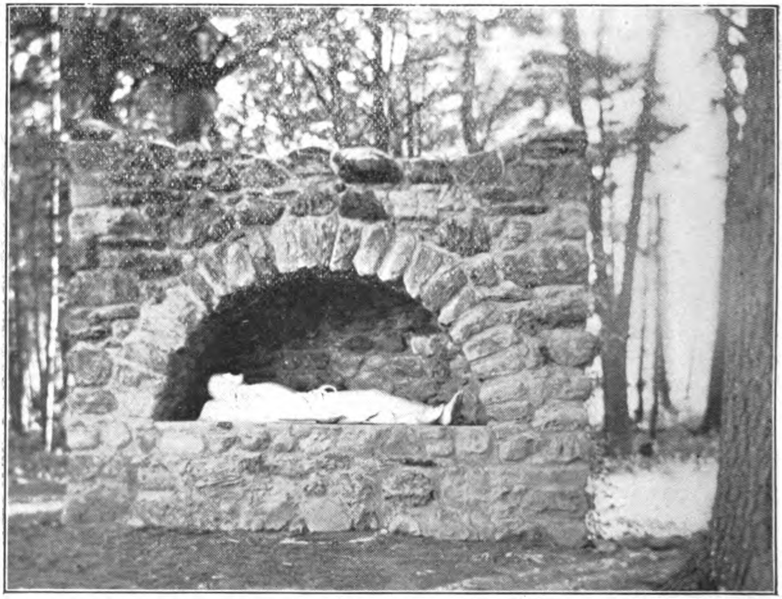
lives and sacrifices of the early missionaries are better and more widely known; confidence in their powers of intercession has been increased, and, we believe, richly rewarded by marvelous answers to prayers. On this last score, our files of thousands of letters bear abundant testimony which will furnish interesting reading when the complete records of the work of Auriesville will be written.

THE SHRINE AND THE PILGRIMAGES.

One thing has been accomplished during these years. Auriesville has become a shrine in the true and best sense of that term.



THE SEPULCHRE IN THE RAVINE.

It is strange to hear the notions which some people, Catholics as well as Protestants, have about a shrine. They imagine there must necessarily be some famous relic, or curative pool, and sensational miracles occurring daily. Some view it entirely from the business point of view, and, in true modern fashion, suggest a hundred ways of "booming" it, supplying hotels, increasing traffic, etc., as if everything depended on the concourse of people coming to it, whether they came as devout pilgrims or not. Very few can appreciate what it is to have a place of prayer.

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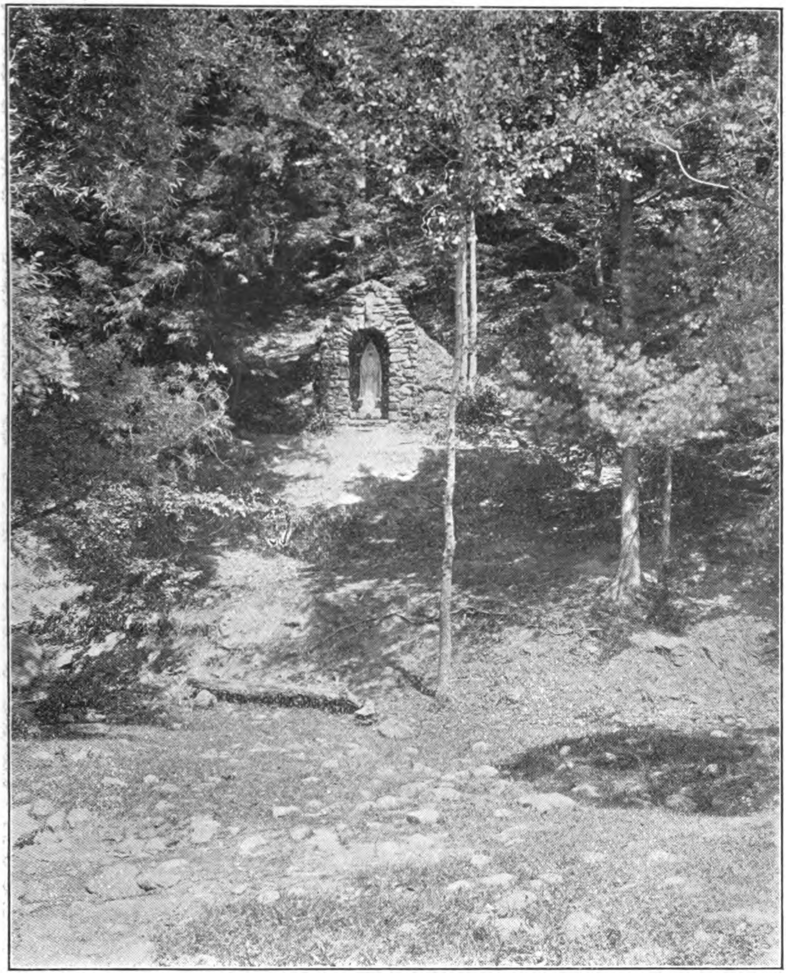
Those who come here, or who study the sacred association of the site, with the reverence for well-founded traditions which is the mark of a Catholic instinct, soon view things with the proper spirit, and go away with the conviction that heaven has favored



GROTTO IN THE RAVINE.

this spot naturally and supernaturally, and are not surprised to see the number and fervor of the pilgrimages increase from year to year, in spite of obstacles and of our neglect—pardon the vulgarism—to "boom" Auriesville and its surroundings.

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It is important to bear in mind that Auriesville is preëminently a place of hallowed memories and associations calculated to excite our piety, to quicken our devotion, and move us to profess our faith, and to pray with the confidence that will obtain even miraculous answers.

In this country we are so unacquainted with the true nature and object of a shrine, that we are apt to expect too much or to obtain too little of the benefits of which it should be the medium, simply because we overlook or ignore its real purpose. The history of Lourdes and other great shrines have led many people to think that a shrine must necessarily be a scene of frequent and

BRIDGE IN RAVINE.

striking miracles. Indeed, it is quite common to meet with people who imagine that, when God sees fit to grant a miracle in answer to the prayers made through the intercession of Father Jogues, it will surely take place at the Shrine at Auriesville. It will not do to answer that the miracle which finally determined the canonization of St. Berchmans happened not at the shrine in Diest, but in our own country in the diocese of New Orleans. It would, it is true, be natural to look for special favors at the place where so much piety is shown; but the many remarkable favors reported as granted in other places through the interecession of

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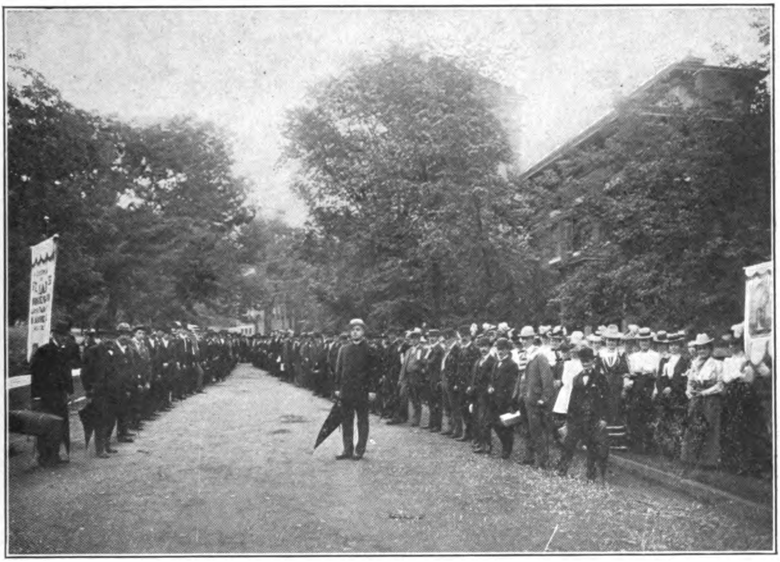
Father Jogues and his companions should correct our belief that the Shrine must necessarily be a place of miracles. A place of marvels it surely has been, both in the temporal and spiritual order; but, as yet, no miracles that we know of have lately been granted through the interecession of those whom we seek to have beatified.

If we need a proof of the attractive power of spots with hallowed association, we would but have to journey to Auriesville in August, especially on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption or one of the Sundays of that month. There, on the brow of the hill,



A PILGRIMAGE STARTING (LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.)

overlooking the Mohawk, stands the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, a plain wooden open pavilion capable of accommodating a thousand people, with an enclosed sanctuary in which a life-like statue of the Queen of Martyrs looks down on her children from over the altar. East and west the river flows through the fertile lowlands, now breaking over the rocks into the "Caugnewaghas" or Indian "laughing waters," now moving straight in a broad, dark stream, with no apparent current until the channel winds gracefully within banks which seem reluctant to let its waters meet the broad but swift tide of the Schoharie. Between the river and hills on the south the Erie canal stretches like a long silver

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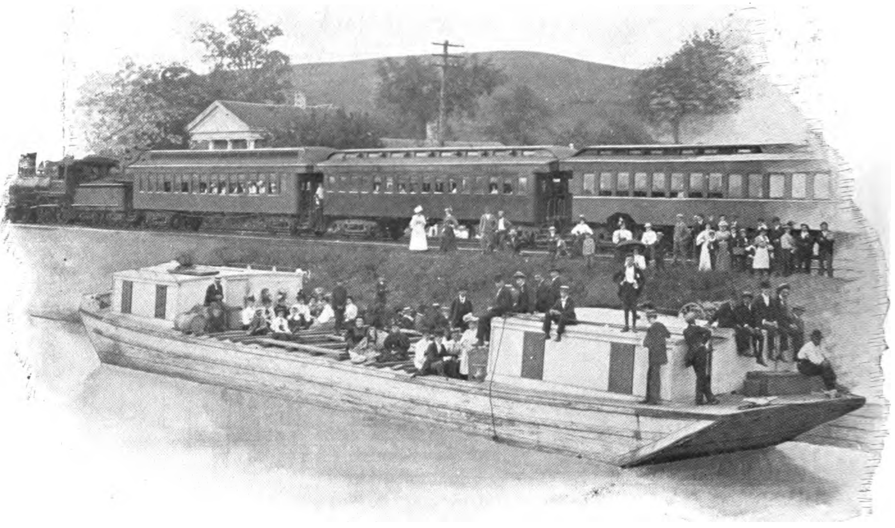
thread, its slow traffic making a striking contrast with the swift trains which are constantly passing on either side of these waters. Bridges over canal and river vary the beauty of the picture, and neat, substantial houses, surrounded by meadow, garden and orchard, add to it the charm of cultivation which only human industry can impart. Away to the north lie the foothills of the Adirondacks; to the east are the cities of Amsterdam and Schenectady, both illumining the heaven by night, and the former distinctly visible even by day from the hills of Glen to the south; in the west the hills seem to close, locking in the towns of Fonda and



PILGRIMAGE TRAIN AND BARGE.

Fultonville, and blending in outline and color with a sky which needs firm blue hills and the deep purple valley beneath as proper setting for its gorgeous sunsets. It is all beautiful beyond description, and even apart from the sacred traditions of the place, it has for some the charm, for others the inspiration, to rest quietly in the contemplation not only of the scene on which the eye rests, but of the peace which it suggests and of the higher spiritual beauties of which it is the veil. Nature has eminently fitted Auriesville to be the site of a Shrine of Our Lady.

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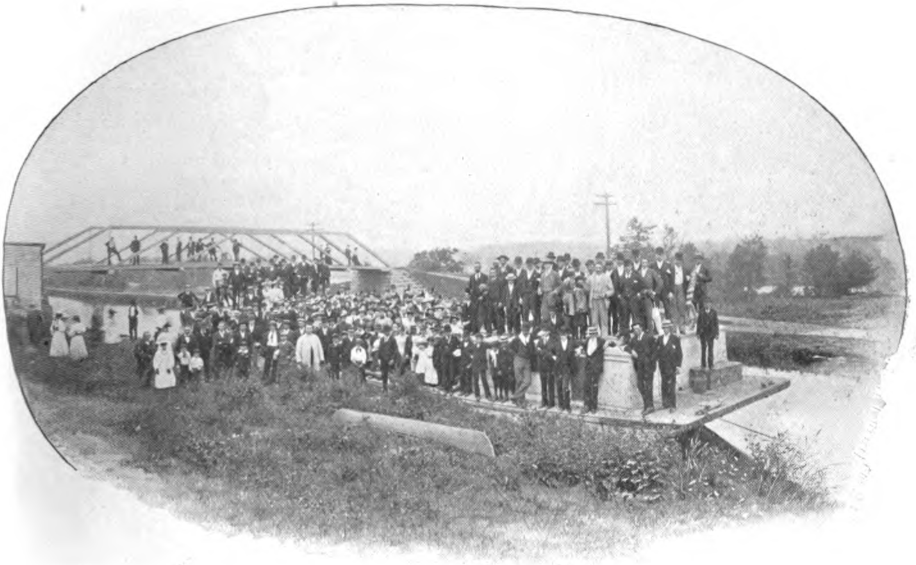
It is hard to imagine anything more devotional than the sight of the pilgrims who have come thither in honor of their Mother Mary and her servants slain for their love of the Cross of Christ. They have come from long distances; many of them are fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. They are not excursionists, out for a day in the country; they are performing a religious act, and, in spite of the crowds, there is never any disorder, noise or levity. After assisting at Mass and hearing a short sermon, they disperse over the broad enclosure, some visit the old shrine containing a statue of the Pietà, the Sorrowful Mother, holding



ARRIVAL OF PILGRIMS BY ERIE CANAL.

in her lap the dead Christ; some go to the Calvary, while others betake themselves to the Ravine. Then comes the open-air luncheon. At two o'clock the beautiful devotion of the Stations of the Cross is made in common. This implies considerable self-sacrifice, for there is no friendly shade as yet to protect the worshippers from the burning rays of the sun overhead.

Next a procession is formed to visit the Ravine. The Rosary is recited publicly on the way. When they reach the huge boulder near which the body of René Goupil was probably hidden, the missionary priest stands on the rock and tells the story of the heroic young Frenchman or reads the pathetic account of it by

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Father Jogues. Then once again the procession forms and when they arrive at the Shrine, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given and the pilgrims start for home carrying with them devout recollections of a day spent at the sanctuary of Our Lady of Martyrs.

The Way of the Cross is the most frequent if not the favorite devotion here, and has been so since Father Loyzance first erected the Calvary with its circle of fourteen crosses, each the gift of some of his many friends. Even were this devotion not an indis-

SODALITY PILGRIMAGE FROM AMSTERDAM.

pensable one of every Catholic shrine, it would have suggested itself to one who, like Father Loyzance, had in view when purchasing this place the commemoration of Isaac Jogues, who consoled himself during his long captivity here with the reflection that he had been born under the shadow of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Orleans, France, and was only earning by his tortures the right to be called "Citizen of the Cross." The first memorial structure raised on these grounds was the large cross donated by the late Father Hourigan, inscribed with the title given to his mission by Father Jogues, The Mission of the Most Holy Trinity,

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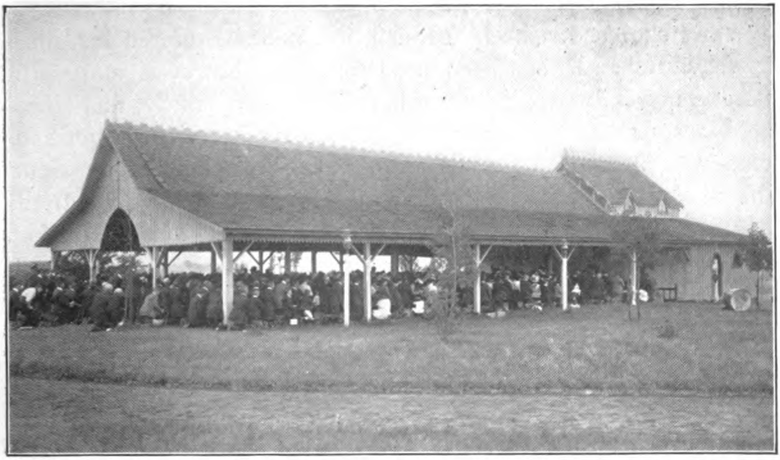
UP THE HILL OF TORTURE.

which is brought back to our minds by the sign of the cross. It is now the starting point for the Way of the Cross, which winds about the hill along an avenue planted with young trees, which will soon shade the small, if not the large, groups of pilgrims on this penitential journey, though in time even the two thousand who go over this path some Sundays will be sheltered from the burning rays of the sun. To the credit of all who make the Way of the Cross here it should be said that no one seems to mind the sun, nor has any one ever been harmed by it, and it is a common thing on pilgrimage days to witness from one thousand to three thousand men, women, and children at this devotion at midday in August, and the sight is inspiring and memorable. As the round is made the view is ever changing, the valley, the



AT MASS IN THE OPEN CHAPEL.

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river at its most beautiful turn, the village, the hills, the Shrine grounds, and, not the least, the stations themselves succeeding one another, and all contributing some stimulus to recollection and piety. The new stations are the gifts of pious pilgrims, whose intentions are not forgotten, even when they are absent. Some day the figures in these stations must be life-size, and each group or station must have its pedestal or grotto.

The relic of the Holy Cross is the only relic offered for public veneration here, and it is the only one applied to those who come to be relieved of mental or bodily ailments. It is not surprising that a relic of such virtue should be the means of obtaining many singular blessings in a place where everything disposes one better to faith and confidence. We have a relic of Catherine Tegakwitha,

AFTER MASS.

but since she has not been beatified, it cannot be offered for public veneration. It has been used privately, however, and with success, nor is it strange, since her life was so saintly, and since the widespread and endearing veneration for her virtues merit in some way special graces and favors through her intercession. The relics of Father Jogues and of René Goupil have not been found, nor has it as yet been deemed advisable to explore for them.

The Most Blessed Trinity is honored here because this mission was founded under that august title; and the Holy Name is also honored because Father Jogues used to honor it specially here and carve it on the trees; but, since it is a Shrine of Our Lady, pilgrims all seem to cultivate in a special manner her title under which she was first venerated in this valley, *Notre Dame de Foye.*

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MAKING THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

which in those days expressed what we now mean by the title "Our Lady of Sorrows," or, as we style it here, "Our Lady Queen of Martyrs." Prayers are said before the Pietà after the Way of the Cross; the Confraternity of Our Lady of Sorrows is established here and members are regularly received; the Seven Dolor beads are in demand and are always recited on the way to the Ravine; the black scapular is also conferred here, and a Solemn Novena is made here yearly in preparation for the Feast of the Assumption. In this Novena people join whether it be their good fortune to come to the Shrine or not, and the custom has grown of sending intentions to be placed on the altar. These intentions or petitions for prayer embrace every conceivable object, spiritual or temporal, the former especially, and it is gratifying to observe that vocations and conversions figure most prominently as well among the thanksgivings for favors received

AFTER THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

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AFTER A SERMON IN RAVINE.

as among the requests for prayers. Among these intentions we should always include the benefactors and friends of the Shrine, living or dead.

We may remark here that, since the first purchase of land at Auriesville, in 1884, not a year has passed without some improvement in or about the grounds. These improvements, together with the expense connected with the attendance on the pilgrims, especially when they come in large numbers, have all cost large sums of money, considering our limited resources, and yet, thank God, they have all been paid for by the charity of the friends and patrons of the cause of the Martyrs. *Although, in all justice, we might have called upon the pastors and other leading parties to visit the Shrine to help us to meet these expenses, we have never asked nor received an offering from them. What is more, we have never required admission tickets at the Shrine grounds, nor charged for entrance, nor even sought to obtain a commission from the railroad and other transport companies bringing pilgrims to Auriesville.* We do not mention this by way of boasting of our generosity, for we are aware that most people will attribute it to poor business methods, while others will malevolently regard the pilgrimages as a scheme for making money.

Nor do we regard it as altogether just that these expenses should fall on a few, or that such vast numbers of pilgrims should frequent the Shrine without helping to provide the means required for maintaining and improving it. Indeed, if we at-

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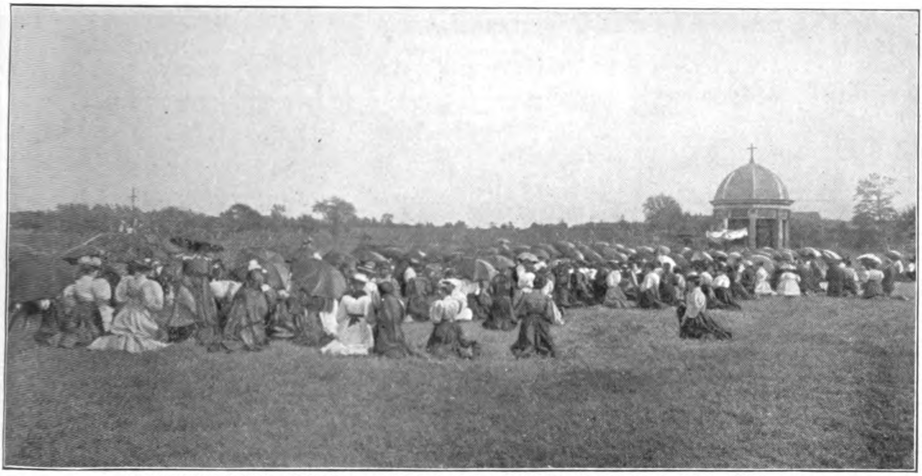

A BENEDICTION, DURING PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

tempt to erect a permanent church or pilgrims' house at Auriesville, as, we trust, shall soon be done, we should necessarily have to call upon every one that knows or visits the place to help us. All we can plead in favor of our present poor business methods, with those who choose to consider them poor, is that we are striving to live by faith, and that, so far, thank God, our trust in Providence has not failed us.

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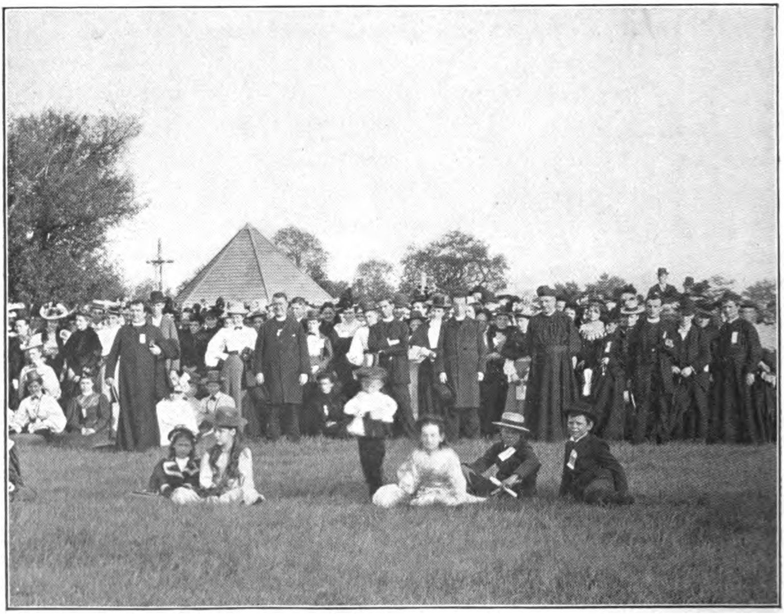
The Cause of Father Jogues.

The Church begets holiness and esteems it above every treasure. It is her constant aim to cultivate it in her children and her great glory to record their saintly deeds from the annals of the past. Time does not efface them from her memory, because when memory is prompted by love it is always unerring and far-reaching. The love of the Church, like that of Christ her spouse, is undying; her memory of ages past is as sure as her memory of yesterday.

Thousands of souls have died in the lowly walks of life, full of merits before God, but unknown to their fellow-men. In life they were not called upon to take a prominent part in the affairs of this world; after death there would seem to be no reason why special notice should be taken of their virtues. At times, it is true, the very humility and hidden life they had cultivated has been glorified, as in the case of St. Alexis, by a special revelation from God. However, in the ordinary ways of Providence, those souls are usually chosen for honor after death whose lives have been remarkable among their fellow-men. Naturally enough, it is the benefit derived from their example of philanthropy that determines men to have them exalted to the honors of the altar.



AFTER THE DEVOTIONS.

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It is proverbial that it requires a long period of years to bring about this exaltation of souls departing this life in repute for holiness. Even when all is clear as to the heroism of their virtues, and certain about the miraculous favors required to manifest the power of their intercession, so many years must intervene between their death and the decree of their beatification that the one who takes up a cause at the start can rarely hope to bring it to a conclusion. Meantime, so great is the labor required, and so vast, in most cases, the expense incurred, that one is tempted to frame the proverb: "It needs a saint to make a saint," for it requires something of the spirit of a martyr to overcome the obstacles in the way of having one who lays down his life for the faith declared a martyr, and some of the heroism of a saint to do the work required to prove another's title to be venerated as a saint.

It is easy to see how in the course of a process of beatification delays can occur which may prolong the process indefinitely; sometimes so long as to necessitate its being taken up again from the very beginning; and at other times long enough to dishearten and even exhaust the patience of its advocates. It is certainly no slight test of a soul's repute for holiness, when the tradition concerning it is so strong as to inspire other souls, even after a lapse of centuries, with the desire to have it beatified and declared worthy of public worship. This is a remarkable fact in the case of Father Isaac Jogues and of several of his companions, so remarkable, indeed, as to be one of the strongest proofs of his heroic virtues in life and of his death in the odor of sanctity.

While Father Jogues was still alive he was regarded by all who knew him intimately as a saint. In recording this estimate of him, we must remember that it was not formed, as our own is apt to be formed, by the heroism he displayed during his two years of captivity among the Iroquois. Many a stolid Indian bore like tortures as calmly as the missionary, though more through their own motives of pride than through his motive of self-sacrifice. Many a white trader, too, in early colonial days stood brave and defiant under most brutal torments; in fact, several of Father Jogues' companions suffered with him just as keenly as himself, and yet they are not proposed as worthy of beatification. The virtues that made Father Jogues' companions and superiors look upon him as a saint were the obedience, the patience, the self-sacrifice, the fortitude, and the devotion which made them feel

so sure of his constancy under every trial, that they never hesitated to entrust him with the most arduous missions, and they were never surprised that he should fulfil them with constancy unto death and under tortures even worse than death.

When his superior was choosing him as a minister of peace to the Mohawks, he noted in his "relation," or report, for that year, that the mission he hoped to found amongst them he would name Mission of the Martyrs. "If we are permitted to conjecture in matters that seem highly probable," he added, "we may believe that the designs we have formed against the empire of Satan will not bear fruit until they are irrigated with the blood of martyrs." When a third time Father Jogues must go to the Mohawks, it would seem that he was the only one his superiors and brethren could think of as suited for the "Mission of the Martyrs." Such an estimate of his virtues they could have had only after witnessing in him, during all his religious life, the spirit of a martyr. His superior's conjecture was justified; only blood could sow the seeds of faith among the Mohawks. His choice of Father Jogues was justified. He chose him for his martyr-like spirit. He could quite naturally, therefore, write, on hearing of Father Jogues' death: "We may regard him as a martyr before God."

That this view of Father Jerome Lalemant was not singular or short-lived is clear from the fact that, some years later, one of his successors, Father Paul Raguenau, thought fit to include the traditions concerning Father Jogues among the collection which was drawn up, not only to preserve the memory of such men as Brebeuf, Garnier, Daniel and Gabriel Lalemant, but to provide materials for the process of their beatification, should it ever be instituted. Each of these memoirs is attested by Father Paul over the signature of his secretary, Joseph Poncet. This, then, is the first step taken for the beatification of Father Jogues, and fortunately this collection of memoirs exists to-day, certified by one who knew its whereabouts during the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and who witnessed its return to its original owners.

All the memoirs and lives we have of Father Jogues were written with this one purpose, to preserve the memory of his virtues, heroic sufferings and death for the faith, and to gather together the material that might serve for the process of his beatification. It was this purpose his superiors had in view when they had Father Buteux put together all he had heard from Father Jogues himself concerning his tortures and slavery among the Iroquois.

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It was this same purpose that led Abbé Forest, a Jesuit of the eighteenth century, to write the biography of his townsman; and with a like purpose Father Felix Martin made use of the manuscript of Abbé Forest, which the French Revolution had prevented the author from publishing, in preparing his excellent life of Isaac Jogues. Finally, the distinguished translator of this life, Dr. Gilmary Shea, made his work one of devotion. It was only one of very many tributes of the great historian to the Apostle of the Iroquois, whose generous self-sacrifice he loved to record, though the story of his sufferings pained him so much that his manuscripts still bear evidence of the tears he shed when composing them.

It is clear, then, that at no time since the death of Father Jogues has the project of having him some day declared Blessed been forgotten. It is noteworthy, besides, that in all the eulogies pronounced on him and on his many fellow missionaries, heroic as all of them were, he has always been classed with those who are singled out from the others for their distinguished sanctity. So characteristic and predominant is his sanctity in all he does, that it compels the admiration even of men who think a Jesuit cannot be sincere. According to Parkman, he is one of those "whose character the pressure of Loyola's system intensified, without debasing, one who was so good that, even the violence done by that system to the noblest qualities of manhood, joined to that equivocal system of morality which eminent casuists of the Order have inculcated, could not make a whit less conscientious or religious."

If documents and historical eulogy of every sort were enough to establish the sanctity of Father Jogues, they could be furnished in abundance—so abundantly that the difficulty would be not in providing them, but in selecting from their splendid testimonials to his merit. Documents, however, are not enough, howsoever important may be the part they must play in every process of beatification. In a case like that of Father Jogues, in which it is impossible to furnish traditional evidence of his repute for holiness, either before or after death, the written testimony of authors and compilers from his day down to our own must be used to show that he practised all the theological and moral virtues in an heroic degree, and that his suffering and death were patiently and freely met for the interests of our holy faith. But the mere dry statement made from these sources is not the only, or in every case, the most convincing, argument in behalf of a

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cause. What is also in demand, and what naturally appeals strongly to the judges in a process of beatification, is the popular sentiment which such documentary evidence should produce, the sentiment of great regard for the sanctity of the soul in question, and the sentiment also of a great desire to have that soul honored on our altars.

It speaks well for the cause of Father Jogues that such a sentiment springs naturally even from a slight acquaintance with the manner of his life and sufferings and death. No sooner had the scholars who best knew the documents pertaining to his career prepared his biography for popular reading than an eagerness to know more about him was apparent everywhere. The short sketches published in pamphlet form, the monthly notices in the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs,* the circulars issued from time to time, the excellent short biography written by Father F. Rouvier, of Mongres, France, all have been in great demand. Written as they were with the intention of arousing popular interest. it was soon found that even before they had appeared there was a disposition to read them, and this disposition has been increasing ever since their first appearance. Much of this interest is due, no doubt, to the familiarity of many of our priests with the story of Father Jogues' captivity and death. During the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, when the Fathers assembled were asked to approve a postulate recommending the cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catherine Tegakwita to the Holy See, they did not need to inquire either about the merits of these three servants of God, or about the motives which should prompt every Catholic to wish for their beatification.

What has most advanced the cause of Father Jogues the past twelve years is the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs which has been erected on the site of René Goupil's and his own martyrdom, which site was also the birthplace of Catherine Tegakwita, whose cause is associated with theirs. When the Reverend Joseph Loyzance, then of Troy, N. Y., first thought of finding the place consecrated by the memories of these heroic souls his project was considered a hopeless one by many. Even when by the use of maps and by the aid of the distinguished topographer, General John S. Clark of Auburn, N. Y., he succeeded in locating the site where the Shrine now stands, it was thought that he would never be able to establish his position in such a way as to satisfy the many residents of the Mohawk Valley who had all their different theories about where this site must be. In the first place,

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not all could have access to the maps of the old Indian villages as they were located at different intervals from 1635 to 1684; nor could all have the benefit of the personal direction of General Clark in their several researches. Even could they have availed themselves of all these aids, the convictions that had grown with years would naturally be hard to shake, the more so that plausible arguments were not wanting for the many theories.

To encounter all this opposition would seem thankless, were the determination of the site of the death of Father Jogues for mere historical interest the only object of Father Loyzance. The pious admirer of the first pioneer priest of New York State had a higher object in view. To his eye of faith it would be a great achievement to discover the spot hallowed by the blood of a martyr; but this discovery seemed to him desirable only in so far as it would help to bring about the solemn declaration that Father Jogues was truly a martyr in spirit as well as in the manner of his taking off. To help on this result the site of his death must be made a means, not only of making his heroic life and death better known, but also of inciting pious souls to a confidence in his favor with Almighty God; or, at least, to the desire to prove by their prayers the power of his intercession. As is well known, two things which seem, at first sight, to be mutually contradictory, are required before a cause of beatification can be introduced. It must first be proved that no worship has been paid to the servant of God whose cause is presented and then it must also be shown that miracles have been performed in answer to prayers made through their intercession. As in every other detail of a process, in these two points also is the investigation most searching. How, we ask, obtain a miracle unless we induce the people to pray, and that fervently, in the way that makes prayer most acceptable to God, the prayer that calls for miracles, united prayer. And how shall we have them do this without leaving them under the impression that they are to some extent worshiping those whom the Church as yet forbids us to worship?

The difficulty is not so great as it appears to be at first sight; but like many difficulties that are easy to answer, it may be very hard to meet in practice, explain as you will the distinction between public veneration, which is forbidden, and private veneration, which is allowed; insist, as much as you can, on the right we all have to ask any departed soul to intercede for us, so soon as one of God's servants is proposed as being possibly worthy of beatification, it is hard for some pious minds to treat with that

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soul as with ordinarily faithful souls, and it is hard to prevent them from acting or speaking as if they might publicly venerate the soul in question. It was a wise plan, therefore, of Father Loyzance to erect, as the only place of worship at the site of Father Jogues' death, a shrine in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs, securing in this way our Blessed Mother's favor on the cause of those who had hallowed, whether by their life or death, the soil of the old Mission of the Martyrs, and preventing most effectually any tendency to worship publicly those whom the Church has not yet presented to our worship.

Now in this country we are so unacquainted with the true nature and object of a Shrine, that we are apt to expect too much or to obtain too little of the benefits of which it should be a medium, simply because we overlook or ignore its real purpose. The great Shrine at Lourdes has led many people to think that a Shrine must necessarily be a scene of frequent and striking miracles. Indeed, it is quite common to meet with people who imagine that, when God sees fit to grant a miracle in answer to the prayers made through the intercession of Father Jogues, it will surely take place at the Shrine at Auriesville. It will not do to answer that the miracle which finally determined the canonization of St. Berchmans happened not at his Shrine in Diest, but in our own country in the diocese of New Orleans. It would, it is true, be natural to look for special favors at the place where so much piety is shown, but the many remarkable favors reported as granted in other places through the intercession of Father Jogues and his companions should correct our belief that the Shrine must necessarily be a place of miracles. A place of marvels it surely has been, both in the temporal and spiritual order, but as yet no miracles that we know of have lately been granted through the intercession of those whom we seek to have beatified.

In his excellent life of Isaac Jogues, Father Felix Martin narrates several wonderful answers to prayer made with a view to having the power of this servant of God made manifest to men; but it would serve no purpose to present these in his process at this late day. If God wishes to have Father Jogues beatified, He will surely manifest His power; if men wish to hasten this manifestation they must do all they can by their prayers and by their zeal for his cause in every way to deserve that he should extend to them the power of his intercession even by a miracle. "What can we expect from the martyr," wrote Dr. Shea in one of his private letters, "if we treat him so shabbily?" True enough; how

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can we look to him for a miracle until we do something proportionate to such a favor.

But there are no relics! The implication is that there can therefore be no miracles. Now, one of the most frequent experiences in the course of a process of beatification is the discovery, or what comes to the same, the identification, of the remains of the one to be beatified. In many instances this discovery is made in such a singular way as to be regarded itself as miraculous. Relics of Father Jogues do not exist, unless we regard his manuscript as such. His body was thrown into the Mohawk; his head lies buried near the village palisades, we suppose, because it had been placed on them the evening after his murder.

The remains of Catharine Tegakwita still exist, and are kept carefully by the Abbé of the parish in which her reservation is still maintained, and the site of her tomb is known, and many and remarkable are the favors ascribed to the use of the relics and to prayers said at the tomb, at which descendants of her tribe may be seen kneeling frequently on pleasant Sunday afternoons. The bones of René Goupil were buried in the ravine which falls back of the old Indian village line, a short distance from the Shrine grounds. They were buried by Father Jogues, who hoped one day to enrich some Christian soil with the bones of this martyr. Of course they have not yet been found. What honor they would receive could they be discovered may be judged from the value set upon a stone which lies in the ravine, and which popular credulity at one time sought to invest with supernatural virtue.

When Father Jogues, previous to the burial of the body of René, was obliged to hide it from the young Indian braves, he put it in the stream, fastening it against a large rock, around which the waters flowed, by piling upon it smaller stones. Now, it happens that there is a large limestone in the depths of the ravine, just where the stream-bed formerly lay, and because it was natural, when the ravine was first identified as the burial place of the young martyr, to say that this may have been the large stone described by Father Jogues, it was soon taken for granted that it must have been the same, and immediately it was treated as a relic. Fragments were broken off and passed around, and kept sacredly, and even steeped in water to try their curative powers. Cures were soon attributed to it, and the demand for more fragments became so great that it was necessary to fence round the stone, encage and padlock it, lest its popularity should be the cause of its utter disappearance.

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Strange to say, Catholics were not the only ones to ascribe such virtue to this stone; non-Catholics also began to look upon it as a preternatural agent, partly out of respect for what they thought the Catholics believed, but chiefly because of the superstitious tendencies of our nature, which are common to all men, even to unbelievers. Now, God can make use of the lowliest and simplest of His creatures as a means of exercising His almighty power; and the soil of certain spots consecrated by the blood of martyrs, or even the bark of the trees, have been used as a medium of His divine influence even to the extent of miraculous results. There is no reason why the ravine, so hallowed by the burial of the young and saintly hero, René Goupil, and by the devotions of his companion in sufferings and death, should not thus become a place and source of miracles, if God wills it; but to encourage or even lightly to permit a belief more or less superstitious to be spread abroad about it and acted upon would do great damage to the cause of both Father Jogues and René Goupil. The Church, which is so slanderously accused of fostering superstition, is, on the contrary, most jealous of it, and severe with her children who give way to it.

The truth is, miracles and, in most cases, relics, though most important as a cause of this kind proceeds, are in the beginning of the process only secondary in importance compared with the statements that must be prepared on the virtues of the souls to be beatified, on their repute for sanctity, on their strict orthodoxy in doctrinal and moral writings and teachings, on their Christian-like deaths, on the popular belief in their salvation and extraordinary power of intercession, and, finally, on the rigor with which every attempt to cultivate them by public worship has been discouraged and frustrated.

It may sound strange, but this very tendency to venerate publicly a servant of God not yet beatified is one of the strongest proofs of his sanctity, and yet it must be checked under the penalty of losing his cause entirely should it be encouraged or permitted. As we have mentioned in the case of René Goupil, so an episode in the cause of Catharine Tegakwita will show what vigilance and sternness this requires. Born at Ossernenon, now Auriesville Station, Catharine moved with her tribe first to Gandawague, the present village site of Auriesville, and next to Caughnawauga, now Fonda, where she spent most of her life. The spring which marked the site of the old Indian village soon became known as the Tegakwita Spring. Its waters are still run-

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ning, and it was a harmless thought to use them for drinking, but it was not so harmless to think of sending them here and there as being likely to show curative powers. Yet still some thought of doing this, all on the strength that Catherine must have frequented the spring when she went to draw water for her household. Happily, this did not last long, and people now look more to the saintly maiden herself and to her virtues than to any of the material things associated with her memory.

It should be clear from all that has been said that the cause of Father Jogues has not yet been formally presented to the Holy See. Petitions have been made by the Bishops both of this country and of Canada to receive his cause favorably when it shall be deemed proper to present it, but this only means that the highest dignitaries of the Church in these countries concur with the clergy and laity in the conviction that he lived a saintly life and died a martyr's death. It means also that they appreciate the great benefit it would be to our piety to have him declared Blessed. Meantime the same conviction has been growing among the laity, and it has led them to appeal to his intercession with greater confidence, and, to judge by many letters of gratitude they write, with greater proofs of the favors God grants through his servant. These are some of the results of the work done for his cause since 1884, when active interest in it was renewed, and they are important: they lend additional weight to documents and testimonies that have been collected with more energy during that time, and urge on us the need of a speedy presentation of the cause to Rome.

By the appointment of a vice-postulator the preparation of this first process was assured. The Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., whose familiarity with the archives relating to the history of Father Jogues recommended him for this office has been appointed to this charge. All the evidence of Father Jogues' virtues must be sifted, all his writings examined, and all the traditions about his sanctity and his death for the faith investigated thoroughly, before the Bishops, who will be deputed to judge in the case, will consent to transmit this first process to be examined by the congregation of Rites. While all the erudition of postulators and advocates shall be thus employed in establishing the proofs of his title to our veneration, the faithful generally will be praying for the corroborative testimony of miraculous intervention on the part of God in answer to prayers made through His servant, which testimony of miracles must in turn be exam-

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ined with the closest scrutiny, in order that every possible human means may be employed to assure us that Father Jogues is worthy of the honors of our altars.

This then is the present state of the cause of Father Jogues. Everything seems opportune for the preparation and speedy presentation of his cause to the proper ecclesiastical courts. This is the most important of all the measures thus far taken. All that has been hitherto done will help to a favorable reception of the cause when presented, but they are by no means essential for its introduction. The publication, the Shrine, the pilgrimages in behalf of the cause, might be done away with to-morrow, but the preliminary process of presenting it could and must be prepared. It can be prepared, moreover, without any detriment even before the relics of those who are to be beatified are found, or before any first-class miracles are accredited to them. It would not do, however, to give up what has been of such aid to the work in the past; nor is it too soon to pray and to pray fervently for the miracles required before the final decree of beatification. Accordingly, while the preliminary process is being actively prepared, renewed efforts must be made to publish still more about the servant of God in question, to increase the pilgrimages to the Shrine in number and in fervor, and to multiply the prayers which shall finally draw down God's benediction on the undertaking, even to the extent of a miracle.

With the cause of Father Jogues, that of René Goupil, his companion, and of Catharine Tegakwita, who was born on the site of their martyrdom, will be combined. And with this triple cause, that of Father Jogues' companions, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died on Canadian soil, is also to be united. No true Catholic will ask why we should be so anxious about the beatification of these great servants of God. It is for us a family as well as a national affair. To the men and women who made the beginnings of our history Catholic we owe unceasing gratitude; to the most distinguished of them who make our entrance and first foundations in America a splendid record of heroism and saintliness we owe a devout remembrance that can never rest satisfied until it shall be permitted to manifest itself in public veneration. Divine providence blessed our soil with the miracles of grace that made a Jogues, a Tegakwita, a Brebeuf. It has worked the miracle of compelling even biased non-Catholic minds to proclaim their esteem for these heroes in terms so reverent as to sound almost like those of religious worship; the

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same divine providence can and will, in answer to our prayers, atttest what it has done in sanctifying their souls, by miraculous proofs of the glory to which their sanctity entitled them.

Some Directions for Pilgrimages.

The following regulations for pilgrimages to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville, N. Y., will be useful to pastors organizing pilgrimages, and conducive to the order and piety of the pilgrims.

Announce the pilgrimage in good time, as definitely as possible. Have the announcement printed, giving date of pilgrimage, time of departure and return, and the Order of Exercises at the Shrine.

Make it clear that it is not an excursion, but a pious pilgrimage to a Shrine erected in the name of Our Lady of Martyrs, on the site consecrated by the zeal and sacrifice of devout servants of God, who, it is hoped, will one day be honored as saints for their virtues and heroic death.

If an instruction on the end of pious pilgrimages, and on the particular object of this one, be given in the church some time before, the mere pleasure seekers will remain at home, and the pilgrims will be better disposed to reap the full benefit of their piety Topics for this instruction will be found in *Shrine Mauual*, and in the pamphlet sketch of the Shrine.

Ample opportunity should be given to the pilgrims to go to confession on the day before, as there is time to hear only a few confessions on their arrival at the Shrine.

The best way to organize a pilgrimage is to choose a committee from the various parish societies, both of men and women. A number of marshals should be chosen for the day of the pilgrimage, to help the priest in charge to conduct the pilgrims to and from the railway station, to lead the devotions, beads, etc., in the cars, and when at the Shrine to assist the priests there in forming the various processions, and to act as ushers at the gates, about the grounds, and in the chapel during services.

The choir should be as large as possible, and the members should be instructed to prepare a programme of suitable hymns, for singing on the way to the Shrine, for the procession up the hill, and for the Mass; the *Stabat Mater* at the Stations of the Cross, some hymns to Our Lady for the procession to the ravine, and the *Pange Lingua, O Salutaris,* and *Tantum Ergo* during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

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On arriving at the Auriesville Station, the pilgrims form ranks, the members of the various church societies walking together at the head of the column, led by a Cross bearer. They proceed up the hill, singing the Litany or some hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and saying a decade of the beads after every ten invocations, or after each stanza.

Mass is said as soon as the pilgrims fill the chapel, and immediately after the Mass groups of pilgrims are led about the Way of the Cross. This is followed by an intermission, after which the bell gives the signal for the procession to the Ravine, where the sermon of the day is generally preached, followed by prayers and a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

If time and weather permit, the last exercise of the day is usually a procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament, all the pilgrims walking together in ranks to the three altars erected on the grounds for this purpose. When it is not possible to have this procession, the devotions are closed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

It will help very much to have the members of the various parish societies wear their proper regalia, and walk together under the leadership of their own officers, with any banners or flags they may be accustomed to carry.

We would suggest that every pilgrim wear a Shrine pin, which we can furnish you, or some other emblem.

For the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the priest in charge of the pilgrimage should choose four men to carry the canopy, and, if possible, send some altar boys with their cassocks.

Pious articles, such as beads, crucifixes, scapulars, medals, *Shrine Manuals,* pictures, souvenirs, etc., may be purchased on the grounds.

Pilgrims should not come together in large numbers to the Shrine, especially on Sundays, without notifying and receiving the consent of their pastors and apprising us of his consent. This is necessary for order, at the Shrine and in the parish.

Some days before the pilgrimage word should be sent to the priest in charge of the Shrine, about the number expected to make it, how many may receive Communion at the Shrine, the number of priests to accompany the pilgrims, and the time for the arrival and leaving of trains.

Lunch may be had at the hotel, and stands for selling coffee, tea and soft drinks, and sandwiches, are convenient to the grounds, but for large numbers the hotel keeper should be notified beforehand.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. SEPTEMBER, 1902. No. 9.

A MEMORABLE DAY IN AURIESVILLE.

SUNDAY, August 24, the day to which the clients of Our Lady of Martyrs had looked forward with such eager anticipation, was in every way a memorable one in the history of the Shrine. For earnestness of devotion, the multitude of pilgrims, the dignity of ceremonials, the presence of his Lordship, the Right Reverend Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of the diocese of Albany, and of so many of the clergy who have at various times helped to make this Shrine worthy of its August Patron, rendered this dedication of the beautiful statue of our Sorrowing Mother and the offering of the golden crown a source of happy memories to those who witnessed it and a reward for the devotedness and faith of those who have trusted that this hallowed spot would become a shrine worthy of our Lady's especial complacency.

Notwithstanding the manifold difficulties that at times were indeed discouraging, all was in readiness for the beautiful ceremony. The new shrine, with its graceful proportions and harmony of pillars and capitals and cornice and dome, was sufficiently advanced to offer protection to its treasure. The statue, surrounded by masses of fern and palm and flowers, already occupied its place beneath the dome.

Never before had pilgrims from so many different places met at Auriesville. The pilgrimage organized by Reverend Father Murray, of Saugerties, brought pilgrims from Poughkeepsie, Kingston, Saugerties, Catskill, Hudson and other places along the Hudson. It required nineteen cars to bring the pilgrims from Albany, swelled as their number was by many pilgrims

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from Troy, who, in spite of the fact that the Troy pilgrimage had taken place but a week before, were not willing to let this opportunity of paying especial honor to the Queen of Martyrs pass unused. From Amsterdam came Father Gorski, with his devout congregation of Poles; many others also came from this city on the regular train, on the various pilgrim trains, in carriages, on bicycles, and even on foot. Johnstown and Fonda were well represented; in fact, the number of those who came in carriages from the neighboring towns was beyond all previous record. It was especially remarked that our neighbors of this section of the valley, many of them gentlemen of influence and standing, almost all of them not of the faith, were there with members of their families and followed the exercises with marked attention and respect. Devout clients of our Lady came also from New York City, from Philadelphia and from Boston. The priests present were: Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.; Rev. Thomas Campbell, S.J.; Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J.; Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.; Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan, S.J.; Rev. J. F. O'Donovan, S.J.; Rev. Charles Lamb, S.J.; Rev. Fathers Schoppe and Henrich, of Schenectady; Father Driscoll, of Fonda; Rev. Father Dolan, of Johnstown; Rev. Father Murray, of Saugerties; Rev. Father Gorski, of Amsterdam, and Rev. Father Gilmartin, of New York.

As the different pilgrimages arrived they were marshalled into line by Father Denis O'Sullivan, S.J., and led up the hill to the chapel where, owing to the large number of priests that were present, masses were being said from early morning until within a few minutes of noon. There was an orderliness, a seriousness, an earnestness of devotion manifested by all that was edifying and impressive and made one feel that our Lady must indeed look down with love on these men and women and children who came thus to honor her.

Holy communion was distributed to more than 1,000 persons. This and the numerous Masses occupied the whole morning until after twelve o'clock. It was then announced that the stations of the cross would be made at two o'clock and that at three o'clock the ceremonies connected with the blessing of the statue would commence. The interval was occupied by

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lunch and visits to the ravine. Some even made the stations in groups of two or three.

Promptly at the hour announced, the cross bearer and acolytes, followed by two of the Fathers, left the chapel to begin the Way of the Cross. Touching as this exercise of devotion always is, the sight of this vast throng, recollected and devout, listening attentively to the description of our Saviour's sufferings, seeming verily as they toiled up the hill as though they were walking in His very footsteps and praying aloud with sincere fervor, gave to that day's devotions an impressiveness that affected many even to tears.

At last the hour for the great ceremony of the day had arrived, for the great act of veneration and homage that had brought this multitude together at the feet of our Lady of Martyrs. From the chapel on the brow of the hill, preceded by the cross bearer and alcolytes and thurifers, by the priests in surplice, attended by his chaplains, the Right Reverend Bishop, with cope and mitre and crosier, blessing the people as he passed, walked in solemn procession to the beautiful new shrine of our Lady.

There on its massive pedestal of whitest marble rested the statue of the dead Son and the martyr Mother, the Son with a kingly dignity in His calm face on which still rests the shadow of His awful passion, the Mother supporting Him against her knee and bending over Him a face full of sympathy, of tender love, of repressed anguish that will fill the mind of the onlooker and occupy his imagination for many a long day after. That the statue is beautiful beyond all anticipation has been the oft-repeated comment heard among the pilgrims.

Before the Pietà, resting on a rich cushion of velvet and gold, lay the crown of thorns, the offering of the devoted friends of the shrine and loyal children of the Queen of Martyrs. Of massive gold, in which are set precious rubies, red as blood, it is a token whose beauty appeals to us more strongly the longer we look on it and the further we get away from our preconceived notions as to what form the crown that pierced the Sacred Head must in reality have had.

When the procession had come to the shrine the Right Rev-

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erend Bishop seated himself at the Gospel side of the altar and Reverend Father Campbell, S.J., arose to deliver the discourse. As if our Lady wished to give some little token of Her pleasure, the sun, which until that moment had been beating down almost mercilessly upon us, was shaded by a cloud that protected the people as they stood in semi-circles thirty-five deep to listen to the eloquent words that fell from the lips of the orator. Father Campbell's sermon on the Kingship of Christ, suggested by the crown that was the object of our offering, on the extent of Christ's sway, on the real character of it and the strength and the courage and the consolation that we should derive from the consideration of it, needs no comment; indeed, the very best comment is found in the rapt attention with which every sentence of it was followed, and in the straining eagerness of those at some distance not to lose a word that was said.

When Father Campbell had concluded, the ceremony of blessing the statue and the crown was performed by the Bishop, and the crown was laid in solemn offering at the feet of our Blessed Mother. It was held in place by a golden chain passed about the wrist of the statue of our Saviour.

After this blessing, simple, as are all the ceremonies of Holy Church, yet borrowing much of their impressiveness and even sublimity from this very simplicity, Bishop Burke arose to say a few well-chosen and pious words to the pilgrims: "Not the material wealth of the gold and gems gives value to this offering, but being the most precious things in the material world they are the best symbols of the most precious things of the soul, the deep devotion and loyalty of our human hearts."

And here we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration for this zealous and pious prelate, whose presence and active coöperation did so much to make this day a memorable one. Coming as a pilgrim with the others from Albany, he absolutely refused to allow any special accommodation to be prepared for him on the train; he took his seat among the other pilgrims and went from car to car during the journey to say a kind word to all whom he met. His Lordship came fasting, as he wished to say mass at the shrine. While there he spared himself no

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fatigue and insisted on giving with his own hand more than five hundred communions. All day long he went about among the people, and the confidence that all evidently repose in him and the love they openly manifested for him whenever he appeared among them, was one of the most edifying spectacles of a day that was so full of things impressive and edifying.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Bishop and the day's ceremonies were concluded.

The pilgrimages departed in the order in which they had arrived : first those who had come by the regular train, then the pilgrims from Amsterdam, next those from Albany and finally those from the towns along the Hudson. Not until all were comfortably seated in their cars did the rain, which had threatened for some time, begin to fall abundantly.

It was a day which nature and the devotion of men and the favor of heaven seemed to combine to make a noteworthy and a blessed one.

CROWN OF THORNS.

[The sermon preached at Auriesville by the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., Sunday, August 24th, on the occasion of the blessing of the new statue and offering of the crown of thorns in gold.]

WHY do we bring here to-day the tribute of a gold and jewelled crown? Because we have nothing better. Is there anything richer than gold? Anything more precious than gems? If there be, we would and should use it for our offering. But there is not. And even if there were, it could never approach in value the crown whose beauty, whose glory and whose significance we commemorate to-day. Not all the gold that ever glittered in the sands of mountain streams or is yet undug in the mountain depths could fashion a crown to be at all compared to the rude and hurried one of common branches which was bound around the brows of the Saviour. Not all the jewels that ever flashed on earthly diadems, or still lie buried in the impenetrable rocky bases of the earth, could ever equal the glory and splendor of the crimson drops that dripped from the sharp thorns of this instrument of pain. They

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had welled up from the broken Heart and were part of the priceless Blood of Jesus Christ.

There never was a crown, or a crowning, or a king such as this effigy in metal and in marble endeavors partially to portray.

We are familiar with coronations. For months past we have been watching the preparations for the gorgeous ceremonial of the crowning of a representative of a royal race. We have been startled, as all the world has been, by the shadow of death which so unexpectedly darkened the splendor of the scene that was preparing, and from afar we have witnessed the completion of it, when with all the pomp and magnificence which earthly pride could suggest, with the remnants of a ritual kept from a religion which his ancestors had rejected, in the most sacred shrine that England possesses, the golden circlet symbolical of kingly dignity and power was taken from an altar whereon the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ had centuries ago been offered, and with many ceremonies and presentations which have long since lost their sacramental significance, was placed on the royal brows by the hands of one who was thought to be the highest spiritual dignitary of the realm.

It was right; it was proper. For the man who was chosen from among others to be king represented in this instance a kingdom whose imperial power stretches back through long and turbulent but glorious centuries, a dominion whose realms extend from the vast continent in the far-off southern seas to the regions on the north of us which border the unnavigable wastes of the frozen ocean; a nation whose formidable navies are on every sea; whose rich argosies laden with precious freight are in every port, whose gold and treasures are seemingly exhaustless; whose ambition to extend its limits is sometimes challenged but never completely checked; and whatever our judgment about its policy or justice may be, there can be no doubt that the influence which it wields by its statesmanship, its literature, its wealth, and even its religion, has been more than stupendous in shaping the manifold destinies of the modern world. It is proper, therefore, that one who typifies, expresses and emphasizes all these national glories should be gloriously crowned.

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But he is only one of many who have been so honored. There have been rulers, for example, like those of ancient Rome, who not only governed separate portions of the world, but to whom every known part of it was subject. There have been emperors whose word or nod was enough to make or devastate entire nations and races; who wielded an imperial sway which for its extent, its relentless absolutism as well as its splendor was until then undreamed of; who were the centres of a civilization which embodied all that the previous civilizations of Egypt and Nineveh and Persia and Greece had achieved; who were surrounded by such glories of philosophy, literature and art as to make of the age by the lustre which was shed upon it the golden era of intellectual culture and refinement, and besides all that whose mighty military armaments traversed every highway of the world; whose boundless treasures flowed in constant streams from every part of the earth for the indulgence of imperial luxury or the advancement of imperial power, and who, dazzled by the magnificence and majesty and might of it all, aspired to be divinities and were accorded honors which are given to God alone.

But how trivial and insignificant is all that human ambition could ever covet or conceive when compared with the kingship of Jesus Christ. Not merely all the kingdoms of the world but all the limits of earth are given to Him as an inheritance; not merely every representative of the human race, for "He illumineth every man that cometh into this world," but all animate and inanimate things do His bidding; "He calleth to the stars and they say: here am I;" not merely all who are upon earth but "all who are in heaven, or earth, or hell shall bend the knee at the mention of His name." As when He walked among men in His brief earthly apparition and the sea grew still at His command, the darkened eye was illumined, the withered limbs waxed strong and the grave gave up its dead, so now all nature is subject to His sway and proclaims His kingly majesty and power. Here in this usually peaceful valley you have sometimes witnessed the fierce storms sweeping across the sky; you have trembled at the pealing thunder and shuddered at the lightning flash. It is the King

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passing in His might. You have seen, as we did a week ago, the rainbow of the clouds, not merely spanning the heavens, but enveloping in its iridescent splendor the hill and the valley and the stream as with a vesture, and then slowly gathering into the distant east give way to the sunburst that touched all the landscape and the clouds above as with burnished gold. It was only the hem of the royal robe of Him who ruleth all, a glimpse of which it was vouchsafed us to see. Or perhaps you have looked upon the ocean and heard the roar of the tempest as the billows flung themselves in white foam against the darkened sky; it was "the voice of the Lord upon the waters." Or you have stood, perchance, upon some mountain peak and gazed into the illimitable blue, or felt the ecstasy of the myriads of brilliant luminaries glorifying the sky at night and making it, if possible, more beautiful than the day; you were only looking at the pavement of the heavenly court, where the King of glory reigns more radiant than a million suns. They are all His. The hills and the mountains and the valleys, the rivers and forests, the birds that fill the skies with music, the fishes that flash in the sea, all living things that are in the depths of the earth or roam over its surface, or float unseen in the air, have only one purpose and end and object, that namely, which the inspired psalmist sung thousands of years ago to the music of His quivering harp strings, and that is to bless the name of the Lord. His is not a kingdom of limited space. He is the Ruler of all; His is not a dominion whose beginning we can note in time. "Before the day star, was He begotten in the splendor of holiness, when He was constituted a king upon Mt. Sion; His is not a kingdom of a few fleeting years, 'for heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word will nct pass away. His kingdom is unto everlasting. His is not a divinity that pride and folly has conceived, but though a Man like unto us, He is God of God, true God of true God by whom and in whom and through whom all things were made, Jesus Christ yesterday, to-day and forever."

Not only is He a King but He is the King of kings and the Lord of lords. A king's majesty perishes when you flout and

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buffet him; when you pluck his sceptre from his grasp, when you bind him in chains and overwhelm him with agony and pain. These things a king will die to avoid. Jesus Christ died to make them His own and to transmute them from signs of ignominy into emblems of triumph. When amid the unspeakable horrors of the night in the guard room, the soldiers spat upon Him with scorn, when they tied his hands with cords, when with their sticks and their iron-covered fists they beat down the cruel crown upon His head, when they led him out in mockery of royalty to hear His people revile and repudiate Him, when they not only bound Him but nailed Him to a gibbet which they gave Him for a throne with His title to kingship fastened above Him, they only prepared for Him new titles to glory and enabled Him to make what dishonors and destroys a king, new motives for His subjects to venerate Him, and more efficacious means for extending more widely and more powerfully His kingdom among men. For not all the glory that shone upon His transfigured body on Mt. Thabor is comparable to the splendor which radiates from His crown of thorns and from the ignominy and pains which His enemies put upon Him. Nay, not all the glory of the Godhead appeals to the hearts of men whom He came to conquer as the bleeding brow which His coronet had pierced and the bleeding hands and feet by which "He led captivity captive," "Christ reigneth from the tree."

What is the purport of all this? Is it merely to call up before our minds the picture of the royalty of Christ in order to produce feelings of wonder and admiration? If it were so, would not that be sufficient? Would not the vision of such a king, if we could keep it constantly before our eyes, ensure the tenderest loyalty and most devoted service? Is it not, in fact, incumbent upon us, as the Sovereign Pontiff has recently reminded us, to preach the Kingship of Christ in these days of ours which not only scoff at His right to rule, but which deny His divinity, and degrade Him, if they consider Him at all, into a mere teacher or benefactor, blasphemously coupling His holy name with wretched, vile and contemptible creatures like Buddha, Confucius and even the impure Mohammed?

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But this is not the principal sentiment which this commemoration of the closing scenes of the Passion is intended to evoke. It is rather to help us to penetrate more profoundly, or if we are not Catholics, to help us to solve, it may be for the first time, the mystery which has always perplexed the world, viz.: the mystery of sin and its consequent mystery of sorrow and pain.

The catastrophes which desolate the earth, the famines, wars and pestilences and whatever else is included in the universal doom of intellectual, moral and physical disease and death, is sin ; not in itself, indeed, but in its necessary and unescapable consequences. But before us, in the representation of the dead Christ we have its truest and completest expression. Here it is seen assailing the Lord God of majesty and glory, trampling Him down with hatred, under the feet of the vilest and most abominable of human creatures; an outrage not restricted to that particular Good Friday, but unfortunately perpetrated at every moment of time. It is clear that an act of such infinite atrocity demands an equivalent, that is to say, an infinite reparation. It is either that, or the everlasting damnation of the entire human race. In other words, it is the satisfaction for an infinite crime committed against the majesty of the Most High God by His creatures. But justice is never satisfied except by a complete and equivalent penalty of some kind or other inflicted on the criminal. Therefore must we suffer. Moreover, this paying of the penalty of our transgressions, this atonement for sin is a war against the powers of evil which are threatening to destroy us. Can we expect to be other than battered and bruised in any war which we engage in, or which we are compelled by circumstances to enter? It is a storming of the gates of heaven, which sin has shut against us. Can we imagine that in such an undertaking we shall not be asked to forego worldly advantages, worldly comforts, worldly pleasures, when our aim is to gain and make our own, all that heaven contains? From the lips of Jesus Christ we have it that "we must suffer in order to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Such then is the answer to the problem, such the solution

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of the mystery. Suffering is necessary, is just, is inevitable, and it was to reveal that truth to us, to impress it as deeply as possible on our hearts, that the Son of God assumed our human nature, and because He assumed also the sins of mankind, leaped into the deepest abyss of ignominy and suffering into which it was possible to descend. Capable of the greatest pain, and paying the greatest penalty (for everything He did was of infinite value), He bound the cruel crown of thorns upon His brow and bade all His followers, who would win the crown of glory, to imitate His example.

From that crown of thorns therefore the light flashes. It penetrates the gloom of despondency and despair with which we are sometimes surrounded. It not only clears up the mystery of sorrow by showing us its necessity, but it even helps us to appreciate the blessing that is conferred on us by enabling us, through our union with Jesus Christ, to cancel our debt, and for a little suffering to gain a happiness that can know no limitation or reach no end.

By that light we seize the significance of this representation of the Mother of Sorrows who takes the crown of thorns in her stainless hands as her Son lies all mangled and disfigured in her lap. We can appreciate, to some extent at least, how He would have this glorious woman, His own dearest mother, and ours, upon whom the shadow of sin had never fallen, this woman whom the Holy Scriptures depicts as clothed with the sun and with a diadem of stars upon her head, who is the ideal of all that is pure and radiant in humanity, who is the fair dream of painters and sculptors of every age in their imperfect and vain endeavors to portray her beauty upon living canvas or in speaking marble, we can, I say, by the light of Christ's agony, solve the mystery of how He has permitted, nay, how He has wished that while she pressed her blood-stained lips to His gaping wounds and bathed them with her streaming tears, she should have the whole sea of sorrow dash against her breaking heart and feel as no one else could feel, mother and saint as she was, the agony which her beloved Son had suffered. She was coöperating with Him as no one else could in the redemption of the world and winning for her crown of thorns her resplendent crown of glory.

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By it we can understand why millions of martyrs suffered death in every horrible form, though a word or a gesture or a look, might have averted it, and won for them instead, all that earthly honor and riches and pleasure could bestow.

We can understand why upon this blood-stained hill during fourteen months of frightful torture, Father Jogues could linger among the savage men who seemed to be transformed to demons; how he could have suffered his flesh to be slashed and devoured before his eyes; his fingers to be eaten off his body; to writhe in agony on the ground to which he was fastened while living coals were heaped upon him; to shiver naked in the winter blasts, and after his deliverance to come again to receive the blow of the tomahawk that ended his sufferings. It was the way that God had appointed for him to enter into glory. An awful way, it is true, but his understanding and will were made equal to the task.

We can understand the otherwise inexplicable problem ot the poor and the wretched and the outcast, who are flung into the foul slums of our great cities, or sheltered in the hospital wards or asylums, when their weary life draws to a close. We can understand also our own sufferings and disappointments and humiliations and poverty, the desertion and betrayal of friends, the persecutions of enemies, the desolation and discouragement of sickness and old age, and the appalling disaster of death. To us they are explicable and supportable, to others without faith they are expressions of God's cruelty and lead to suicide and despair.

And with it all comes another revelation, the revelation of our own nobility, our own kingliness. We are not as the false teachers of the present day would have us be, mere matter acted upon and influenced irresistibly by what has preceded or by what is actually surrounding us. We are possessed of immortal souls; we have a mind that can know, and a free and indomitable will that can execute what the mind sees is right. We are surrounded in myriad ways by an all encompassing and lovable Providence of God; we are associated with all that has existed or exists now on earth or in heaven, of the noblest and purest of the human race; we are accompanied on our way and aided in our battle by the countless armies of the angelic hosts; we are consecrated

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as kings in the Sacraments; we are nourished and strengthened by the Blood of Jesus Christ; nay when our poor bodies succumb to the stroke of death, they are brought like the remains of conquerors before the sanctuary of God, surrounded by flaring torches, shrouded in clouds of fragrant incense, laved with blessed water, and with holy rites and ceremonies laid in ground that no profane thing can desecrate. And above all we have ever before us the well founded hope that glows like a blessed vision to the eyes of faith, of the time when amid the unimaginable glories of heaven, surrounded by the countless hierarchies of angelic spirits, and the exulting multitudes of martyrs and confessors and virgins who are crowned with their diadems of light and waving their triumphant palms, near the bright throne of the ever Blessed Mother we shall look upon the countenance of Jesus Christ; shall behold the crown of thorns no longer an instrument of torture, but adding new glory to the heavenly courts; we shall feel the touch of His hands, and hear the celestial music of His voice as He pronounces the words of triumph and bids us reign with Him for ever in the Kingdom which His suffering has enabled us to win. For our crown of thorns "He will give us our crown of glory."

MARY OBEDIENT.

A LILY-FLOWER she was, white, slight and fair,
And gracious as the lily, bending low
As lilies bend before the winds that blow
Across our gardens when eve chills the air;
One—and One only—knew her sweetness rare,
One and One only could her sweetness know,
For, near her heart had rested in Love's glow
The Infant God, to find all solace there.

Pure as the falling snow! What snow so pure?
Pure as the morning dewdrop! Who can say
That ought of earth could be so pure as she?
All symbols fail; mere words can not endure
The strain of mystic meaning; on a day,
She, to the Temple, carried doves and purity.

—MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

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THE BIRDS OF THE MADONNA.

BABY MARIA RONDINELLA opened her eyes in a poor little cottage outside the Milanese Porta Romana. It was in the end of May; the swallows had come back; they were wheeling overhead in thousands, darting down among the rice-fields where the baby's father and mother worked, and from whence rose the thick, white mists winter and summer; all the air resounded to the shrill, tuneful music of their screams.

Giorgio and Giulia had always worked among the rice, though the pay was small; they both suffered from rheumatism, too, growing prematurely old; but they could not change their lives, so they did the work to the best of their ability. They had another child, "Stella," who took the new *bambina* to her motherly five-year-old heart at once. It was the month of the Madonna, so they called it Maria, adding Rondinella, after Our Lady's own birds, the swallows, whose beautiful satin waistcoats and tailcoats were flashing in the clear skies.

Stella was a pretty child, fair hair and dark eyes, with a sunny, rosebud mouth. Rondinella was a graver, speculative-looking baby, of a type you may so often see in Ireland, blue-eyed with dark curls. From the day when Giulia bound her with the yards of narrow linen which they call *fascie,* laid her on a pillow and carried her to the open door, she gazed at the blue sky where the swallows were skimming. Then they said:

"She knows them; she is their sister, little Rondinella."

At length the nests were empty, the birds were ready to depart; by now she could clap her tiny hands and coo to them. When they flew away she wept.

The bleak winter of North Italy was gone; the swallows came back, but the cottage was a sad home now. Giorgio had died of fever in April, so only the desolate widow with her helpless babes were left. The *fattore* of the estate they worked on had interested himself so much in their case that he got Stella elected to the Milanese Orphanage of Stelline, where she would be educated and taught a business or trade, set out in

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life, and, if she married, would receive a thousand francs as a dowry for linen and clothes.

Giulia herself had been offered a situation in the *fattore's* own house, so there only remained the baby, Maria Rondinella. The mother's heart was half broken at parting with her, but as her three sisters and only relatives, who kept a café on the Lake of Como, had offered to give the child a home and so provide for her, she had to submit to the separation.

"The Holy Virgin keep you both," wept the poor woman as she packed their few belongings; for this was their last night in the cottage where Giorgio had died. The baby sat in a low chair at the door, watching the swallows flying in the red sunset, and holding out her tiny hands and crying:

"*Rondini, bei rondini,*" while the elder child clung to the mother with many sobs, for she understood that after this night she would live with her no more. On the morrow the new tenants took possession, the little family now being scattered and settled in their new homes.

This story has to do with Rondinella. Her three aunts, the "Signorine Courti," known as the "*Tre Sorelli,*" or as the "Three Graces" or "Three Furies," were all kindly, hot-tempered, ugly old maids. The Café had been their father's before them, and they did a fair business in an old-fashioned way, holding a government license for *tobacco* also.

Zia Amalia, the best tempered, let the baby do pretty much as she liked, Zia Elena was much stricter as became the eldest and head of the house, while Zia Quillina, being the gossip of the family, only pounced down upon the child when she was not watching the entire village street from the Café door, or retailing the latest news to her sisters and other friends. Among them all Rondinella ran a fair chance of being spoiled, for they loved her, were proud of her very pretty little plump person and serious blue eyes. Later on they were delighted with her success at school, for she was very quick, learning French easily and even a little English, to say nothing of her knowledge of the *real* meaning of the Latin prayers in church.

Every year the *fattore's* wife gave Giulia a week's holiday, and she came down to Como from Milan in the "Tramvia

Economica," to see her daughter. The years rolled by, and now Rondinella was fourteen, the prettiest girl in the village, rather too grave and old for her age, some thought, though that might have come from living with the three aunts. She was of a thoughtful nature. Stella had finished her education, and had been placed with a noble family as a lace ironer and embroideress at Monza. There she met with an undergardener of the king's palace, to whom she became engaged, for one of the Stelline need never go without a husband should she be inclined to marry, for between the dowry they will have, the education, and the good character they bear, they are much sought after. Stella told her mother, Giulia, and she cried for joy.

"Mamma mia, you shall come and live with us here in Monza, you shall work no more. Tonio will be glad, he has no mother, *poverino*."

In the meantime the sister grew up to womanhood on the lovely shores of Como, becoming more and more necessary to the "Three Graces" as they grew older and uglier. She helped Zia Amalia in the tobacco shop, Zia Elena counted on her assistance in the kitchen, while Zia Quillina could hardly spare the time to do her own business, which was the keeping in order of the Café, or minding that of everybody else. So Rondinella, her schooling finished, was busy enough. She had many admirers, but seemed indifferent to all, at least as lovers. She had, however, one firm friend, a fine looking lad, the doctor's youngest son, Leopoldo della Torre. In their school days he had been her protector, when they grew older her cavalier on every village *festa*, and when he had been marched off, a disconsolate conscript, two years ago, Rondinella had cried bitterly—feeling that life held but little for her now. Poldo wrote very often to her; the descriptions of cities he had seen interested her and made her long to travel. He had served his three years, was coming home in the summer, and was to resume his studies as an electrical engineer in Milan. His father and mother did not in the least approve of his affection for the orphan in the Café, though they admitted she was dutiful, quiet, and clever, but they looked higher for Poldo than

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the portionless niece of the "Tre Sorelli," it being well known that they could give her but little when she married. He was now nineteen ; she just two years younger.

A good many young men from Como and the hotels had begun to drop in of an evening to the Café, and although Zia Quillina served them and had all the news out of them in a jiffy, they usually managed to have a little talk with Rondinella. There was an extremely handsome Florentine ; he acted as majordomo for a great family who had a villa on the Lake, when they stayed three or four months in the summer, until it was the fashionable time to go to the sea baths on the Lido, where they owned a home on the shores of the blue Adriatic. This young man seemed to fascinate the girl, who had done no more than speak to any one since Poldo had left. She liked to hear the pure Tuscan tripping from his tongue, his imitations of the Venetian gondoliers, his tales of London and Paris, wherein he himself figured as the hero very often. His name was Enrico Tullo ; his master the Marchese Sforzi, trusted him with everything; the Marchesa thought nothing could be done without him ; the Marchesini adored him. They paid him well, he dressed like a gentleman with very good taste, and smoked the best cigars the Café people could sell. So when he began to pay such attention to the girl her three Aunts were more than flattered, saying " What a handsome couple they are, *per Bacco.*" But there was something about Rico that didn't quite ring true, for all his grace and adroit flattering, sometimes the child wondered about him in her own heart. One may be sure that the doctor's wife gave her son all the news, which drove Leopoldo distracted, until he beat his head on the bare white walls of the " Caserma " or barracks where he was in Rome.

" In three months," he cried, " I shall be free—and then—"

It was the day of Corpus Domini. In the morning the windows and balconies had all been gaily draped and filled with spectators to see the procession pass. In the pageant (now suppressed by the law in Italian cities, but still allowed in the country districts) were nearly all the village children, representing the saints, etc. There was St. John, with his wayward

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little lamb, led by a baby in sheepskins, who had to have an acolyte told off to attend to them both ; Santa Maria Maddelena in pomp, with looking-glass and beautiful long train ; the same in penitence, with bare feet and a nun's habit ; St. Peter with the keys ; St. Ursula attended by virgins ; and half a hundred other saints. Also groups of angels and cherubs, then priests carrying the Host, in magnificent vestments, under a splendid canopy. It was now the afternoon ; Maria Rondinella sat in her new muslin frock, near her Aunt Amalia, when Enrico Tullo entered the cool, dark tobacco shop. It was to ask the three aunts for their consent to his marriage with their niece. So they were formally engaged. Zia Quillina, in a trice, dressed herself in her best, and very soon the village was ringing with the news. Then was the doctor's wife glad at heart. Every one was smiling ; only Rondinella herself was grave ; she loved him very much, certainly, and would have been terribly hurt if he had not spoken ; but there was something—— Is a lover always what a girl wishes exactly ? He was not so forgetful as poor Poldo ; he bragged to the "Three Graces" about the home he would give her, how he would bring her home to see them every year, making light of her want of a dowry, even turning that to his own glorification.

"I have enough for us both," he laughed ; and indeed he was for the moment madly in love with Rondinella's dark blue eyes and the admiration for himself that shone out from them. He was a devoted lover, and in the still summer evenings, amid the scent of roses and songs of nightingales, all Rondinella's fears vanished and she was perfectly happy.

Then Poldo came home, not very tall, but straight and broad, with a fine bronze color in his cheeks. He had schooled himself to forget, even going the length of being friendly to Enrico. It was early in September. The two young men went one morning with a gun apiece to shoot some *uccelli* for the polenta at midday. There was to be a little feast in the Café, for the Marchese's household left on the morrow. When they returned the young majordòmo was evidently out of temper.

"Corpo di Bacco, the luck was with Poldo," he cried, throwing down the almost empty bag on the marble table before

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him. Leopoldo drew out of this about a dozen plump little birds, which he handed to the girl in silence.

"But I have shot some small ones," continued Rico, "we will skin them and make thee a collarette with the breasts, *carina.*" And he shook his bag, tumbling out a heap of tiny bodies with black rumpled feathers and white satin waistcoats. Rondinella absolutely screamed.

"Dio mio, hadst thou the heart to shoot the Madonna's birds? I will never forgive thee, never!"

She rushed out of the Café, and left the two men looking at each other.

"I told you," said Poldo slowly, "you did wrong, they are her little sisters."

"Such superstition is ridiculous," snapped the other.

"It may be, but it is not to Rondinella. Besides no luck follows any one who shoots the swallows, we all believe that round here."

Before the girl's anger was over, Enrico had vanished; but he came back later on and pleaded his ignorance, professing such penitence that she forgave him. He was leaving to-morrow too.

"Thou wilt write, Amor mio?" he whispered, kissing her farewell.

"*Sicuro,* Rico, and thou?"

"I will think of my bird until we build our nest together in the spring."

Enrico was gone. Then the swallows flew away and the bleak winds whistled again down the mountains. Poldo was in Milan. At Christmas when he came home his heart ached for Rondinella, she had grown so thin and pale. Enrico's letters were few and short; but he always spoke of the home he was getting ready for "Pasqua."

Just before the Carnival, Poldo went with his master to Rome, where an electric novelty was being exhibited. Lent had hardly begun, when he stood in the door of the tobacco shop where the girl sat sewing alone. She looked up, her heart almost ceasing to beat, for she had asked him to see Enrico; there he stood with a troubled face, while his downcast eyes would not meet her own.

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"Madre Mia," she cried, "what is it, Poldo?"

On her listening ears his answer fell like lead. Just three words.

"He is married."

Poverina!

That was some years ago. Rondinella has long been Leopoldo's happy wife, they have a little villa with a roof, Swiss fashion, of pointed eaves. There the swallows come every year, filling the clear air with their joyous cries.

Giulia has almost forgotten the bitter days of her youth, resting in the peaceful eventide now with one, now with the other of her daughters. And Enrico Tullo. They say he came to no good in the end, but what can be expected of one who wantonly took the blessed little lives of the "Birds of the Madonna?"

MRS. MARY MACALPINE.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Continued*).

THE TWELFTH STATION.

JESUS DIES.

JESUS hung suspended on the cross, His blood falling drop by drop, and His life was being slowly spent. The Jews were gloating over His approaching death. Mary was there, still erect, her eyes fixed upon her Son. John, standing like her, and like her, overwhelmed with sorrow. Magdalen, fallen to her knees, her two arms embracing the wood of the cross, amid her sobs and her tears withdrew not her lips from the lacerated feet of her divine Master. Toward midday the heavens become darkened, baneful, livid, night envelops the earth. Jesus feels that His hour has come. "Mother," He says to Mary, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "Mother, behold your son, henceforth," and His eyes rested on John, His well-beloved. Then addressing Himself to John, "Behold your Mother!" And as if He wanted to condescend a last time to human weakness: "O, My Father, He cried,

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looking up to heaven, O, My Father, why have you forsaken Me!" But recovering Himself quickly in His divine power, "All is now accomplished," He said, and with a loud voice He uttered the cry "My Father, into Thy Hands I commend My spirit," then He bowed His head, and died.

In the temple, suddenly, from the top even to the bottom, the great veil was rent. The earth was shaken to its very depths, as if it were about to perish. The rocks were split and the bones of the dead put on their flesh. A great curtain of blood passed before the sun.

"Ah!" cried out the trembling centurion in command of the cohort: "it was true then, this was the Son of God!" and he went away striking his breast.

His soldiers follow him; then the Jewish people, satisfied, all that crowd disappeared little by little, concealing its terror under the restless mask of a sardonic smile; and there remained at the side of the dead body, Mary, John, and Magdalen.

When the throng of people had gone, two other women approached, who until now had remained aloof: Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, the mother of John.

Together, silent and desolate, before that cross whereon hung the Master, they began the death watch.

* * * * * * *

Death! God has submitted to it. We must submit to it; perhaps it is not far off; perhaps we already bear its germs in in our breasts; perhaps it has already set its mark on our brow.

To die! To die! I, too, even I, must die. That word sounds hard to the ear of man! And yet he must die. "Man's days are as grass, as the flower of the field so shall he flourish—*Homo sicut fœnum dies ejus, tanquam flos agri sic efflorebit.*" (1)

Whence comes that dread with which death inspires us? We live altogether by means of our senses in this world; it is through them that our thoughts come to us, it is through them that our affections are nourished and our desires aroused. Our

(1) Ps. cii, 15.

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whole life, thenceforward, even supposing it innocent, is peopled with material and sensible objects; we see only them, we love only them. Death arouses us, snatches us cruelly from this world of sense; it separates us forever from it. You can understand now how cruel it is to us!

But why are we so much attached to passing things? Do we not know that we must leave them some day, and depart without them?

God has set the seal of death on every creature. He wished that everything should warn us of its disastrous frailty. The flowers fade before our eyes, the fruits fall, the trees die. The day is extinguished in night. The song of that bird, which charms you, is growing feebler in the echo of the woods, it is no more. There is not even one of those gigantic rocks, whose mass seems to defy the ages, which will not crumble and little by little fall into dust. And within ourselves, how many things die!

The very act which we perform in one instant, has it not escaped from us in the next? How often would we not willingly have been able to seize it as it fled from us, to perform it over again better and more worthily. It has gone. Time, that mysterious image of life, what is it but a succession of instants of which one dies while the other is arriving. Our thoughts pass away, our resolutions vanish, our affections die one after another. Everything cries out to us: "I am going to die!" Everything dies within us and around us. What is there that is permanent and unchangeable in the world? And we, we consumed with the desires of eternal affections, it is to these things that must die, to which we attach our hearts. And this is not all. We, who must ourselves die, we attach ourselves to that world which we will have to leave. Let us suppose that everything outside of us were immortal, would it not be enough to know that we must die to prevent us from exposing ourselves to the heartrendings of an inevitable and ever-threatening separation?

Why, no! It is when death approaches, when our wrinkles deepen and our hair becomes white, when our body is stiff and exhausted, it is then that we cling, with a frenzied energy, just

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like a man who is drowning, to the vain loves of this earth! Whose fault is it, then, if it is hard for us to die?

An instinct of nature makes us look upon death with an equal terror. Our body and our soul, this is *ourselves* in this world: death, which separates these two, one from the other, appears to us then as a tearing asunder of our very selves. In fine, sickness, sorrow, the dread of agony, form a cortege from which our soul in terror shrinks.

The animal, like man, gives proof of that natural horror and the better tempered soul, the most saintly soul cannot always defend itself against it.

And what is wonderful in this? Death is a punishment! It is by sin that it entered into the world; it is the wages of sin! Let us receive it as such, Christians, and recognizing that we are guilty, let us bow our head humbly before divine justice which strikes us.

It is the custom, when the priest assists at the bedside of a man in his agony, it is the custom to inspire him with the thought of the voluntary acceptance of death. What does that mean? To accept death when it is inevitable, when it is upon us, when nothing in the world can snatch us from its hands. Yes, Christians, to accept it with sweetness, with resignation, with a submissive heart, is an act of supreme expiation.

Ah! It is a grand and sublime thought, it is one of the most noble efforts to which the human will can extend: to prepare for our death, let us practice it from to-day on. Let us accept death in advance, let us acknowledge that we have deserved it. Let us imitate our Master, who, in submitting to it, offered expiation for us! Let neither fear nor agony be on our countenance. Scarcely is that sweet reproach given us, so to say, as an excuse in our lamentations and despair: "O my Father, why have you abandoned me?" Oh! what a Master! and how continually ought He be before our eyes to prepare us for death!

To very humble and simple souls God gives sometimes great courage in the hour of death. A woman of faith—not of that deep and well-reasoned faith which is the share of only a small number, but of that simple, ingenuous faith, which you find

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even among the little ones of the world—one of these women having suffered greatly during her life, felt her death sickness seize her: "See, it is my time," she said to her daughter, "do not leave me." She summoned the priest, made her confession, received holy communion and was anointed, then, when some one urged her still to have hope: "No, no!" she answered, "I have had my share of suffering, I am going now to rest in Paradise."

She herself made the arrangements for her obsequies, gave the order for her coffin, and disposed of everything with a calm and deliberate self possession. Then, one day, feeling a choking beginning in her throat, without emotion, without a tear: "My child," she said, "my agony is on me. Until we meet again, good bye!" And she died.

The Thirteenth Station.

JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS, AND PLACED IN THE ARMS OF HIS MOTHER.

The hour of the Sabbath was at hand. The Jewish law forbade that the bodies of criminals should remain hanging on the cross during that holy day. The priests went then to ask Pilate to have the legs of the three who had been crucified, broken so as to hasten their death: they would take their bodies down afterwards. The order was given: the soldiers, with the blows of a crowbar broke the legs of the two thieves, but when they were ready to do the same to Jesus, they found that He was already dead, and they went away. One of them, somewhat uncertain, to remove all doubt, plunged his lance into the side of Jesus, and pierced His Heart: the body was fastened by the nails, and from the wound flowed blood and water. All this, before the eyes of Mary!

According to Jewish custom, the bodies of criminals were thrown in a common pit; they remained there, uncovered until all the flesh had disappeared. Then only was it granted to the relatives to carry away the bones and place them in the sepulchre of their family.

[illegible]imathæa, a counsellor of the Sanhedrin, could

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not bear that this last outrage should be reserved for his Master. For some time previous, he had been a disciple of Jesus, but through fear of the Jews had concealed the fact. Before the Sanhedrin, he had not had sufficient courage openly to defend the innocent, but now his indignation burst forth and made him fearless. He went to Pilate, and boldly demanded of him the body of the victim. Pilate granted it to him, and Joseph returned to Calvary.

There, assisted by some disciples, who, once the crowd had disappeared, had dared to approach the dead body of their Master, he prepared to take Jesus down. The ladders were erected, the nails drawn out, and gently the sacred Body was lowered. At the foot of the cross, Mary seated herself and opened her arms, covered with blood, torn, livid and cold the body of her Son was placed upon the knees of the mother.

. . . .

O Mary, do you recall that day, when in the stable of Bethlehem, God gave Him to you, that Son, charming and beautiful, upon your knees, between your arms, smiling at your respectful caresses.. Behold what men have done to Him and how they give Him back to you!

"Oh, what floods of tears she shed! In what a sea of grief was she immerged, that Virgin in sorrow, when she beheld, between her arms, taken down from the cross, her Son."

O quot undis lacrymarum
Quo dolore volvitur
Luctuosa, de cruento
Dum revulsum stipite,
Cernit ulnis incubantem
Virgo Mater Filium.

His gentle lips, His tender breast, His side, sweetest of all, His torn hands, His feet red with blood, all His body, she kisses amid her bitter tears.

Os suave, mite pectus
Et latus dulcissimum
Dexteramque vulneratam
Et sinistram sauciam
Et rubras cruore plantas
Ægra tingit lacrymis.

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A hundred times, a thousand times, she strains Him in her arms, her lips fastened to all His wounds,—sucking His wounds, the Church says—and all together, she melts away in the kisses of her sorrow.

Centiesque milliesque
Stringit arctis nexibus
Pectus illud et lacertos
Illa sugit vulnera,
Sicque tota colliquescit
In doloris osculis.(1)

I have been translating the hymn which the Church makes her priests sing on the day on which she celebrates the dolors of Mary! Certainly there is no mother who has seen one of her children die, who does not understand it.

Oh! when a mother sees her son die, she doubts, she doubts still. No! he is not dead. What, dead! my son! she gazes on him, a breath seems to her to pass from his lips, or a movement takes place over his countenance. But when, between her hands, she feels the little body grow cold, when all illusion vanishes, when she can no longer doubt, when she must at last cry out "he is dead. My child is dead!" who can tell the chords that break within her soul! And they cannot die!

Oh! If they could die! If they could follow their well-beloved into the tomb! But no, they must suffer, they must live, and they must go on, long years perhaps, carrying in their heart a void which will never fill! "Quia non sunt—Because they are not."

Unfortunate mothers, behold Mary! See if your grief is comparable to hers! When you weep for your dead, go to weep close beside her! She has suffered as you suffer, more than you; she will understand so well! She will know so well how to speak words which will comfort you and reanimate your courage! Go to her; she, like you, is a mother, and like you she has seen her Son die, her only Son!

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(1) Hymn of the first Vespers of the feast of our Lady of the Seven Dolors.

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And you all, whatsoever may be the sorrow which oppresses you, go to the Virgin. Ah! you suffer! Listen then what her life was:

A daughter of kings, she lived in poverty and obscurity until her sixteenth year. She was espoused then to a carpenter, she who was of the blood of David. God gave her a son—His own Son—it was in a stable, where the cattle sought shelter at night, that she brought Him forth into this world. Scarcely is He born, she must fly into Egypt to save Him from slaughter! After a long exile she returns and resumes with Joseph and Jesus her life of toil. Joseph dies, Jesus leaves her. He goes to preach to His people, and after three years, behold her Jesus dishonored, spat upon, calumniated, condemned, scourged, crucified, dead finally, in her arms! and now alone with John, with a stranger; she is going to finish her life! And ever since Bethlehem, all that future, that Judas, that Pilate, those Jews, those executioners, those whips, those thorns, that cross, those nails, that spittle and that blood, that dead Christ, cold and livid, during thirty years, day and night, without interruption, have floated, full of gloom, before her eyes, opened to the light of prophecy!

What are your sufferings by the side of this?

And she said: "Be it done unto me according as you wish, Lord!"

See her now, see her in the very hour when she holds in her arms her well-beloved Son. Do you hear her complain? Do you hear her murmur? Does she demand an account from God: "Why have you taken my child from me?" Does she complain of life? Does she appeal to death? Learn well, in that grand silence of Calvary. Nothing, nothing! a sound of tears which are falling and of sobs which she stifles. Oh, yes, for she is suffering!

Her heart is broken, crushed by sorrow; she suffers all that you suffer, you mothers who see your children die, but she fails not; she controls her grief; she does not let a cry escape her. She is resigned, and from her lips, which tremble, and from her soul, rent with anguish, issues ever that word which was the motto of her life: "Behold me, Lord. Do with me as you wish. I am your handmaid."

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How often have we not seen those whom we love die? How often do we not see those who love us die, before God summons us ourselves to die? He who has not passed beside the deathbed of a mother, of a friend, of a child; he who has not seen those beloved eyes shed their last tear, who has not seen those lips tremble, that breast heave, and then become quiet, motionless; he who has not touched his lips to that brow already cold knows not what it is to suffer!

And yet Mary was resigned. Where did she find that strength? Here is the source.

She knew that death is only a momentary separation, and that in heaven she would find again her son.

But do we, too, not know this? Do we not know, we too, that we shall find in heaven our mothers, our children, our friends, all our well-beloved who have died in the Lord? Yes, we shall find them again, we shall know them, and, under God's eye, reuniting the chain, broken for an instant, of all our holy affections, we shall love one another above, just as we loved here below, for ever and ever!

Before their tomb let us now learn, like Mary, to master our grief, and to say to God, in offering Him our bleeding hearts: "Thy will be done, Lord!"

(*To be continued.*)

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Owing to the impossibility of having the new Shrine and statue ready for blessing earlier than August 24, no invitation was given to pastors to come to the Shrine before that day. As usual, however, many pilgrims, about 500, came to Auriesville for the feast of the Assumption, and took part in all the exercises, Mass, the Way of the Cross, Sermon in the Ravine, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Sunday, August 17, over 1600 came from St. Joseph's parish, Troy, and about that number from the Polish parish in Schenectady. On the regular train from the east came many from Albany, Schenectady and Amsterdam. Fully 1200 received Holy Communion, chiefly members of St. Joseph's parish, Troy. The two congregations made the Way of the Cross and

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the march to the Ravine separately. At Mass and in the Ravine Father Dezerewski preached in Polish to his congregation, and Father Wynne preached the sermon in English.

The entire body of pilgrims joined together in the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the sight of the multitude was very impressive.

Sunday, August 31, pilgrimages came to the Shrine from Fonda, Little Falls, Ilion and Utica, taking up a great number from almost every station on the route, and joined at Auriesville by the many pilgrims who had come from Albany, Amsterdam and other cities east of the shrine.

The two sections of the Little Falls' pilgrimage of about 800 each marched up the hill preceded by the band which is now so well known in Auriesville, and at the masses offered, as each section reach the open chapel the choir, accompanied by this band, sang very sweet hymns.

The pilgrims from Ilion also had a fine band of music, which played all the way up the hill and to the old shrine where Mass was said immediately, over 800 pilgrims kneeling about.

No sooner had the second section of the Little Falls' pilgrimage cleared the open chapel than the Utica pilgrims, 982 in number assembled in it for Mass and with them nearly 500 who had come in the regular train from the east. At this Mass there were about 600 communicants.

The Way of the Cross was made by the pilgrims from Little Falls and Ilion, the bands accompanying the *Stabat Mater*, and soon after them the Utica pilgrims followed in great numbers in spite of the mid-day heat.

During the lunch hour the bands played sacred airs near the porch back of the chapel, and rarely has a band had a more beautiful stage, or a more appreciative audience.

The march to the Ravine, about 2 P. M., was really the event of the day, the vast throng of people following the two bands of music to the grotto and gathering about the pulpit whilst the choir was singing a hymn in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

The Rev. James Conway, of St. Ignatius' Church, New York, preached the sermon, and after him the Right Reverend Monsignor Lynch, of St. John's Church, Utica, Father Quinn, of Ilion, and Father White, of Little Falls, addressed their parishioners united in this pilgrimage.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father

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White for the pilgrims from Little Falls and Ilion, and later there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, Mgr. Lynch officiating. This closed the exercises of the day which was one of the great days in the annals of Auriesville, and the third time this month that nearly 5,000 persons gathered at the Shrine.

There is still another pilgrimage Sunday, and then the Shrine will be closed for this season, though Mass will be said Monday, September 29, the anniversary of the death of René Goupil, and Saturday, October 18, anniversary of Father Jogues.

This year will be a memorable one in the annals of Auriesville. The blessing of the new statue, the erection of the new Shrine, the votive offering of the Crown of Thorns in gold, and the pilgrimages larger, more enthusiastic, and, if possible, more pious than ever, prove that Heaven's blessing is on the place. When we reflect that all this was done without much effort, with little or no time to foresee what was necessary by way of preparation, we cannot but recognize a special intervention of Providence in our favor. Occupied about many things at a distance from Auriesville, we could not devote as much time and attention to it as we did in previous years, although the ceremony and pilgrimages of this year needed more preparation than those of any year before. We must thank and bless God for it all and renew our confidence in Our Lady of Sorrows, who is venerated at the Shrine, and in the intercession of the servants of God whose memory is honored there.

Invitations to the ceremony of August 24 were issued to all who have shown interest in Auriesville, as all of them, we were sure, would be pleased to be present in spirit if was not possible to be present in person. With the invitation was an appeal for help to meet the expenses of the Shrine to which many have already generously responded, and to which others will respond in time. Our friends know that we would not ask assistance unless it were needed, and they know also that that when we ask for it, we do not urge or constrain anyone to give, knowing, as we do, that all who can help us will do so willingly, according to their means. We need not remind those who contribute to the Shrine that they are remembered in the Masses said there by the fathers in charge, and in our prayers for our benefactors at other times of the year.

The new statue is beyond description. It is a sermon in marble. The figure of Christ in death, and of His Mother support-

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ing Him, makes a group which moves the heart quite as much as it captivates the eyes. Auriesville is fortunate in having such a statue, and the Shrine or position in which it is placed is quite in keeping with the work of art the statue is. To see the statue one must visit Auriesville. The crown we can show to those who wish to see it at our office, 27–29 West 16th street, and at the first opportunity we shall exhibit it to our friends in other cities who could not be present at the ceremony in Auriesville.

MISSION NOTES.

THE CARDINAL PREFECT OF THE PROPAGANDA.

To the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda (de Propaganda Fide—for the Propagation of the Faith) is confided the supreme direction of all the Catholic missions in the world. Cardinal Ledochowski's death was a surprise to no one, for he had been long ill; but the end came suddenly, nevertheless, by a stroke of paralysis. Of noble descent, Miecislas, Count Ledochowski, was born at Gorki, in Poland, on the 29th of October, 1822. His education was completed in the College of Nobles in Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1845. Through various positions, honorable and important, notably that of Delegate Apostolic to the South American Republics, he advanced to the post of Nuncio at Brussels in 1861, with the title of Archbishop of Thebes. In September, 1865, he was elected Archbishop of Gnesen and Posen, in Prussian Poland.

In 1874 the relentless persecution of the Kulturkampf broke out in Germany. The Archbishop was first fined for his noble fidelity to the Church, then imprisoned at Ostrowo, a little town near Prussian Siberia, because he refused, and rightly, to recognize the usurped jurisdiction of the courts of Posen in matters appertaining solely to the authority of the Catholic Church. As a reward for his courage and constancy, Pius IX sent him the Cardinal's crimson in his prison. After the Kulturkampf had been dropped by Germany, Pope Leo called Cardinal Ledochowski to Rome in January, 1892, and appointed him Prefect of the Propaganda. It was remarked that no better choice could have been made than that of this Confessor of the Faith for the supreme leadership of the heroic army of Catholic missionaries, whose lot it is to suffer, and often to die, for the great cause.

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Cardinal Ledochowski is succeeded by the Carmelite Cardinal, Jerome Maria Gotti. He was born at Genoa on the 29th of March, 1834. He has been Provincial and General of his Order, and internuncio in Brazil under the title of Archbishop of Petra. He was made Cardinal in November, 1895. Eloquent and literary, he is a great theologian and canonist, speaking French and Latin as his native Italian.

THE END OF A SCHISM.

The *Catholic Messenger* of Ceylon announces that the schism of the "Jacobites," or "Independent Catholics," in the diocese of Jaffna, has ceased to be. It began through some Portuguese who refused to obey the Concordat of 1887, by which Ceylon was withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa. The leader, a priest named Alvares, had himself consecrated bishop by a schismatic prelate in southern India. Alvares, in his turn, ordained the notorious Vilatte. It is said, that at the present time, there scarcely remain a dozen schismatical families at Colombo.

This schism caused much evil, and especially great bitterness between its adherents and the Catholics. The healing of the wound is due, in no small part, to the prudence of Bishop Joulain (Oblate of Mary Immaculate). He summoned the leaders of the erring people, reasoned kindly with them, and finally assured them, that whether they returned or not, they would be ever dear to him. They soon began to grow weary of Alvares and the false priests he sent them. Notwithstanding the strong bonds of caste which united them, some of them came back to the fold. At the beginning of this year, their unworthy leader fell sick and went away to Colombo, where he died. Thereupon, the principal persons decided to write a collective note of submission to the Bishop of Jaffna. There was a triumphal arch erected at the first church he visited, in other places the people, at his approach, fell on their knees to receive his blessing; everywhere they were sympathetic. Two Protestant ministers endeavored to prevent the people's return to the church, but they were invited to leave. About 2000 persons have renewed their obedience to the Holy See.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. OCTOBER, 1902. No. 10.

SEQUEL TO FATHER JOGUES' DEATH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THERE was a division in the camp. The Bear and the Tortoise families wanted to save the life of the prisoners and appealed to the treaty of peace which had been signed with the French in pursuance of the demand of the Iroquois ambassadors. On the other hand the Bear family clamored for their death in the most violent language. Not to create an irreconcilable hatred among the three families, it was agreed to refer the matter to the general assembly of the chiefs and old men of the tribe at the meeting that was going to take place on the 18th of October, at Tionnontogen, the largest encampment that the Agniers then had. The peace party prevailed and they decided to set the captives at liberty.

But while the deliberations were going on some savages of the Bear family formed a plot to get rid of the French prisoners. Father Jogues was praying in his hut when they came to invite him out to a feast with one of the chiefs. He rose and, without apparent mistrust, directed his steps to the wigwam. As he was entering, an Indian who stood behind the door clove his head in two with a stroke of a tomahawk. Next day Lalande met the same fate. They cut off the heads of the two martyrs and placed them on the stakes of the palisade round the enclosure with their faces turned in the direction whence they had come; the bodies were thrown into the river.

When the deputies who had gone to Tionnontogen brought to Ossernenon the decision of the assembly, the crime had

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already taken place. The assassins were blamed, but nothing more was done. Father Jogues was assassinated on the 18th of October, 1646, in the village of Ossernenon. It is a curious thing that the man who killed him was later on captured by the Algonquins and condemned to death. Before dying he was converted and narrated all the circumstances of the last moments of the missionaries. His story is, in every respect, confirmed by that of the Hurons who had been prisoners in the same place and had succeeded in escaping.

When the news of his death was brought to the colony it was hailed as that of a martyr to the faith. "We regarded this death," writes Father Lalemant, "as that of a martyr. When we heard it, many of us, though separated from each other and consequently without having been able to discuss it, could not make up our minds to offer the sacrifice of the Mass for the repose of his soul. On the contrary, we offered it in thanksgiving for the blessings which God had bestowed upon him. Men of the world who knew him intimately, and religious houses also, look upon his death in the same manner, and we are prompted rather to ask his prayers than to pray for his soul.

"In fact it is the opinion of many learned men, and this opinion is no more than reasonable, that that man is truly a martyr in the sight of God who testifies to Him before heaven and earth; who makes more account of his faith and of the spread of the gospel than of his own life which he loses in the midst of dangers into which he casts himself for the love of Christ. Such a death is, in the sight of the angels, the death of a martyr, and it is thus that Father Jogues gave his life for Jesus Christ. Nay more, not only did he employ all possible means to preach the Gospel to those who slew him, but there is not the shadow of a doubt that he was killed in hatred of the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

"In point of fact, the Algonquins, the Hurons and afterwards the Iroquois, as those who had been in captivity among them assure us, had, and some among them still have, a hatred and a horror of our doctrine; they maintain that it kills them, that it has spells and charms in it which cause the destruction

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of their harvests, which bring upon them contagions and epidemics. Hence we are in constant dread of being slain wherever we go. Just as in the primitive Church, they reproached the disciples of Christ with being the cause of public misfortunes, and on that account put them to death, so we are persecuted because, as they fancy, by our doctrine, which is none other than that of Christ, we devastate their countries. It is for that reason that they killed Father Jogues; but for that reason we can maintain that he is a martyr in the sight of God."

The author of the *Cours d'histoire*, on telling the story of the death of this valiant apostle, gives a pen picture of his character: He was a man of most amiable simplicity and sweetness of disposition in the ordinary affairs of life. Nevertheless, when there was question of duty, he was firm and resolute. In important matters, before deciding on a measure, he examined it at length in the presence of God. Once his decision was taken he kept at his work quietly with great simplicity, but also with an energy and perseverance that the consciousness of duty could alone inspire. "Ondessonk," the Agniers used to say to him, "you are like a child when you are bidden to do something, but you easily become the master when you want to. You speak too boldly, and you will be killed, for you are a prisoner in our country. You are alone, and yet you oppose us. What would you do if you were at liberty among your people?" They were astonished at times at the audacity with which he reproved them; but as he had already made the sacrifice of his liberty and life, he showed himself superior to all fear, and by his courage and his noble outspokenness he forced the most independent of these savages to respect him. When he died he was only forty-eight years old.

His death became the signal of a general rupture and a renewal of hostilities. Not to keep up the flames of hatred in the nation itself, the three great families of the Agniers, the Bears, the Wolves and the Tortoises, ended by voting for war in spite of the protestations of certain influential chiefs like Le Berger and Kiotsaeton. It is worth knowing here that Le Berger was made prisoner by the Algonquins and given his liberty by M. Montmagny. He was so touched by this act

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that he flung his tomahawk in the fire and cried out: "My anger is appeased. I lay down my arms. I am your friend forever." He kept his word. At Ossernenon he made every effort to save Father Jogues. Not being able to prevent the war, he refused to take up arms. Later on he became a Christian and died in France. Kiotsaeton, the chief of the embassy of 1844, regarded as a piece of criminal perfidy the death of Father Jogues, and, because of his freedom of speech in this matter, became a suspect in the eyes of the Bear family. In spite of the protest of the minority the voice of the majority prevailed; in fact, some of the other encampments had not yet laid down their arms, and from that out the struggle was going to be fiercer than ever, and a war of extermination was begun.

In the month of November the braves were on the war path. At Montreal they surprised and massacred the Hurons and two colonists who were off their guard not knowing that war had been proclaimed. They pillaged and burned Fort Richelieu which had been left without a garrison; in the neighborhood of Three Rivers they met Piescaret, their most formidable enemy, who came to them under the impression that they were friends and singing a peace song as he approached. They run him through with a spear and scalped him. At Three Rivers, while Mass was going on, they entered the houses which were separated from the fort and carried off everything they could find: clothes, blankets, muskets, powder and lead, and then divided into two bands set off in pursuit of the Algonquins who were at that moment engaged in fishing, some on the north and some on the south bank of the St. Lawrence. They massacred the old men, women and children. They killed the chief, Jean Baptiste Manitou, who was a valiant Christian and the god-son of the commandant. They killed, also, Ouapmangouch, one of the bravest and cleverest of the Algonquins. In order to make a mockery of the sacred mystery of the cross they laid a child of four or five years old on a piece of bark and fixed him to it hands and feet with sharp pieces of wood.

The Iroquois carried off as prisoners many of the chieftains, braves and the young people with the exception of four or five [illegible]ceeded in making their escape. Among these captives

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were some neophytes and catechumens, and when they were brought to the country of the Agniers they were distributed among the villages where they were beaten and burned, boiled and roasted. In the horrible torture of this treatment they showed a heroic courage and died like Christians. Some women, who had been brought into captivity, but found means of escape, carried the details of this disaster to Three Rivers.

Among these captives was Mary the wife of Jean Baptiste Manitou who, after the most extraordinary adventures, arrived at Montreal and from there was brought to Three Rivers. There was another Algonquin woman who had been made a prisoner by the Iroquois, who was bound during the night by her hands and feet to four sticks driven into the ground. Still she managed to free herself, and braining with a blow of a tomahawk the Iroquois who was lying near the door of the hut, succeeded almost naked in making her escape. They pursued her, but in vain, and after thirty-five days of fatigues, privations and sufferings of every description she arrived at Three Rivers.

The audacity of the Iroquois became so great that they were planning to take Three Rivers by assault. The plans were made, the positions were actually taken when two hundred Hurons unexpectedly arrived and the Iroquois were beaten and took to flight, losing their arms, their baggage and a great many of their men who were taken prisoners.

This victory did not prevent the consternation from spreading among the nations which were scattered on the north of the St. Lawrence from Tadoussac to the Ottawa, and from the Laurentides to the Great River. They no longer dared to go down to Quebec or Three Rivers to sell their furs or to trade with the colonists. The colonists themselves stuck close to the forts for fear of being surprised and massacred. The Indians of Sillery did not dare to go out of the fortified enclosures to hunt or to fish ; but in order to protect them from any sudden raid in the seed-time or harvest the Governor had a fort constructed in the midst of the fields.

Although the situation was serious the courage of the missionaries and of the French did not weaken. The Superior of Quebec writes on the 20th October, 1647 : "You must not

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imagine that the fury of the Iroquois and the loss of some Christians and catechumens can make void the mystery of the cross of Jesus Christ or stop the efficacy of His blood. We may die, we may be captured, burned or massacred, but that is of no consequence. The best death is not always in one's bed. I see no one here who shrinks. On the contrary, they demand to be sent to the Hurons and some protest that the fires which the Iroquois will build around them are the very motives which would induce them to make the dangerous journey.

The men who went so bravely to face the fire of the Iroquois were Joseph Bressani, Adrian Daran, Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Bonnin and Adrian Grelan, priests; and Nicholas Noirclair, a lay-brother. They were accompanied by twenty-five or thirty Frenchmen who undertook this long, hard and dangerous journey, says the Relation of 1648. As for the missionaries, such joy shone upon their countenances that you would think they were going to take possession of the crown of a martyr. They set out on the 26th of August, 1648, at the risk of being taken and massacred on the way by the Iroquois. Alas! they had gone to take possession of a crown, and as martyrs they went to assist at the last hour of the tribe in its agony and at the extinction of the sad remnants of the Huron nation.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(*Concluded.*)

The Fourteenth Station.

JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB.

THE disciples quickly took the body down and carried it reverently even to the foot of Calvary. The Virgin, Mary Magdalene and the other women followed in procession. They advanced silently, amid the darkness of the night which had set in. The sacred body was laid out upon a large rock. Endearing and reverent hands wash from it all the blood wherewith it was dyed. Then they spread over it a

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perfumed ointment of myrrh and aloes, of which Joseph had bought a hundred pounds. They covered the body with a shroud, and, according to Jewish custom, wrapped it in fine linen bands. It was Mary Magdalene, without doubt, who presided over the burial, for we read that immediately at the close of the Sabbath day, she returned in haste to the sepulchre to complete the work which had to be done hurriedly because of the late hour. Close beside them, in a rock, stood the sepulchre, which Joseph of Arimathea had prepared for his family. Thither they carry the body of Jesus in its wrappings. Mary kisses it for the last time, she looks upon it long, as it lies there motionless, then the large rock was rolled more closely, they raise it, and the tomb was sealed.

All is over!

Yet neither Mary nor the holy women leave the tomb wherein reposes their well-beloved.

The Gospel remarks: "That they sat near the tomb, thinking where they had laid Him."

The Virgin, all alone henceforth, and Magdalene, now almost inconsolable, moved slowly toward the village. On the ground, at each step, they find the blood which Jesus had shed!

. . . .

When death separates us from those we love, it seems at first, that we do not completely realize our loss, we are stunned by the blow, we do not picture to ourselves the extent of our unhappiness. It requires a longer time for our eyes to grow accustomed to this new sight; for our hearts to feel thoroughly all the coldness and the depth of that void which henceforth will surround us. But that hour comes, the hour of stern reality, when the body is carried out by the pall-bearers, when the coffin creaks on the ropes that lower it into the grave, when the clods of earth from the shovels fall, one by one, with a thud on the sounding wood, then, like a flash, a heart-rending sensation seizes us; the sensation of our deep loss, which they say is the crown of sorrow.

I know of nothing that drives more quickly to despair! And it is not only death that makes us feel thus. This feeling

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accompanies the loss of nearly all the goods which charm our life.

When a friend abandons us, we remain so long in doubt, hesitating, in anguish, passing from hope to fear and from fear to hope, an hour comes in which the treachery of him whom we loved appears evident to our eyes, which, up to that time, were blinded. The friendship is gone ; it is gone forever.

Our fortune disappears in a crisis ; we know that poverty is on us, but we do not realize it yet ; there remains some hope in the sky. One day want rises up before us. Ah ! behold the hour of the irreparable, and it is terrible ! and so of the rest !

Oh ! as long as a faint ray of distant hope remains with a man, he can, if he has any heart, summon up courage, but when all hope has faded away, when all is destroyed, when all is gone, when we feel ourselves, as Mary felt, alone in the silent night !

Poor hearts who suffer, why do we deceive ourselves so? Nothing is ever gone, nothing is ever destroyed, nothing is ever irreparable, because everything is perfected, everything is recovered, everything is repaired in heaven !

Without doubt, if we consider our life as wholly comprised within these two terrestrial limits : birth and death, oh, yes, how many things would be ended, destroyed, made irreparable ! But this is only a part, a little part, a very little part of our life. Do you forget that it must follow you above, and and continue unceasingly throughout an immense eternity?

Why have we not Faith !

Our true life is as a book, in which we turn here below a few pages; death comes very soon to turn its page, but the book does not end on the leaf which it touches.

Not a phrase, not a word is left out, and without delay, without a break, just as the preceding page was opened, the following one opens in Eternity.

Oh ! that I could impress this thought on your mind ! We never cease to live, nor does any one of our departed friends cease to live ; an hour comes when they cease to live here below where we too cease to live here below, only to begin a new life, immediately, in eternity.

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There is no gap in man's existence.

. . . .

If we have this living faith, we will not concentrate all our thoughts, all our plans, all our resolutions, all our work and all our effects, all our love upon this world, wherein we have no lasting, resting-place. We shall be like travellers who cross the great oceans to reach the regions of the New World. Do they seek in their ship a permanent abode? Is it there that their preoccupations and their projects find their term? would not this be folly? No, they are thinking of the land which they are quickly approaching, and it is for their life there that they are preparing. And should not we do this too? Is the present life aught else but a voyage? Oh! how slight the ennui and the constraint of the voyage becomes to one who looks towards his native country. Do we suffer much in being absent from those we love, when we are making the journey that is bringing us to them, when each day as it passes shortens the time and the distance which separates us?

What a sweetness would this thought give to our pangs! It would have another advantage. It would open our eyes more frequently to that future and unchangeable life, and we would more earnestly propose to ourselves to secure there a happy destiny. For if faith tells us that death introduces us there, it also tells us that the first step that we take there, leads us to the tribunal of the Master. How could I appear there, if my hands were empty of good works and of virtues? How could I appear there, if my soul was impure and stained with sin? How could I appear there, if I have done nothing for heaven, if I have labored only for this earth and for this world, which has escaped me so quickly?

But if I have loved the good, if I have made an effort to be just, if my heart has remained firm against evil and against a perverse will, if I have been able above all to follow Christ, along the royal road of suffering, oh, how consoling and how blessed shall that hour be! It will be the end of my grief, the commencement of my joy! it is from exile to my fatherland that I shall pass.

There, my well-beloved dead await me.

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There, I myself shall await the living whom I shall have left behind, until the day when God will assemble there all souls of good will, to whom He is come to announce peace. The present life is so short, in truth it is nothing compared with that other, what is it then to lose here below, for a few hours, the goods which we shall regain above, forever. In the presence of the dead for whom you weep, Christian, root deeply in your heart these holy hopes, hopes for them, hopes for yourselves. If they have suffered much here below, let me repeat it again to you, if you suffer much here, have confidence. To suffer is the sign of divine predestination. Suffering is the great atoner; it cleanses us in the blood of our own hearts, and our souls, thus dyed, become dear to Christ. He recognizes in them the livery which He wore when climbing Calvary.

It was on Friday evening that Jesus was laid in the tomb. Mary returned to the house of John, who was henceforth her own. Her heart was broken, but her faith was strong, living and unwavering in the early resurrection of her well-beloved Son. Magdalene, less enlightened, seemed to be without hope; she was more human; and approached nearer to our weaknesses, hence it is she whom I am willing to follow.

She spent the Sabbath in tears. On Friday she had bought some precious ointments and spices to complete the embalming of the body of her Master: "And returning they prepared spices and ointments: and on the Sabbath day they rested according to commandment." (1) For the law forbade her, during this holy day, even this religious work. It was long in passing for her. The next day, at the first sign of dawn, in the solitude and silence of daybreak, she set out, with another Mary, and with hurried pace they go together to the tomb. The large rock which sealed it had been rolled back. Full of anxiety, they enter the open crypt, some linen clothes were lying on the ground, but the body of Jesus was no longer there! Horror stricken by this wonder, the mystery of which she did not comprehend, and almost in despair, Mary ran to the apostles and said: "They have taken away our Lord, and

(1) Luke xxiii, 56.

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I know not where they have placed Him." And, after her, come the others to confirm what she said. But the apostle saw here only the hallucination of imaginative women. Magdalene did not stop to convince them ; she returned to the tomb and there, in the surrounding gardens, in the ruins, in the copses, in the fissures of the rocks, everywhere, revisiting the same place twenty times, she searched for the body of her Master. "Woman, why do you weep ?" they asked of her. " Because they have taken away my Saviour, and I know not where they have laid Him." And scalding tears ran down her cheeks. Now, while she was searching, a man presented himself before her: " Woman," he asks of her, " why do you weep ? Whom seek you ?" She thought she saw before her the gardener of Joseph. "Ah ! " she said to him, " if you have taken Him away, tell me where you have hidden Him, that I might carry Him away."

" Mary," Jesus said to her.

At that name, at the sound of that familiar and divine voice, the heart of Mary leaped within her. She raised her head, her eyes met the eyes of Jesus. "Oh, my Master ! " she cried and she fell at His feet.

Who will tell the unspeakable consolation that then descended into the heart of that unhappy mourner!

Her Master, her divine, her well-beloved Master was there before her! He was then alive! He was then restored to her! She saw Him, she heard Him, He smiled upon her with that smile which had welcomed her when she was a sinner, with that smile which had accompanied him to the foot of the cross and which had been effaced only by the rigidity of death.

. . . .

Poor, human hearts, we, too, are like Magdalene. In our tears we run about, over rocks and through gardens, seeking the goods we have lost, our vanished joys, our dead affections. To all things of this world, we cry out: "They have taken away my happiness. Oh, if you have hidden it, tell me, and I will get it back again!"

Yes, we question them, we taste them, we touch them, we would penetrate them to find in them that happiness, the pur-

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suit of which wearies our entire life. And all things of this world end with the answer: "*Non est hic!*" "It is not here!" We shall hear only this word during our miserable life, "*Non est hic!*" "It is not here!"

The little joys, the little empty happinesses which we taste here below, are as the linen bands and the handkerchief which Mary found in the tomb! They had touched the Well-Beloved, they had retained the perfume of His body, hence she took them in her hands, no doubt, and lifted them from the ground. They were not, however, the body of Jesus. Happiness is not to be found in these vain and transient things, scarcely have they a slight savor of it, or a faint perfume.

And we search, always in tears.

But the hour will come! To us as to Magdalene Jesus will appear. As He called her by name, so too will He call us by name; and suddenly, leaping up with love and ecstasy, our eyes will be opened, a great light will illumine our souls, we shall see then that happiness, our happiness, our only, our true, our eternal happiness is in Him! "O Master!" we shall say as she said, and like her we, too, shall throw ourselves at His feet.

That hour will be the hour of heaven!

Heaven! Behold the last word of our suffering!

It is not here below, it is in nothing that belongs to earth that we shall find the consolation for which our soul hungers and thirsts. Have all our great sorrows that seal of the "irreparable" of which I spoke above? What shall we do to sweeten them? The saying of Rachel is nearly always true: "They are no longer! Will you restore them to me"? No, neither the earth nor the world can restore to us our lost joys! They put others in their place; I know it well, but these new joys are, like the former, transient and unstable. We lose some, but replace them by others; only to lose these in turn. And it will happen that our hearts will become worn out in this game, without having found either rest or peace.

Oh, how I pity that soul, which, when it suffers, puts its hope in the things of this earth!

But, heaven!

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Heaven is the proper place of happiness, just as the earth, according to Bossuet is the proper place of misery. Heaven, is God possessed, tasted, relished by our souls. God, that is, infinite and eternal beauty; infinite and eternal happiness; infinite and eternal love! "In the vision of God," says the celebrated theologian Lessius, "we take hold of God, as it were, in our two hands, we hold Him tightly pressed to our hearts, we possess that good which is ours, and which we can enjoy. It is our right to taste all His sweetness, to enjoy all the pleasure which springs from Him as from its source." De Summo Bono, Lib. ii. c. 4. If we can thus enjoy the Author of all these things, is it not evident that we should enjoy in Him all those happinesses which these things themselves could give us? that to drink from that great chalice, surpasses, as the infinite exceeds the finite, the little drop of joy which creatures let fall into our soul and which even now, however, ravishes and entrances us.

And it is I who will then rejoice, I who to-day suffer, I, I! Ah, if my personality could bury itself and disappear in some vague, sense-benumbing blessedness, what would heaven be to me in this state. I would have no more care for the ashes of my soul than for the ashes of my body.

But it is I whom God calls to happiness; it is my poor heart, bleeding to-day with grief that will leap with divine ecstasy; these eyes of mine, so brimful now of tears, will behold the delights of my Saviour, these my lips will drink that ambrosial nectar, lips which here below have tasted only bitterness and gall, these my arms, which have been wrung so frequently with the despairs of this will, they too will possess true joy.

Oh, for me, yes for me!

Ah! when then will that day of regeneration come?

When shall all of us who are suffering, find ourselves there?

When will the Saviour appear to us as He appeared to Magdalene?

We know not the hour. What we do know is that it will not be long in coming. Life passes so quickly! You reach the middle of life quickly, and from the middle to the end, there seems scarcely to be a step!

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Oh, you who suffer! Courage then; heaven is so near and heaven is so beautiful!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; yes, but have you not the Crucified for an example and for your Master!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; yes, but the present is nothing, the future is everything, and the future is happiness!

Oh, you who suffer, bless God! The present is hard to bear; but see, it is already past. Jesus Christ calls you.

"Mary," said He to Magdalene.

Listen, it is your name that is about to pass His lips.

"Oh, come Lord, come! *Veni, Domine, Veni!*"

FERDINAND DE GÉRAMB, SOLDIER AND TRAPPIST.

A HERO under the standard of the Cross as well as that of an earthly king, a monk of austere life, after having shown himself a soldier of greatest intrepidity, Ferdinand, Baron de Géramb, in religion Brother Marie-Joseph, is a striking example of the power of grace raising its superstructure of holiness on the basis of nature, and while elevating and supernaturalizing all the views and actions of the man, leaving unchanged much of the individuality and originality of his character. De Géramb retained to the end of life his martial bearing, a soldier's impetuosity and chivalry, all that vivacity and play of features and eyes which made his sisters nickname him in boyhood "perpetual motion," and which drew from Monsignor Cheverus the remark in later years that he had seen what he had never before witnessed, "a barrel of powder under a cowl." On the battlefield, in the court and in the cloister, Ferdinand de Géramb's is a career full of almost romantic interest and one that will repay our study.

I.—The Soldier.

Born at Lyons, in France, in the year 1772, the future general and trappist from early childhood was possessed of a proud

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and haughty spirit, brooking no opposition, an irascible temper, and a desire to be seen and heard, which might have led him to great excesses, were not all these dangerous qualities tempered in great measure and held in check by a lively faith, sincere piety, and even delicacy of conscience, the result of the careful training of his gifted and saintly mother. Destined by his father for a military career, young De Géramb received an education fitted to prepare him for the profession of arms. His early studies were pursued under the personal supervision of his mother, and he made such progress in them that at the age of sixteen he could read and explain any part of Cicero and Tacitus at sight, was quite familiar with the Greek tragedians and Latin poets, an adept in music, drawing and horseback riding and, in addition to his native French, spoke with fluency four modern languages. The time had come for his matriculation at a military school when the outbreak of the Revolution of 1790 compelled the De Géramb family to fly from Lyons to Austria for safety. A year of travel in Italy preceded their arrival in Vienna, September 22, 1791, and the trip was one of ever increasing pleasure and profit for Ferdinand. At St. Peter's, Rome, he nearly lost his life in a tourist-like attempt to scratch his name on top of the cross of the ball surmounting the dome of the great Basilica. In after life, he penned the following characteristic account of this event: "My head was in such a whirl that I cried out to my brother, who was standing below, that I could not descend without risking my life, and that I must therefore remain where I was. I begged him to bid farewell for me to my family, and not to forget to advise my friends of my new address: *M. Ferdinand, Baron de Géramb, on top of the ball of the dome of St. Peter's, Rome.*"

We are not told how he escaped from his predicament, but that he did so, is evidenced by the fact that two years later, in 1793, we find him a second lieutenant of cavalry in the regimental barracks at Presburg, after having graduated from the Military School of Vienna, with the reputation of a hard and brilliant student, and a youth of irreproachable morals. We all know something of the dangers of barrack life, and re-

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time, the sound of a bell. I came nearer, and soon I was able to distinguish an aged priest, with white hair and poorly clad. He was accompanied by two peasants, bareheaded, despite the intense cold. One was ringing from time to time a bell, the other carried a lantern. 'Good God, it is Jesus! Allow me, Monsieur le Curé,' I cried out, 'to accompany the Blessed Sacrament. Don't be alarmed at the military movement we are about to execute. It is to do homage to Jesus Christ.' I gave my orders, and in a moment the venerable pastor, surrounded by a staff of officers and in the middle of my troops, continued on his way to a neighboring village. We advanced in religious silence, broken only by the tramp of the horses hoofs and the blare of the trumpet announcing the presence of the Most Holy God." They thus accompanied Our Lord to the house of an old officer, who received Communion with lively sentiments of faith and piety.

A few days later some religious ceremony brought together in the Imperial Chapel the royal families and all the high officials and nobles of the empire. As Chamberlain, it was the Baron de Géramb's duty to see that good order was preserved, and that all were assigned to the places called for by their rank. As he moved from one part of the chapel to another, he could not fail to notice that the daughters of the Prime Minister were distracting and annoying the worshippers by their loud talking and laughter. For some time he restrained himself, but at lengh, losing all patience, he called out in an indignant voice that could be heard by all, "Ladies, either get out or stop your talking." The report of this occurrence soon spread abroad, and caused considerable adverse criticism. It served, however, to show his contempt of all human respect when there was question of God's honor, and gave no little edification to the court.

Just at this time his devoted wife fell seriously ill, and the doctors were of the unanimous opinion that a change of climate was the only thing that could prolong her life. He therefore resolved, at the advice of his sovereign, although it cost him no small sacrifice to leave Vienna, to repair with his family to the court of Queen Caroline of Sicily. The queen received

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him most graciously, and at once appointed him Royal Chamberlain. In return for this kindness he became the chivalrous champion of the unfortunate princess, and even went so far as to travel to England to ameliorate the condition of Sicily, then groaning under the tyrannous exactions of Bentink, the British representative. His mission was successful, but he had incurred the undying hatred of the latter, who now sought to be revenged. The first step in the scheme was to induce a young British officer, of great reputation as a marksman, to publicly insult the Chamberlain in the hope that a duel would follow. The expected challenge was sent, but its acceptance contained the unusual and barbarous condition that it should take place on the side of Mt. Ætna, and that the vanquished party, dead or alive, should be thrown into the volcano's crater. The first exchange of shots was without result. On the second firing it was found that the bullet had crippled the leg of the young Englishman. A silence as of death fell upon all, principals, seconds and witnesses of the duel. Quietly, dispassionately, Géramb advanced with outstretched hand towards his wounded antagonist, declaring that his honor was satisfied, and that so far from wishing to carry out the condition that had been forced upon him, he freely granted him his life.

Thus thwarted of his revenge, Bentink continued along other lines his intrigues against the Chamberlain who, in the end, deemed it wise to leave Sicily to offer his sword to Spain to fight against Napoleon. On January 16, 1810, he arrived at Cadiz and presented himself before the President of the Spanish Council. After consultation with his colleagues, he appointed De Géramb a general, and entrusted him with the command of the City Guards, made up of 8,000 soldiers. One evening, as he was returning to the city at the head of a small troop, they were suddenly attacked by a regiment of French grenadiers, before whose bayonet charge the Spaniards were rapidly yielding ground. The intrepid baron threw himself into the midst of the enemy, only to fall wounded. At this, his men, now somewhat recovered from their first fright, returned to the fray, and by heroic efforts beat back the French and carried off the field their bleeding commander.

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Thus incapacitated for active service, he was entrusted with a mission to England to recruit an auxiliary corps, and accordingly embarked upon an English frigate loaded with French prisoners. During the voyage a young soldier died. Just at the moment that the sailors were about to cast the body into the sea, something occurred that provoked a laugh among the men. Shocked and indignant at their thoughtlessness and apparent want of feeling, De Géramb stepped to the front. "Soldiers," he said, "how is it that when you are on the point of burying one of your companions in the waves, you can find matter for amusement? Not one of you accompanies him! Not one of you says a prayer for his soul! Well, it shall be mine to render to him the last rites." Officers and men stood up, and with bare heads listened to the prayer which the general, in full view of all, read from the bridge.

Having landed at Portsmouth, he hastened immediately to London. The better to ensure the success of his enterprise, he published a pamphlet entitled *Lettres à Sophie*, which had for its avowed object to arouse public opinion in favor of Spain. It was answered by many applicants for enlistment, and in a short time he was able to dispatch upward of 500 volunteers to Cadiz. Unhappily, he was a better soldier than financier. His disbursements were made without reference to his bank account and so, after a few months, the London bankers refused him further credit, and sent a statement of his indebtedness to the Cadiz Council. They settled for all the expenses incurred in recruiting the soldiers, but declined to meet the personal bills of their representative, which they pronounced exorbitant. The creditors then entered suit, and soon a pack of bailiffs were hammering at his apartments to take possession of his furniture and horses. Such a proceeding was little to the taste of the baron, already wrought up to a high pitch by the unfairness of the Spanish Council. With the aid of his valet he barricaded doors and windows, hoisting on the outside a flag with the well-known axiom of English law, "My house is my castle."

The besiegers in vain endeavored to wrench the door from [illegible] One of them, more courageous than the rest,

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mounted a ladder to raise a window. It was raised quickly enough, but a moment later the unhappy minion of law and order fell to the ground, stunned by a violent blow of a sword on his head. Then, arming himself with his pistols, the General made his appearance at the open window, declaring, in stentorian tones: "I promise to break the head of the first one who sets a foot upon that ladder." Of course, after such a threat nobody attempted to enter. The incident was a matter of common talk in all London. To end it, the government expelled him from the country under the provisions of the Alien Bill. It was the beginning of his reverses and, we may add, of his conversion.

Driven from England, the ex-general was thrown on the shores of Denmark. He was looking for a means to make his way to Vienna, when Napoleon, who recognized in him an implacable and dangerous enemy, caused his arrest at Husum. Led first to Hamburg, and then to Paris, de Géramb was in February, 1812, imprisoned in the dungeons of Vincennes. Sometime later he was transferred to the prison called la Force and there he remained till April 1, 1814, when the entry of the victorious army of the allies into Paris gave freedom to all prisoners for political offenses. A great spiritual writer has laid down the principle that we should hold ourselves indifferent to honor and dishonor, and that in God's providence the latter may be most for our good. This was certainly true in the case of the Baron de Géramb. His two years' confinement had placed him in the most intimate relations with his fellow-prisoners, Mgr. De Grégorio, Bishop of Troyes, Father Fontana and the Abbé Pedicini, secretary to Cardinal Pacca. Their words and, still more, their example, told upon the generous character of the impetuous soldier, they opened to him vistas of a greatness higher than that to be be achieved on battlefields or in the court of kings. As the gates of his Paris prison flew open there issued forth a changed man, filled and fired with but one ambition—to pass his life clothed in the drugget of a monk in the land hallowed by the footsteps of his Divine Master. This determination was rendered possible by the fact that his wife had already died at Palermo in 1808. As to the

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six children, two had already followed their mother to the tomb and the others had no need of their father's presence and assistance. Edward was an officer in the Emperor of Russia's Noble Guards, Gustave a student of the Military School at Vienna. Adelaide was just finishing her education in an Ursuline convent, while the youngest, Eugénie, had been confided to his sister, the Baroness de Hedl. With nothing, therefore, to impede the execution of his pious design, de Géramb prepared to start at once for the Holy Land.

II.—The Trappist.

Vocations are neither of our own making or our own choosing. True it is that conditions of time and place, health, disposition, tastes, gifts of mind and body, may determine our suitability or likelihood of success in one profession rather than another, or if there be question of higher things, may determine our entrance into this or that particular religious order. Yet not unfrequently God's grace calls men to paths hitherto untrod, or for which, humanly speaking, they would seem to have no aptitude. Such, assuredly, was the vocation of Ferdinand de Géramb to the Trappists. We could easily understand how his restless energy might be transformed, transmitted into a loftier channel and his fiery eloquence, enhanced by the play of his mobile features, his sparkling eyes and deep, rich voice, become the instrument of leading souls to God in the pulpit of Notre Dame. We could even picture him a missionary in pagan lands, traversing as a Xavier vast regions, indefatigable in labor, unlimited in expedients to attain his end. But that the soldier of fortune who had engaged in battle on the soil of nearly every European country, who, almost from the outset of his career, had been accustomed to command, the Chamberlain who had lived amidst the pomp and honor and luxury of royal courts, should embrace a state where solitude and obscurity, contemplation and penance, silence and the monotonous round of menial work and prayer should form the rule of life, this it is that surprises us and baffles all expectation. And yet, we have it from the testimony of his fellow-religious, that from the day on which it came to him as an inspiration

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that it was God's will that he should enter La Trappe instead of going to Palestine, he excelled in all these virtues that go to make up the perfection of the members of the most austere Order in the Church. His first intention was to enter a French monastery, but the arrival of Napoleon at Cannes gave him good reason to fear arrest and so he fled to Darfield in Westphalia.

Here, on January 5, 1816, the good Brother Porter of the Monastery of Port-du-Salut was startled by a violent ringing of the door bell, and as he hastened to admit the visitor, we may judge of his surprise on meeting a general in full military accoutrement, who asked instant audience with the abbot. His surprise must have increased when he saw him a few moments later throw himself at the feet of the superior, and humbly crave the favor of being received as one of his spiritual sons. And the pompous titles of general, chamberlain, knight of Malta, of which he had formerly been so proud, were soon merged into the simple appellation of Brother Marie-Joseph.

On Good Friday, April 4, 1817, de Géramb made his religious profession. At the end of Prime, the postulant entered the chapel attired in the brilliant court dress of a chamberlain, his breast ablaze with the many military and civic decorations with which he had been honored and with sword and boots and spurs, as if ready to lead once more his troops. At a signal from the Father Abbot, he prostrated himself on the ground, and soon the coarse, woolen habit of the Trappist had replaced the livery of the world.

Now more than ever during the days of his severe novitiate, did Brother Marie-Joseph give himself to the practice of mortification. To make his short rest more uncomfortable, he slept upon small disconnected boards filled with knots, a log of wood serving him for pillow. He embraced with joy and avidity all the humbler employments of the house entrusted to him, although, it must be confessed, that his fulfilment of these duties was not without inconvenience to the rest of the community, for as tailor, he broke all his needles, and as barber his hair-cuts were so villainous "that no one wished to avail himself of his services."

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But it was as a painter that he chiefly distinguished himself. Beneath his brush, guest-house, refectories and corridors became a veritable sepulchre. On all sides one could see only skulls, and dead men's bones arranged in the shape of crosses. In 1820, he was appointed to the charge of the guest-house. It was a responsible and delicate position, and not without danger, since it brought him once more in contact with the world he had abandoned. He, however, fulfilled its duties with rare tact and good nature, and the many visitors who came partly through curiosity to see a monk who had once held such high positions, were moved and bettered by his pious and entertaining conversation. Their gratitude and admiration found expression in very generous alms, which were well employed in repairing and enlarging the little monastery. The church, however, was still too small and poor, and to supply this want, the Abbot, Dom Bernard de Girmont, resolved, in the autumn of 1822, to send Brother Marie-Joseph to beg aid in the districts of Mayenne and Sarthe. Before his departure he formed the resolution on entering any city or village, to make his first visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and to salute the angel guardians and patron saints of the place under whose protection he would place his quest for alms.

Begging is not an agreeable occupation, and if there remained any of his old-time pride or human respect in the former general, this order of obedience must have been no easy one. Perhaps it was to crush out any lurking vestige of these defects that he directed his first steps towards the château of one of his most intimate and aristocratic friends, the Count de Vos, at Panard. He was received most cordially, but no remonstrance or entreaty could induce him to change aught in the manner of his austere life. Disdaining the soft bed that had been prepared for him, he took his night's rest upon the bare floor. In all other respects he was affability and graciousness itself.

The count invited a large number of distinguished persons to a dinner in his honor. At the end of the banquet, all went as usual to the parlor, where some one knowing the Trappist's [illegible]l talent, asked him to play a selection on the piano. [illegible]ded to the request, and after a few improvisations,

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began a waltz which in the perfection and brilliancy of its execution elicited loud applause. To all this must have seemed a strange sight, a monk in a cowl and sandals seated at a piano in a fashionable salon, but stranger still and telling a tale of higher import was the clanking of the sharp-pointed penance-chains on his arm,, as his finger moved with lightning rapidity over the ivory keys. One of the ladies immediately arose to take up a collection, which proved most generous. The whole winter was thus spent in begging, the while he was living in the world the life of a monk, and in the spring he returned to his monastery with sufficient money to ensure the erection of a new church. Within five months the building was completed. But quick work is not solid work, and so one evening in the following December, as the community were seated in the refectory, a loud crash told too clearly that the roof of their church had fallen in.

Nothing daunted, the very next day, Brother Marie-Joseph set out to begin anew to beg. This time his steps were directed towards the district of Sarthe, and as in the preceding year, the vivacity and intelligence of his conversation, his genial manners and mortified life, secured for the mere asking ample alms. In the beginning of the Lent of 1824, the church was finished. His task had been accomplished, and with all the joy of a true contemplative he resumed the exercises of community life, and kneeling within his narrow cell meditated the truths he had depicted on the convent's walls, *This night perhaps! . . . To be silent, to suffer, to die to self!*

It was about this time that Père Marie-Joseph published a book entitled *Lettres à Eugenie.* Its purpose was to draw souls to frequent communion, and it was a cry of love from a heart enamored of God, a love which in the silence of La Trappe was every day growing and expanding. No effort, no sacrifice was spared that he might follow in the footprints of his Divine Master. His chief aim was to hold in check his natural impetuosity and brusqueness of character, of which, however, he never became thoroughly master. God left these defects for the greater humiliation of his servant, and we may learn from the fact the great lesson of patience with ourselves, often a more difficult virtue than patience with others.

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At the beginning of January, 1827, he was transferred to another Trappist monastery, called Our Lady of the Mount of Olives, near Mulhouse in the diocese of Strasburg. Here he employed the free time allowed by Superiors in completing three brochures he had in hand, *Litanies for a Good Death*, *The One Thing Necessary* and *At the Tomb of My Saviour*. In 1828, when Mgr. Feutrier attacked the Jesuits, Père de Géramb protested in a letter of great power and eloquence, which brought down upon the Mount of Olives the hatred of the sectaries. The monastery was closed, and all the religious who were not French were expelled. After some months' wandering he found a home in the Cistercian Abbey of Saint-Urbain, in the canton of Lucerne. In the quiet of his cell he gave much thought to the outrages committed against our Lord in Paris and elsewhere, and there grew up within his heart a great longing to go on a pilgrimage of reparation to the Holy Land. This desire was realized when, in the June of 1831, he embarked at Altorf on his way to the East, to return to his monastery only on December 21, 1833.

The impressions and experiences of this two years' pilgrimage have been embodied in the work, *A Pilgrimage to Palestine and Mt. Sinai.* What strikes one most in reading this interesting volume is not the touch of the artist or the observations of an educated tourist, though both these are found in it, but that everywhere we meet the religious whose faith and piety are ever in evidence in all he sees and notes.

Called to Rome by Pope Gregory XVI in May, 1837, he was shortly afterwards named Abbot *in partibus* and Procurator-General of the Trappists at the Pontifical Court. The duties of the new office were far from congenial, although with ready obedience he threw himself heartily into his work. The proverbial slowness of the Roman Congregations sorely tried his not over-patient spirit, as we may judge from the following extract from a letter written to the Abbot of Port-du-Salut, in reference to some business matters he had been asked to expedite: "There will be the whole sea to drink! Cardinal Drioli, who weighs at least six hundred pounds, will be harder to be moved than was Ostini. The slowness of the Roman

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Congregation kills me. When one has to wait for a decision from these cardinals, monsigori, secretaries, etc., we may say *that time lays aside her wings to drag along on crutches.*"

Each year, Brother Marie-Joseph passed the summer months with the Camaldulese Hermits at Frascati. He followed in all things the abstemious and penitential life led by these good religious, and although he was suffering greatly in health, neither the advice of his friends, Cardinals Lambrùschini and Polidori, nor even of his physician, M. Viale, could prevail on him to change his mode of living. Nothing less than a formal order from the Holy Father was needed. In the afternoon of October 7, while de Géramb was quietly engaged in writing in his room, he heard a great stir and noise in the hallway, followed by several raps at his own door. Hastening to open it he found himself in the presence of Gregory XVI. During the long conversation between them the Pope noticing the Abbot's great weakness, gave him a command of obedience henceforth to eat meat.

From that time on, Père Marie-Joseph was the Pope's most intimate friend, and scarcely a day passed on which they might not be seen conversing together. One day, a young priest entering the Pontifical Palace, perceived the Father in his large white habit standing in the midst of a group of ecclesiastics. Thinking it was the Pope, he drew near to throw himself at his feet. Whereupon Gregory XVI, who was standing a few feet away, smilingly remarked, "We are two Popes at present."

The following year, failing health obliged him to seek repose and rest at Vichy, where his white habit and distinguished bearing elicited no little attention and admiration. We find him in Rome the next Feast of the Purification, assisting at the ceremony of presenting a wax candle to the Holy Father by the representative of each of the religious Orders. No sooner had the Pope observed the presence of his old friend than he called him to a seat beside himself, near the Pontifical throne. After the public audience, they were closeted together for a long time in His Holiness' private apartments.

To assert that de Géramb was insensible to these marks of distinction would be to betray ignorance of his true nature.

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To the end of life his besetting fault was a certain boastful pride in the honors he had received and the great friends he had made. This was an occasion of many harsh criticisms on the part of those who did not appreciate how hard he struggled to overcome this weakness in his character.

Towards the end of July he left Rome to take part in a General Chapter of his Order in France. When he arrived in Paris news reached him that his eldest son, Edward, a high officer in the Russian army, had just been killed in an expedition to the Caucasus. His grief was bitter, and showed clearly that his separation from his family and the years he had spent in the cloister, had in no wise lessened his father's love for his children. For a time even he was incapacitated for work, and he begged with insistence to be relieved of his charge of Procurator-General. The Chapter answered his request by a pressing letter, confirming him in his office.

He then returned to Rome, but the fatigue of travel brought on an illness from which he never recovered. His sufferings were borne without complaint, and he heard unmoved the announcement of his approaching death. He generously offered the sacrifice of his life to God, and after having received the last sacraments and answered in full consciousness the prayers for the dying, calmly expired March 15, 1848. At the time of his death he was sixty-six years of age, thirty-six of which had been lived as a Trappist. Earnestness was the keynote of his life, and the lesson it teaches is that sanctity consists "in making stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The Schenectady Pilgrimage.

The closing pilgrimage of this year was that of the German Congregation of St. Joseph's Church, Schenectady. It took place September 7, and fittingly ended the series. Unlike the other pil- [illegible]ich included several churches, the people of St. Jo- [illegible] their visit to the shrine to be exclusively their own.

The day and evening preceding seemed to preclude any possibility of bad weather, but heavy rain came during the night and though it had ceased to fall at Auriesville early in the morning, there were dark clouds hanging over the valley, particularly in the direction of Schenectady. Fears were entertained of their coming, but a little after 9 o'clock, the train rolled up to the station with 900 pilgrims with their devoted priests, Fathers Schoppe and Henrich leading, surrounded by a great number of altar boys in their red cassocks and surplices and followed by their numerous sodalities and other associations. The banners were furled, because of the rain, as the pilgrims wound up the hill ; but the people came with their usual enthusiastic devotion, heedless of the threatening skies and of the wet grass through which they were tramping. They trusted in the Lord, and when the congregation knelt in the open chapel, at the beginning of the High Mass, the sun came out in all its splendor. The scene was beautiful indeed, as the bright light illumined that devout multitude kneeling there on the hill-top, praying in their loud, earnest voices and singing as Germans so well do while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered. The Stations of the Cross immediately followed, a devotion which is always very striking with the congregation because of the unusual plaintiveness of their *Stabat Mater* which they all sing, and the vigor which they never fail to put in their responses to the prayers. The sermon in the chapel was preached in German by Father Lauer. That in the Ravine, by Father O'Donovan, S. J., was in English. The method and orderliness of the procession, both in going and coming, are always very notable with the people of St. Joseph's. Throughout the entire journey hymns are sung or the beads and litanies are recited. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the three altars, which is always so solemn and impressive. This ended the devotions at Auriesville, but not the devotions of St. Joseph's pious people. On returning to Schenectady, they again formed in procession at the station, proceeded to their Church and after solemn Benediction and the *Grosser Gott*, withdrew to their homes. They had gone in the same way processionally, from the church to the train in the early morning ; a beautiful custom which must make a very deep impression on the non-Catholics who witness this act of brave, outspoken piety. The same thing is done by other congregations, it is true, but it would be well if the practice were universal. It puts a stamp of unmistakable

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Catholicity on the entire day and prevents the pilgrimage from being taken for anything else but a sincere and genuine act of religion.

How will the new shrine look in winter? It will not be cased in, as some imagine, though the statue will be protected from the weather by a covering, the front of which will be of glass, so as to admit a view of the beautiful group. The shrine will, therefore, look the same in winter as in summer, though the surroundings will change, and in pure white from base to roof it will match the winter snows.

"Everything is in perfect order at the shrine," writes the one who is in charge there, and we trust that during the autumn, in spite of the rains, as well as during the winter, in spite of the frosts and thaws, everything may remain in perfect order. This order implies not only that things have been put to rights since the pilgrimages, but that many things have already been done by way of improvement, particularly for the trees, which will appear only next year.

Mass was said at the shrine on Sunday, September 28, the feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady, and again on Monday, the anniversary of the death of René Goupil, 1642. On Sunday, also, the visiting priest and a party drove to the sites of the other two villages at which the missionaries and their neophytes were tortured, Andagaron and Tionnontoguen. Mass will be said again at Auriesville on the morning of Saturday, October 18, the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, 1646. At the Mass, Sunday, September 28, the new chalice was used for the first time.

The Indian mission or reservation at Caughnawaga, in Canada, is to come again under the care of a Jesuit pastor. Our readers will recall that it was to this reservation the early missionaries from Canada used to send the converts they had made among the Iroquois along the Mohawk valley, in order that, by separating them from those who still remained pagans, they might develop more speedily and maintain in them more securely the Christian spirit. It was to this reservation that Catherine Tegakwitha was sent soon after her baptism at the Mohawk Caughnawaga, near Fonda, N. Y., four miles above Auriesville where she was born. Father Walworth erected a tomb in her honor at the Canada Caughnawaga, which is now a place of

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Sunday pilgrimage for the Indians there. An oblate priest, Father Forbes, has been in charge of the reservation lately, and within a year he will hand it over to the Jesuit Father Granger, who is now studying the languages needed.

Father Jones, accompanied by Father Quirk, both of Montreal, has again visited the sites of the early missions above Toronto, and is now satisfied that he has sufficient data to justify the publication of his map of these sites and the notes explaining the same.

MISSION NOTES.

FOUR MISSIONARY MARTYRS DECLARED VENERABLE.

The title was given to them on May 1st by Pope Leo's decree. Two were Bishops, one a priest, and one a native Christian. All belonged to the Dominican Order. They were put to death for the faith in Tonkin, on the same day, in 1861.

Bishop Jerome Hermosilla was Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Tonkin. Born in Spain, he became a Dominican when quite young, went to the Philippines immediately after his profession, and as soon as ordained went to Tonkin. After years of Apostolic labor, he was betrayed into the hands of the persecutors, imprisoned, and after a form of judgment, was beheaded on November 1st, 1861, being then sixty-one years of age.

Bishop Valentine Berrio-Ochoa, born in Spain in 1827, had been also in the Philippines. He was made Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of Central Tonkin, to whom, after his martyrdom, he succeeded. From his places of concealment he continued to aid his people, until he was seized and executed.

Father Peter Almato was born in Catalonia in 1830. He was ordained priest in the Philippines, and passed thence, in 1855, to Tonkin. His ill-health and the persecution hindered him from performing very much missionary work ; but he had the happiness of giving his life for the missions he loved.

Venerable Joseph Chang was born of native Christian parents in Tonkin in 1832. From the age of thirteen he attended a native priest, who taught him Latin. Later on he labored with Bishop Hermosilla : and having been captured with him, he was subjected to fearful tortures. All efforts were unavailing, however, to force him to deny his faith and tread the Crucifix under foot. His tormentors, grown weary of their savage toil, finally killed him the same day as the three other martyrs.

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"THE LOVERS OF THE CROSS" IN JAPAN.

These are communities of native Christian women living together as religious do. They were instituted after the last great persecution. In the little hamlet of Motobari, beneath a roof of straw, the first members were gathered together. Wearing no distinctive habit, but the ordinary dress of Japanese women, they till the fields, raise silk worms, work at trades, spin and weave, in order to supply the simple needs of their austere life. They take care of the sick, collect orphans, teach catechism to the children of the district, and whether it be to face danger in the midst of an epidemic, or to devote themselves to any other work of charity, they are ready at the word of the Bishop to go even to the most distant places. Their services no longer needed, they humbly return to their houses, to take up again the instruments of lowly labor.

The diocese of Nagasaki, which contains 40,000 Christians, has ten communities of those consecrated virgins, numbering in all 160 persons. It is particularly as catechists that those valiant women render inestimable services. They are easily admitted into families not yet Christian, where by degrees they exert a great and salutary influence. Thus, in one place, by their aid, one missionary is able to look after 4,600 scattered converts. In particular, they labor amongst the *separated* descendants of the early Christians of Japan, numerous villages of whom have not yet received the Catholic missionaries.

As to their spiritual training, "the Lovers of the Cross" are admirable. Great charity for one another as well as for those outside their communities, readiness to obey and exact observance of their rule characterize their lives. They are severely tried by temporal needs. Great poverty is their lot, and hard work to pay debts and support themselves. Their homes are miserable, and their wretchedness is keenly felt in cases of sickness. The same room must serve for instruction, work, eating and repose.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 11.

A PILGRIMAGE BEYOND AURIESVILLE.

THERE are three places near Auriesville which the supreme importance of the site of the actual martyrdom itself may, perhaps, cause us to lose sight of. They are the spring of Catherine Tegakwitha, and the two stations of Andagaron, and Tionnontoguen. The two latter were Indian villages west of Auriesville where the captives were taken from time to time to be exhibited to the savages who were settled there and to be tortured in whatever manner the wild Indian fury might suggest.

If you leave Auriesville and journey westward along the wooded high-way under the shadows of the rising hills on your left, you come, after a mile or two, to what is called the River-road, which crosses the canal at this point and runs close to the Mohawk through the fertile low lands which stretch for miles up and down the valley. It soon brings you to the bridge which spans the river between Fultonville and the little town of Fonda. At the end of the bridge, to your right on the Fonda side, you will pass the old hotel that once was a famous hostelry in its day, but which, because of the gruesome tales of murder connected with it, was abandoned and allowed to fall into decay, but is now occupied, in part, by the families of Italian laborers who apparently have no fear of ghosts, or whose ignorance of English has happily debarred them from knowledge of local history. Continue on through the principal street, and you pass the diminutive Catholic church perched half-way up a slope on the roadway in a position which seems to preclude any further enlargement. Further on is the structure called the Opera House where the principal meetings of the townspeople are held; the appearance of the edifice being in singular opposition to its ambitious name. Around the depot is the usual agglomeration of hotels, rather

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excessive one would fancy in such a small place and suggestive that the name Fonda, which signifies hotel, is not inappropriate in the present instance. From this point starts the electric road to Johnstown, the place named after the most conspicuous personality in these regions, subsequent to the time of the missions and just prior to the Revolution, Sir William Johnson.

Outside of the town you cross the Cayudutta Creek, which just here issues from the valley towards which we are directing our steps. Crossing the bridge we immediately find ourselves climbing a steep ascent, and see on our left a wide sweep of the river beneath us. There are numbers of comfortable farm houses and elegant residences on the side on which we are, but the south bank of the river towards which we now look, begins to pile up in loftier hills and only here and there through its dark pine woods a dwelling or a farm reveals itself in the occasional clearing.

About a mile beyond Fonda, when well up on the hills, you turn abruptly to your right on a narrow farm-road, a trespass to which the good-natured owner, whose house is close to the highway, apparently has no objection. Within a few hundred feet is a deep gully, going down almost perpendicularly through gigantic trees and tangled undergrowth, till it reaches the river-bottoms below, a distance of perhaps two hundred feet. Almost at the top of this ravine is a spring so copious that a wooden reservoir, now somewhat dilapidated, but still carefully covered over, has been constructed to catch the flow of water. Down deeper another stream gushes rapidly from between the roots of a towering tree. This second stream meets the first after a little distance, and together they flow down into the creek at the foot of the gorge. This is the spring to which the tradition of the neighborhood has attached the name of Tegakwitha.

If you have courage enough to clamber down the deep descent and then to creep around up the hillside to your right, clinging to saplings to aid your ascent, you will find yourself on a high, spur-like projection, which juts far out and commands a full view of the secluded valley, running north and south. It is invaded now by the electric railway that leads to Johnstown, but in the days when the Iroquois had driven their enemies from the northern bank of the Mohawk and were able to settle here, this valley must have afforded an excellent shelter for the scattered Indian[illegible]u would scarcely detect it when standing on

the other bank of the river, but if you know where to look for it you can discover the mouth of the Cayudutta Creek, where the stream finds its way through the still tall river-grass on the banks of the Mohawk; and by that way the Indians found an entrance to their valley much easier than the one we followed.

The hill-top to which we had climbed for a view of the scene is, because of the circuit we had been compelled to make, only a few steps from the top of the ravine, into which we had descended before in search of the spring; and, going back to the road by which you had entered the farm, you can look down into it again, but you first have to walk cautiously along the side of a great excavation which is being made in the hill-side for the excellent building sand which is found there. The sand pit is so close to the spring that the possibility suggests itself of the spring soon disappearing and remaining only as a memory for pious pilgrims.

Retracing our steps towards Fonda, in order to recross the Mohawk, for there is no bridge to the west nearer than Canajoharie, we find ourselves once more on the Auriesville side of the river. There is a break in the hills opposite Fonda, or rather a little above that point, and then the road begins to be absolutely shut in on one side, leaving only the river and the northern bank for the eye to rest upon. The scene becomes more and more beautiful as we journey on, the river growing wider in some places than it is farther down the stream, the canal following it faithfully, either running straight through long stretches of the country or winding where the hills drive the water out of its direct course through the valley. It would not be noticed by the traveller, but above Fonda the Mohawk takes a decided bend towards the south, and so permitted the savages, who were always on the alert, to command a long view of the waterway, which doubled in on itself when it approached, as in this instance, the places which the Indians chose for their fortresses.

We are now at the station of Andagaron, about seven miles from Auriesville. We have travelled along, if not the exact road followed by Father Jogues, at least in the same direction, and, as it is the shortest, it is probably the same. At the present time, especially in the autumn, when the foliage is changing its color, the scene is one of constantly changing beauty; but though the same river and hills and woods are still there, it is doubtful if the poor victims of those days saw it as we do now.

They had just run the gauntlet at Auriesville, or Ossernenon,

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as it was called. Father Jogues had already one of his fingers eaten off. René Goupil, who was with him, had suffered a similar mutilation; they both had been slashed with knives and beaten with clubs; had been covered with hot ashes as they lay fastened to the earth, and were dripping with blood from head to foot. We do not know who were there with Father Jogues besides Goupil, except the heroic Couture, who was particularly marked out for torture because of his courage. Two Indians, Joseph and Eustace, are also mentioned, but there were several others who were tortured with them. An Indian named Theodore had escaped, but died of his wounds before he reached the French. It was this group of almost dying men who were driven by their savage captors up to Andagaron after the monsters at Auriesville had been satiated.

We have a record of that first journey: "My jailer, says Father Jogues, afraid that he might lose the chance of securing my shirt, took it from me. He made me start on my march in this exposed state with nothing on me, but a pair of wretched old drawers. Finally he took pity on me and gave me a piece of old canvas which was enough to cover my shoulders and part of my back; but my festering wounds could not stand this rough, coarse texture."

When they reached the village the same torture was repeated as at Ossernenon. "Though it is contrary to custom to make prisoners run the gauntlet more than twice yet they were not spared, and a refinement of cruelty was added. As the crowd was smaller the executioners could take better aim. They struck particularly the shin bones covering the legs with bruises and causing acute pain." The prisoners remained two days and two nights in the village; by day on the pillory, exposed to every sort of insult and ill-treatment; at night in a cabin at the mercy of the children.

It is this glorious journey which makes this road from Auriesville to Andagaron so sacred. The exact position of the old village is rather difficult to indicate for there is nothing striking in the surrounding landscape to serve as a mark for the traveller, except that it is about opposite a peculiar house on the north bank of the Mohawk, known as the house of the Seven Gables. To the west of the village just as one remarks in Auriesville is the creek which is of little consequence now and is not designated by any name on General Clarke's map, nor is any known to the people thereabout.

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Six or seven miles further up the stream lies the other settlement of Tionnontoguen to which the captives were carried after the tortures of Andagaron. This is really the most beautiful part of the journey, and perhaps the most romantic portion of the Mohawk valley, with the exception, it may be, of Little Falls, which has an attraction all its own and quite different from what is found in this part of the river. The hills on either side begin to loom up high, here and there, presenting rocky formations which resemble titanic fortresses with great parapets and projecting bastions arranged with such regularity as almost to suggest the hand of art. The enormous height of these masses of rock of course precludes any such possibility, but the way these mighty castles suddenly obtrude themselves high up the mountain side, appearing suddenly out of a gloomy forest of pines, is something that even one not given to romancing cannot easily forget.

As we approach this last station, the river suddenly seems to stop at the base of the two great promontories which project from either side of the river. It reminds one of those features of landscape which are continually presenting themselves to the traveller on the Hudson. For a military engineer who would wish to command the entire valley below, this would appear, were a layman to suggest it, an almost impregnable position.

Our journey, always on the south bank of the Mohawk, leads around one of these mountains, and we arrive at last at the little village now known by the scarcely poetic appellation of Sprakers, but in the times to which our memory is reverting, Tionnontoguen.

The same welcome awaited Father Jogues and his companions as in the village below. It is amazing how he absolutely forgot his own sufferings. As he mounted the platform to be tortured, he met there four Hurons who were condemned to death. He talked to them; succeeded in converting them, and "with the few drops of water which the rain had left on the grains of corn given them for food baptized them."

It was here that Couture lost some of his fingers. Besides the other sufferings Father Jogues signalizes the torture all of them had to undergo at the hands of the younger Indians at night. "They suspended me by my arms with bark ropes from two posts raised in the centre of the cabin. I thought they were going to burn me, for such is the posture usually given to those

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who are condemned to the stake." He owed his relief from this torture to a strange Indian who happened to come upon the scene. Without uttering a word he approached the sufferer and cut the cords. No one dared oppose him. Two days were spent in this village.

Tionnontoguen is easily identified. It is near the railway station, and every one knows it. A short distance up from the river is Iroquois Knoll, where arrow-heads and other Indian relics are easily found. The topography is strikingly like that of Auriesville. West of it is the usual creek which rushes down to the Mohawk. From the knoll a superb view up and down the river is obtained, picturesque indeed, but in those days useful for people who were always on the lookout for the approach of an enemy. About a quarter of a mile away in a thick clump of stunted pine there are said to be Indian graves. Their proximity to an old and now dilapidated little cemetery belonging to a family that had settled there many years ago may have given rise to this impression. That is immaterial. About the situation of the Indian village there is no doubt whatever.

We took our last look at this holy place and turned our face to the Mohawk. We were desirous of returning home by the northern side of the river. But how cross the river? As an example of the way in which primitive conditions may still linger, even in such advanced centres of civilization as the Empire State possesses, you drive your weary horses down through the mud and rain to the river bank. The night is coming on and you cannot attract the attention of the man on the other side who owns a flat-boat, as level as a floor, with no rail or guard about it. On a withered branch of a tree hangs a horn, and you toot and toot until the man, who has to flag a train, descends in the pelting rain and, by means of a cable flung across the stream, ferries himself over to where you are waiting. If you are not afraid that your frightened and prancing steeds will plunge overboard, carriage and all, which just fits on this raft, you will make up your mind to cross in this primitive fashion. It is well to stand at the horses' heads and pet and coax them, as the ropes swish past them, or the eddies in the river make them start aside, and finally you will reach the muddy bank beyond and thank the Lord you had not to pay more dearly than the ferriage for your temerity. The roads are good on the shore you have reached, and you will speed home-

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ward quicker, although you have a journey of thirteen miles before you in the dark, three of which are along the narrow tow-path of the canal, with an occasional break in the bank to warn you of a possible wreck at the journey's end. The darkness, of course, might have been avoided by starting out earlier, but in any case, the physical features of the journey will ever remain in one's memory replete with the loftiest spiritual inspirations.

DEATH OF FATHER DANIEL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

NOT to interrupt the course of this narrative we have omitted certain facts which, on account of their importance, we ought to recall here.

The death of Louis XIII and of his minister, the Cardinal de Richelieu, did not change the dispositions of the government of the metropolis in favor of the Canadian Colony. The Queen Regent Anne of Austria openly proclaimed herself its protectress, and one of her first acts was to send to the Baron de Renty, protector of the Company of Montreal, a large sum of money to help the infant Church in Canada. She also sent two small pieces of cannon in the name of the king, her son. Finally she despatched to Quebec a company of sixty soldiers, raised and equipped at her own expense, with orders to establish them in the different posts of the country. Le Sieur de la Barre, a hypocrite, who concealed under an appearance of virtue a life of immorality, arrived with this reinforcement in the course of the summer of 1644, and twenty-two of these soldiers as soon as they were landed were sent to St. Mary of the Hurons, where their simple presence stopped the Iroquois invasion and preserved the country from total ruin. Again the following year, immediately after the conclusion of peace, they returned to Quebec loaded with peltries, the price of which amounted to thirty or forty thousand francs.

We call attention to this last fact because it occurs now for the first time in the annals of the Colony, and marks a profound change in the administration of its commercial affairs.

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In fact the Company of One Hundred Associates had just ceded the trade to the inhabitants on condition of an annual tribute, besides all the burdens which the decree of the colonial foundation had already imposed. The inhabitants who were established at Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal had in each of these forts a Syndic, who was entrusted with the care of their several interests.

This concession of the privilege of trading to the colonists was the signal for changes in the general government of the colony. A council was created, composed of the Governor-General who was at Quebec, of the Superior of the Mission, and of the subordinate Governor of Montreal. This council regulated all matters of police, commerce and war. The commander of the fleet as well as the Syndics took part in these councils, but the Syndics could discuss only matters which related to their special community, and the General of the fleet what concerned his particular office. The Governor-General presided and had the casting vote. Later in 1648 considerable modifications were made in this arrangement, the number of members being increased to five and sometimes to seven when the Governors of Montreal and Three Rivers happened to be at Quebec on the day of meeting.

The Council of Three was hardly organized when M. de Montmagny was recalled to France and was succeeded on the 20th of August, 1648, by M. d'Ailleboust.

M. de Montmagny took his departure with the regrets of the entire colony. For the twelve years that he was charged with the affairs of Canada he had learned all its needs and resources. He knew the dangers it had to fear, the hopes it could entertain, the measures that were necessary for its defence. Having received the young colony from the hands of Champlain he had governed and directed it with all the devotion of a father. Carefully following the line marked out by his predecessor he strove to found the colony on the only basis which can make a state secure, namely, religion and honesty. With very feeble resources he succeeded in averting the dangers that menaced the colony, especially with regard to the Iroquois. During the whole course of his administration

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he never ceased to show a prudence and a courage which inspired the colonists with confidence and held the savages in awe. He possessed to a lofty degree that persevering energy which never wavers in the face of difficulties. After having done the honors of an official reception to his successor he laid down his authority and assisted the new comer with his counsel and advice. "Ailleboust," says Charlevoix, "was a good man, religious and well meaning." He had commanded at Montreal in the absence of Maisonneuve, and completed the fortifications of the place. He knew the country, he loved it, and was not lacking in those qualities which in ordinary times would have made him a good Governor. Unhappily for him he was entrusted with the care of the entire country at the most critical moment, just when the war was rekindled between the Iroquois and the Hurons.

Determined to strike a decisive blow, the Tonnontouans had centered a great part of their forces in the tribe of the Neuter Nation, and six weeks after the installation of the new Governor they had passed the frontier which separated the Neuters from the Huron Nation. This quick stroke had for its purpose to defeat the treaty which was being prepared between the Hurons, the Onandagos and the Andastes as well as to surprise the Hurons by a general massacre. The missionaries were as much in the dark about it all as were the savages.

The mission then counted eighteen Fathers, three of whom lived at St. Mary's, three who were employed among the Algonquins, four among the Petuns and eight in the different residences of the Huron country. They had at their service four coadjutor brothers besides twenty-four devoted Frenchmen, who were either domestics, donnés or soldiers.

After the death of Father Jogues a great movement in the conversion of the Indians was marked in all the centres of the mission, and the fervor of the neophytes was everywhere most ardent and sincere. Father Ragueneau, Superior of the Mission, wanted to be assured of the fact and made a visit to all the Huron churches. On his return he wrote thus to Father Jerome Lalemant: "I never would have believed that I could

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have seen after fifty years of labor the tenth part of the piety, virtue and holiness which I witnessed everywhere in my visits to these churches. They have far surpassed all my hopes. The greater part of these people, even the fiercest among them, show themselves so docile and submissive to the teaching of the gospel that it appears that the angels must have been working among them."

Such was, towards the middle of 1648, the condition of the Huron Mission when, on the 4th of July, at sunrise, the cry "to arms" rang through the settlement of St. Joseph, where about four hundred families had been gathered quite close to the frontier. Father Daniel had just finished Mass, and the faithful assembled in the chapel were reciting the morning prayers. The enemy, who were not then suspected of being on the warpath, had crept up in the night and were now attacking the palisades. The alarm was general. Some were overcome with terror, while others marched boldly towards the enemy. Unhappily the latter were few in number, for the best warriors were out on a hunting expedition.

While all this was going on at the palisades Father Daniel went from cabin to cabin baptizing the catechumens and absolving the neophytes. Then he returned to the chapel where the greater number of the old men, women and children were gathered to receive either general absolution or baptism by aspersion.

The warriors came in soon and gave the sad news that the palisades had been thrown down and the Iroquois were inside the enclosure, and in the midst of fire and blood the foe were advancing to the chapel. Already their frightful yells and war whoops were heard. "Fly, my brethren," said Father Daniel to his Christians; "fly, and carry with you your faith to the day of your death. As for me, I must remain here as long as there is any soul to gain for heaven. If I die to save you my life is of little account; we shall meet in heaven;" and pointing out the road by which they could still escape he cried to them, "Fly, the road is still clear."

As for himself, in order to stop the approach of the enemy and to give his Christians as much time to escape as possible,

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he issued from the chapel and advanced alone to meet the Iroquois. Astounded they stopped for a moment, but recovering from their surprise they overwhelmed him with a shower of arrows and finished their work by a musket shot; and then, falling upon his corpse, they stripped it, soaked their hands in his blood, and setting fire to the chapel they flung into the flames the mangled body of the servant of God. This heroic victim of charity died with the name of Jesus Christ on his lips. His death prevented the massacre of some hundreds of Hurons, who found shelter at St. Mary's among the other Christians.

The victors left St. Joseph's carrying with them seven hundred prisoners, many of whom were slain on the road. Before leaving they set fire to all the cabins, and from thence betook themselves to St. Michael's, which they gave up to pillage and to the flames.

Father Daniel was the first Jesuit who won the crown of martyrdom in the Huron country. He had worked there for fourteen years, the first nine of which he had passed in the settlements which were most exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He was a missionary of exceptional power. His Superior assures us, in a private letter to the General of the Society, "He was humble, obedient, united with God in prayer, possessed of a patience that defied every trial, and a courage that was balked by no obstacle; he was greatly esteemed by the Fathers and loved by the Indians, and burned with the most ardent desire to give his life for his flock. He appeared twice after his death, surrounded with glory, to Father Chaumonot. Another time, when the Fathers were gathered in council at St. Mary's treating of the affairs of the missions, he appeared among them, directed their plans and animated them with the divine spirit with which he himself was filled.

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THE VEN. VINCENT PALLOTTI.

THE founder of the Society of Pious Missions, some members of which are known to our readers as the clergy attached to the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in New York, was a man of singular virtue and extraordinary sanctity. Born at Rome in 1795, the scion of an ancient and noble family, the child of devout, one might almost say saintly, parents, Vincent Pallotti, from his very infancy, understood and took delight in divine things. In his earliest childhood he manifested the utmost horror of sin, and is said never to have sullied his baptismal innocence. He rarely joined in the games of other children, preferring to remain alone, amusing himself with decking little altars or giving religious instruction and sage advice to his younger brothers and sisters. When he was seven years old he was confirmed, and on that day his godfather presented him with a piece of gold. The child asked what he should do with it, and the donor, to see what he would do, rejoined: "Throw it into the mud." Without a moment's hesitation Vincent obeyed, thus foreshadowing his future contempt for earthly riches, as well as exhibiting the spirit of obedience which was later on a marked feature in his teaching and practice.

Towards his parents and teachers he was a model of docility and respectful obedience; his confessor frequently told his father: "You have a saint for your son. I can detect no fault, not even the slightest venial sin in him." Vincent alone considered himself to be a great sinner; he inflicted upon his innocent body mortifications and penances so severe as to be almost incredible in one so young. A child in years, in virtue an adult, he early began to exercise his apostolic zeal. When in the holidays his parents migrated to their country house at Frascati, Vincent would go amongst the laborers in the fields explaining the catechism to them, reciting the Rosary with them or teaching them simple prayers. Of an evening he visited the cottages, distributing to the sick or aged the delicacies which had been given to him at dessert as his portion, and not unfrequently stripping himself of a part of his clothing to sup-

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ply the needs of others. Later on, when he no longer lived under the parental roof, many a time his own meals, as well as his own clothes, passed into the possession of the poor.

When Vincent left school he went to the Roman College to study the humanities. He was not naturally quick at learning, and one of the professors remarked that it seemed a pity, though the boy was certainly a saint, that he was so much the reverse of clever. Thereupon, by his pious mother's advice, Vincent made a novena to the Holy Spirit, and at the end a cloud seemed to be rolled away from his mental faculties; from that time forward he made rapid and easy progress in his studies, outstripping all his fellow-students. He passed his examinations later on in philosophy and theology with brilliant success, became an excellent Greek scholar, and in the interests of theology acquired a knowledge of several Oriental languages. While in the Roman college he gained many prizes, but his humility induced him to tell no one of this, not even his parents. The books were accidentally found in his library; the gold and silver medals awarded him he sold, giving the proceeds to the poor.

The curriculum of study ended, Vincent, a youth of sixteen, entering upon the world, had to decide upon his future career. Although the state of Rome was at that period one of desolation, the city being overrun by the victorious troops of Napoleon I, while the Head of the Church, Pius VII, in ignominious captivity at Savona, and many palaces and mansions standing deserted, yet not a few attractive paths to fortune and fame were open to a young man of talent, wealth and high social standing. But no prospects of earthly distinction possessed allurements for Vincent; he felt himself called to follow the evangelical counsels, and desired to become a Capuchin. His confessor, however, dissuaded him from entering the cloister on account of his weak health, and advised him to become a secular priest. This Vincent, after long deliberation, determined to do, and began immediately to prepare himself for the reception of Holy Orders with great fervor and anxious care.

On the 16th of May, 1818, having obtained the necessary

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dispensation, as he was only twenty-three years of age, he was admitted to the priesthood, and on the following day the feast of the Holy Trinity, he celebrated his first Mass at Frascati, where his family was residing. With trembling joy and fear, joy on account of the exalted privilege accorded to him, fear on account of his unworthiness for the holiest, highest office of man on earth, he offered the holy mysteries, at the same time offering himself as a holocaust for the service of God and the salvation of souls. This fervor and devotion, far from diminishing as years went on, grew and deepened. Those who heard his Mass said that at the altar he appeared more like a seraph than a mortal man.

At the period of which we are speaking many priests in Italy, especially in Rome and Naples, who had private means of their own, used to live at home, devoting their time, after saying Mass, to prayer and study, but taking no active part in the care of souls. Thus Vincent Pallotti continued to live with his parents, declining the benefices and canonries offered him and accepting only a professorship in the Roman university. This post he held until his mother's death in 1827, shortly after which he relinquished it, in order to devote himself entirely to the work of the apostolate. He was then thirty-three years of age. At the request of the King of Naples he undertook the charge of the small and poor church of Santo Spirito, the national church of the Neapolitans residing in Rome, a most unattractive post, one, however, which not only gave him ample scope for the exercise of his zeal, but afforded him, as he probably foresaw, an opportunity of practising some of the most difficult of christian virtues—forbearance, self-denial, charity to one's enemies.

When, in a short time, religion revived in that quarter of the city, the neglected church was thronged with devout worshippers, hardened sinners were brought to repentance, and crowds flocked to Father Pallotti's confessional. His health, always frail, broke down at this time, so that he was temporarily compelled to desist from his labors.

Meanwhile Cardinals, Prelates, heads of Religious Houses, came to the lowly priest for confession and counsel. His re-

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nown spread even beyond the precincts of the Eternal City, and strangers arriving in Rome sought him out as the holiest and most able of confessors. A young seminarist from St. Sulpice, who came to Rome to complete his studies, gives the following account of his first interview with the servant of God: "On inquiring for Don Pallotti, I was directed to a narrow street behind the Neapolitan church, where stood a house of very humble appearance, before the door of which a Cardinal's carriage was waiting. I ascended the stairs to the second story, and was ushered into a tolerably spacious room, round the walls of which wooden benches were placed; between the two windows a life-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin, by no means a finished work of art, dominated the apartment. Before this statue Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, was kneeling on a prie-dieu, with his attendant priest, reciting the breviary until his turn should come. Excepting a few pictures in wooden frames, the room was, as far as I remember, devoid of all other furniture or ornament.

"When my turn came I passed through a door on the opposite side into the chamber where Pallotti, in stole and cotta, seated beside a prie-dieu, heard the confessions of all who came to him. While he glanced at the letter of introduction I handed to him, I was able to take note of his person. He was short of stature and stooped slightly. But for a fringe of fair hair, already almost gray, his head was bald, showing a well-developed forehead, white as ivory. His features were well cut, his eyes large and bright; their expression was one of tender kindness and charity. When I knelt to kiss his hand, the customary manner of saluting a priest in Italy, I observed that he adroitly slipped a small silver reliquary, on which a Madonna and Child were painted, down his sleeve, so that it was the picture one kissed, not his hand. This, I learnt, was his constant habit, so that no one ever touched his hand with their lips."

The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into friendship; the seminarist, Paul de Geslin, afterwards became a prominent member of the Society of Pious Missions. He has recorded

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many traits illustrative of his superior's characteristic virtues, and instances of the wonderful gift of penetration which the servant of God possessed, whereby he was enabled to recount to hardened sinners all the transgressions whereof they had been guilty in the past; of his success in softening the hearts of the obdurate and in consoling and relieving the doubting penitent.

We will give one instance out of many of the power wielded by this man of prayer. A young man, young in years but old in sin, lay on his deathbed. He scoffed at religion and his hatred of priests was so great that he kept a loaded pistol under his pillow, ready to shoot any minister of God who should venture into his presence. One evening the father of the unhappy man went to Don Pallotti and told him with tears of his son's condition. The servant of God accompanied him to his home, but the mother of the dying man, much as she deplored her son's state of mind and the iniquity of his past life, would not suffer the priest to risk his life by entering the room where he lay. "Poor soul!" said Pallotti. "Well, you must dress me up in something." The woman brought him one of her gowns, which he put on; a handkerchief was then tied round his head to look like a cap.

Thus disguised, he was introduced into the sick room, under the pretext that the mother needing rest, had got an old nurse to sit up with her son that night. No one could have recognized in the comical figure the well-known priest, who, after managing to slip his picture of the Madonna under the sufferer's pillow, seated himself in a corner, and repeated in a low voice the exorcisms wherewith he was accustomed to banish evil spirits. He then fervently implored the divine assistance, and going up to the bed, removed the pistol, and disclosed his identity. So forcibly did he speak to the young man's heart, that his defiance broke down. With humility and compunction and deep self-abasement he confessed the sins of his past life and made his peace with God. The next morning, his mother on entering the room, found her son holding a crucifix in one hand, in the other grasping the hand of the priest, who presently brought him the viaticum, for which he

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had already prepared him. He visited the patient daily until his death, which occurred shortly after.

An amusing incident narrated by Paul de Geslin, illustrates the ingenuity of the servant of God in making the most insignificant things serve his single aim, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. One day De Geslin, having read a letter he had just received, was about to throw it, envelope and all, into the fire.

"Stop, my child," Vincent said to him, "I think you are going to throw away paper that might be useful."

"It is only a note, Father," Paul replied, "I have already read it."

"Very well," Vincent rejoined, with his gentle smile, "but all of it need not be destroyed."

"Of what value is a scrap of paper, dear Father?"

"You may think it valueless," Pallotti contiuued, "but it is not entirely so, and we must not destroy anything that might be of the least use. We must imitate our Father in Heaven, who, though He is infinitely rich and almighty, makes every thing He has created of service, if only a drop of water, that may quench a bird's thirst, or revive a drooping flower. Our Lord also taught us the same lesson when after the miraculous multiplication of the loaves, He who could feed five thousand with a word, caused the fragments to be gathered up that nothing should be lost: *colligite fragmenta*, for our instruction."

"That is very true in regard to bread," Paul ventured to urge, "but, Father, a scrap of paper?"

Pallotti continued, "Yes, a scrap of paper is of worth, however trifling, and in obedience to our Lord, tear off the clean page. The letter must be burned, as its contents are for you alone; put the other part into the wastepaper basket."

Paul obeyed, out of respect to his master, who, after a pause, resumed: "It strikes me that as the basket is full, we had better call in the rag-collector, if you see one pass."

A *chiffonnier* was soon found, who gave a few halfpence for the contents of the well-filled basket. Pallotti then proposed to his companion that they should go together to the hospital

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he daily visited, and they both left the house, reciting the rosary as they passed through the street. At a confectioner's shop he paused, and entering, purchased with the halfpence he had just received a few sweet cakes, which he put into his pocket.

Scarcely had they crossed the threshold of the principal ward of the hospital, when one of the nurses hastened to Pallotti, saying: "Your Reverence, there is one of the cases, No. 15, in urgent need of your aid; he will certainly not live through the night. If one speaks to him about confession, he utters a volley of oaths, for he is quite conscious; the patients in the next beds to his hold their ears, his language is so dreadful."

"We must pray for him, my children," Vincent answered, "we must pray right earnestly; God is omnipotent, and He desires the rescue of this soul even more than we do."

Thereupon they betook themselves to the chapel, and in a short time returned to the ward. Paul de Geslin stationed himself at a distance, to observe how his superior would tackle the formidable No. 15. But Pallotti's method of procedure was not what he expected: he began to talk to one of the patients not in the immediate proximity of the blasphemer, casting now and again stealthy glances in his direction. As soon as No. 15 became aware of the presence of a priest, his countenance assumed a diabolical expresssion of hatred, and he murmured curses between his teeth. Finding however that no notice was taken of him, he presently turned wearily on his pillow and closed his eyes. Instantly Pallotti stepped noiselessly up to his side, and when the sick man again opened his eyes, he met the steady gaze of the priest fixed on him, while the sign of the cross was made over him. It was a terrible moment; Paul de Geslin held his breath; the sufferer transported with fury glared at his visitor, gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth, and had his strength not failed him, he would certainly have sprung upon him and throttled him. He opened his lips to utter horrible imprecations, but quick as thought, Pallotti took from his pocket one of the little cakes, and slipped it into the man's mouth, saying in the kindest

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manner: "*Mangia, figlio, che ti farà bene.* Eat that, my son, it will do you good."

The oaths were stopped but not the rage of the sufferer; yet Pallotti gained time to say a few words, reminding him that he must soon appear before his judge, and that by his blasphemies he injured his own soul, not God and the saints. The biscuit was swallowed, and fresh curses rose to the sinner's lips, when another was slipped between them, and a second time silence imposed: This was repeated several times, Pallotti meanwhile imploring him with tears to think of his soul, and commanding the malign spirit to depart in the name of God. He held his beloved picture of the Blessed Virgin before the sinner's eyes, he placed the crucifix on his pallid lips. Finally grace prevailed, though the struggle was protracted; the voice long trained to cursing, repeated falteringly an act of contrition, large tears rolled down his cheeks, he humbly kissed the cross. The servant of God immediately put on his stole, and bending over the dying man, helped him to make his confession. Then he administered the viaticum to him, and anointed him. Before nightfall he expired, with every sign of contrition, and fully resigned to die; his last words were: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony!"

Pallotti said a *De Profundis* beside the body; when the sheet was drawn over the livid features of the departed, he rose from his knees, and on rejoining his companion, remarked with a smile: "There is now a soul in purgatory who this morning little expected to go there. You see, my son, the use that can be made of old scraps of paper."

It was early intimated to him by God that he was destined to found a congregation of missioners for the revival of the faith amongst negligent Catholics, and the dispersion of the religion of Christ amongst heretics and unbelievers. Indeed, he felt the need of zealous, well-trained co-operators whilst carrying on with indefatigable energy the work of the Apostolate in Rome and its environs. An unexpected incident led to the formation of the society known to us as that of the Pallottine Fathers.

One day, towards the close of the year 1834, one of Don

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Pallotti's penitents, a simple pious man, told him he had been much impressed by a sermon he had heard from a missionary lately returned from Arabia, dwelling on the great need of missions to that country. "I have a proposal to make to your Reverence," the man said, "that we should have St. Alphonsus's *Way of Salvation* printed in Arabic, and sent to that benighted land." Pallotti reminded him that the translating and printing would cost a great deal, but to this the man replied that he would make a collection from house to house, asking for a contribution in his Reverence's name. "Not in my name," Pallotti answered, "but if you like to make the attempt, do so in the name of Jesus Christ."

The man started immediately on the quest, and in half an hour returned, his pockets full of money, which he poured out on the table; coins of every size and value, which when counted, were found to amount to the sum of 15,000 francs, ($3,000) affording clear proof of the love and esteem felt for the servant of God by all classes in Rome. A committee of priests and laymen was called to decide upon the manner of spending the money; the *Way of Salvation* was printed in Arabic, the remainder of the collection being devoted to printing religious pamphlets for distribution among the ignorant Italian peasantry. This committee became a permanent institution, under the name of the society of the Catholic Apostolate, and was the germ of the Congregation to which at a later period Pius IX gave the appellation of *Più Societas missionum.*

The formation of this society was a long and difficult task. It consists of three classes: Priests living in community and devoted to active work for souls both at home and abroad; Sisters who consecrate themselves to the education of heathen girls in foreign missions; and a third class, embracing all members of the clergy and laity who pledge themselves to promote the object of the institution, and who thereby share in the indulgences accorded to it. In solitude and seclusion Pallotti spent many months in framing the rules and constitutions for his future subjects. During that time our Lady appeared to him promising him her gracious favors. Not until 1846 was

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the Rule, already tested by practice, submitted to the Holy See, and approved by the Supreme Pontiff.

Pallotti was extremely careful in the reception of postulants, and at the outset the number of members was very small. "I have few," he would say, "but they are men of sterling worth. St. Francis Xavier was alone, and he converted 10,000 heathens." His discrimination was very great, and his kindness and consideration not less. When compelled to dismiss a novice, he invariably provided him with a suitable situation in the world. Although he could be severe when necessary, Pallotti avoided if possible giving a reprimand.

Poverty was strictly enforced in the congregation; Pallotti desired that his followers should subsist on alms. In all embarrassments or difficulties his maxim was: *fiducia et oratione*, and indeed countless times during his life his confidence and prayer proved all-powerful.

Space forbids us to mention severally the virtues in which this saintly priest set a bright example to his community, or to enlarge upon his filial devotion, his tender love for the Mother of God, whose image he always carried about with him, and with which he worked many miracles. Of this picture he caused copies to be made, giving one to every missioner whom he sent out, and telling them that from his own experience, no theme was so efficacious for touching the hearts of sinners as that of the glory, the power, the loving kindness of Mary.

We must now turn to the closing scenes of Vincent Pallotti's life. The Feast of the Epiphany, on which the vocation of the heathen to the faith of Christ is commemorated, has long been celebrated in Rome with special solemnity. Don Pallotti conceived the design of giving a yearly mission during the octave of the festival to persons of all classes and nationalities, his idea being to bring together Christians of all nations round the crib of the world's Redeemer. Sermons were to be preached and confessions heard in all European languages, and the holy sacrifice offered according to the Syro-Chaldaic and Greek as well as the Roman rite.

This mission, held for the first time in 1836, proved most successful, the concourse of people being so great that it had to

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be transferred in succeeding years to a larger and more central church than that of Santo Spirito. The mission was usually closed by a cardinal, who, while preaching, held in his arms Don Pallotti's favorite image of the Infant Jesus, and with it gave the final benediction. In January, 1850, Don Pallotti, contrary to his custom, preached the opening discourse. Never had the church been so crowded, never before were the confessions and communions so numerous. He also gave the benediction at the close of the mission, though his strength was failing fast. On going down to the sacristy he said to the priests who pressed round him to congratulate him: "Next year you will have to do all yourselves." He returned home wearied out and chilled to the bone. The weather was cold and rainy, and he had given his cloak to a mendicant. On the following morning he said Mass at the chapel of a religious house. When he left he said to the superior: "This is the last time of my coming; we shall not meet again." For two more days, in spite of increasing illness, he persisted in visiting the sick and receiving the numerous applicants who came to him to solicit temporal relief or spiritual aid. Then a sharp attack of pleurisy and fever compelled him to give in. Patient and resigned as ever, he complied with all the physician's wishes, though he knew full well the remedies would be ineffectual. In prophetic view he had for some months past foreseen the hour of his death, and the last enemy had no terrors for him. On the 22d of January, the eve of our Lady's espousals, he seemed in an ecstasy, his countenance shining as if a foretaste of future glory were granted him. Prematurely aged by labors and austerities, his bent and emaciated form and silvery locks gave him the appearance of having borne the weight of far more than his fifty-four years of life. As he lay on his straw pallet, surrounded by his priests and scholars, they entreated him with tears not to leave them orphans, but to ask God to spare him to them for a few more years. "Not so, dear children," he replied; "let me go whither our Lord calls me. To-morrow a happy feast will be kept in heaven. Fear not; our congregation will last; it will be blest by God." He then gave them his final blessing, and before the last words were uttered he calmly expired.

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This brief sketch cannot be concluded better than by quoting the words of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII:

"I knew Don Pallotti well in my younger days, and not only heard from others of his wonderful activity, but witnessed it myself. So high was the esteem in which I held him that immediately after his death, at the time when I was Bishop of Perugia, I caused a bust of this saintly priest to be sculptured for me and placed it in my ante-room. Every morning, as I passed out on my way to the chapel, I besought him to obtain for me the divine assistance that I might make a good preparation before celebrating Holy Mass."

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE SYRIAN CHURCH OF MALABAR.

BOTH history and tradition attest that St. Thomas the Apostle came to India in 52 A. D., founded a church in Malabar and suffered a martyr's death at Mailapur, near the modern city of Madras. This old Christian community of Malabar is known to the world as "Christians of St. Thomas," and Mailapur, the place where the Apostle suffered martyrdom, is called "St. Thomas' Mount"; and in its neighborhood the tomb of the Apostle is still frequented by thousands of pilgrims. The apostolic origin of this church is firmly believed by all the Syrian Christians and clearly asserted by the early Fathers of the Universal Church; several old liturgies and martyrologies of the East and West speak of St. Thomas in India. There are seven oratories or churches in Malabar founded by St. Thomas, and there exist also some well-known Brahmin families converted to the faith by the Apostle.

St. Thomas had ordained priests and bishops who, after the Apostle's death, carried on the ministry of this church up to the fourth century by succession. But in the fourth century, on account of a severe persecution by the surrounding heathens, the church was left without a pastor. Then, by Divine Providence, a certain wealthy merchant of Canan, named Thomas Cana, trading on the coast of Malabar, became acquainted

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with this church, and in the year 345 he brought to this afflicted community a good supply, *i. e.*, a colony of 400 Christians of Syro-Chaldean rite from Bagdad, Ninive and Jerusalem, among whom was Mar Joseph, Bishop of Edessa, with several priests and deacons. About this time the body, or a part of the body of St. Thomas, was carried from Mailapur to Edessa. From the time of the said immigration the Malabar church was on a firmer footing. The Christians, headed by Thomas Cana, obtained high privileges in this country from Cheraman-Perumal, the ruler of Malabar. This Syrian community, which is mainly composed of the Brahmin converts made by St. Thomas and of the immigrants from Mesopotamia, is highly honored by the rulers and people of Malabar. But from the time of this immigration up to the Synod of Diamper in 1599, the Bishops for this church were sent from Babylon and Persia, as this church formed part of the Syro-Chaldean church in Mesopotamia and Persia.

After the arrival of the Portuguese, in the fifteenth century, or, rather, after the Synod of Diamper, in 1599, the Syrian church of Malabar has undergone many changes with regard to its government and liturgy. For the Portuguese who claimed monopoly of the churches in India tried to get possession of this primitive and apostolic church. They succeeded in their long-contemplated project by the Synod convoked at Diamper. With this Synod begins a series of Portuguese Bishops in this purely oriental church. It is said by the Portuguese historians and those who follow them, that the Syrian church of Malabar was converted from Nestorian heresy by means of the Synod held at Diamper. But the fact is not so. A long time before this Synod, the church of Malabar was in Catholic union and was governed by good Catholic Bishops, Mar Jacob, Mar Joseph and Mar Abraham, of whom the two last were sent to Malabar by the celebrated Chaldean patriarch, Ebedjesus, who attended the Council of Trent. St. Francis Xavier, in his letters to the King of Portugal, praised Mar Jacob as a virtuous and holy man. Pope Pius V deemed Mar Joseph worthy of a Cardinal's hat, but the premature death of the latter prevented him from being made a Cardinal. Pope

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Gregory XIII ordered the Syrian Christians to obey Mar Abraham, their Archbishop at Angemale. And we see this Mar Abraham admit many Jesuits to teach in his diocese, and convoke a diocesan Synod in 1583, in which he made profession of Catholic faith and published the decrees of the Council of Florence. And after his death Pope Clement VIII makes mention of him as "*bonæ memoriæ.*"

The series of Portuguese Bishops did not last for a long time. For the Syrians, disgusted with their Portuguese rulers, made a strong revolt in 1653. Only 400 out of the 200,000 Syrians remained with the Archbishop, Francis Garcia, S.J.; all the rest turned schismatics. Pope Alexander VII hearing of this disorder sent the barefooted Carmelites to call back the schismatics to Catholic union. After the arrival of the Carmelites in 1657, a Jacobite bishop, named Mar Gregory, was sent to Malabar in 1665 by the Jacobite patriarch of Antioch; and a party of the schismatics joined him. Thus the Jacobite heresy got a footing on the Indian soil. The Carmelites succeeded in their mission until they became practically the only masters of this church for about three centuries. But in 1887 Pope Leo XIII, at the constant and earnest prayers of the Catholic Syrians, separated the Syrian Christians from the jurisdiction of the Carmelite Bishops of Verapoly, and gave them two Latin Vicars Apostolic in Mgr. Lavigne, S.J. stationed at Kottayam, and in Mgr. Medlycott stationed at Trichur.

But this arrangement lasted only till 1896, when the oft-repeated request of the Syrians to have Bishops of their own nationality was at last granted by Rome. Now they are under their own Bishops, Mgr. John Menachery, Vicar Apostolic of Trichur, Mgr. Aloysius Pareparambil, Vicar Apostolic of Ernakulam, and Mgr. Matthew Makil, Vicar Apostolic of Changanacherry. As it is evident, a perfect hierarchy is not yet established. We have every reason to hope that the glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII, to whom the St. Thomas Christians are ever thankful, will complete the work started by His Holiness himself.

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The religious life is also flourishing among these Christians. There are eleven monasteries of the native Syrian Carmelite Fathers. There are also twelve convents of native Syrian nuns of different orders, namely: nine of Carmelites, two of Clarists, and one of Visitandines.

The statistics of the three Vicariates Apostolic of Trichur, Ernakulam and Changanacherry are as follows:

Vicariate Apostolic.	Catholics.	Churches and Chapels.	Schools.	Pupils.	Native Priests.
Trichur.	91,787	81	178	8,588	76
Ernakulam.	86,986	100	159	7,684	115
Changanacherry.	140,272	151	423	15,328	274

Vicariate Apostolic.	Monasteries.	Monks.	Convents.	Nuns.	Members of Apostleship of Prayer.
Trichur.	3	35	2	30	——
Ernakulam.	4	20	4	71	4,297
Changanacherry.	4	50	6	61	——

J. K.

MISSION NOTES.

SLAVERY IN WEST AFRICA.

The provinces of Northern Nigeria are supposed to depend upon the Sultan of Sokoto; but war is almost continual between them and between the Sultan and his Emirs. The purpose is nearly always to obtain slaves. A traveller lately passed through a territory of 5,000 square miles, and found it entirely laid waste; the villages were in ruins, the fields overgrown with brushwood and the inhabitants dead or dispersed. A Mahometan Emir, finding the tribute which he exacts from the natives insufficient, sends his soldiers to seize all the women and carry them off.

Some time ago one of those Moslem tyrants sent his soldiers d[illegible]t to attack a village of the native blacks. The [illegible]d in while their victims were sleeping, fired the

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huts and captured all who attempted to fly. The old were let go free ; but the young were bound together, and the infants placed in sacks. The captives, for two or three days, while yet near their native place, made frantic efforts to escape, and some succeeded, carrying their chains with them. Exhausted by hunger and fatigue, most of them soon died. When the rest of the captives arrived at their destination, they were separated at the choice of their captors, who, enclosing them in pens where they could not move, committed upon them the most cruel excesses.

The Catholic missionaries, wherever their resources are sufficient, are founding free villages or towns, where the captives, when delivered from the enslavers, are received. They are favored by the English military authorities, who have promised all the ground needed and protection when the places of refuge are prepared.

CENTRAL MADAGASCAR.

After great and fruitful labor of French Catholic missionaries, Madagascar was about to become, in 1847, a Protestant island, when the evangelization of it was confided to the Jesuits of the province of Toulouse. For fifteen years they had to labor in neighboring islands, the hostile Queen Ranavalona I forbidding their approach. Her death, in 1862, opened the way for the Catholic missionaries. Unimpeded for eighteen years, Protestantism had gained great influence. In 1869 it was made the official religion. An army of "evangelists" were spread over the island. The London Missionary Society announced in 1873 that there were 801 missionary stations and 531 schools, with 16,584 children.

In face of powerful hostile influences the Catholic mission, with little resources, fought an excellent battle. After thirty years of labor there were 443 stations, more than 20,000 children in the schools and 140,000 natives following the teaching of the Catholic missionaries. Under French influence progress was greater. Two new vicariates were created in the north and south, the Jesuits remaining in the centre. Works of beneficence began to spring up everywhere. Higher schools were opened for the children of Europeans; Catholic associations were formed. The Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny multiplied their schools. The College of St. Michael in Tananarivo prepares its students for university examinations as in

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France. Hospitals and workshops have been erected. Father Beyzim, a Polish Jesuit, has voluntarily shut himself in with the lepers. Unfortunately, resources are not equal to the needs. The Protestant missions, with greater supplies of money, have excellent normal schools—real colleges, and very well furnished hospitals and dispensaries. The needs of Catholic normal schools may be realized by considering that there are over 2,000 male teachers employed in the missions.

WAR-WORN TRANSVAAL.

The Oblate missionary, Father Langouët, writes of the ill-starred, heroic land: "This stricken region, harassed with its three years' war, and whose sorrows have drawn to it all the eyes of European peoples, sees at last the close of a strife which demanded so much blood, caused woes so great, and occasioned heroism unparalleled. How many hearths are desolate! How many tears have loved ones shed! The names of the gallant dead will be repeated, their letters kept with sorrowing love. But the soldiers sleep beneath the grassy carpet of the desolate veldt, where their rosaries and scapulars moulder into their dust. For great numbers of those young soldiers came from Catholic Ireland; and before going to meet death, which they did with calmest courage, their earnest care was to prepare for it.

The present peace, for which men have paid so dearly, will, we trust, be very favorable for the missionary harvest. The Boer people, mingling frequently henceforward with Catholics, will lay aside ancient prejudices.

During these past years Apostolic work has been rendered difficult and painful in those wide regions of South Africa. The many Catholic soldiers in the British armies called for the exercise of a ministry which we could not refuse, in spite of the dangers coming incessantly, either from the events of the war itself, or from contagious diseases frequent amongst the troops. The necessity for the priests of the respective missions to bring the consolations of the Church to those poor men, and to accompany them on the march, hindered our ordinary missionary labors. On the other hand, the difficulty of communication owing to martial law, has forced us to leave many families altogether without the aid of our ministry. But we trust that all impediments will [illegible]moved, and that we shall be thus enabled to restore [illegible]aped up by the dreadful visitations of war.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. DECEMBER, 1902. No. 12.

DEATH OF FATHER DE BRÉBEUF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE victory of the Iroquois did not stop here, but, skillful tacticians as they were, they refrained from pursuing the enemy, for they knew that defences would be thrown up everywhere and that it would be impossible to dislodge the Hurons from their position. They were also afraid of being overwhelmed by numbers. They therefore returned to their country, driving before them hundreds of prisoners. But in secret they organized a new expedition, and in the month of March, 1649, they came through the woods to the number of one thousand, and were unperceived until they were in the very heart of the Huron country. The Hurons, deceived by the appearances of peace, slept in fatal security ; many of them, in fact, had gone off to the hunt. On the 16th of March, at the first dawn of day, the Tsonnontouans and the Agniers, who had joined their forces, came to St. Ignace while the whole mission was buried in sleep, entered without resistance into the village and killed or captured the inhabitants as they sprung from their slumbers. The village was soon a heap of ruins.

Three Hurons, escaping from the tomahawks of the invaders, ran to the village of St. Louis, about a league off, to bring the news of the disaster which they had just witnessed. There they found Father de Brébeuf and Father Lalemant.

The chiefs immediately made the women and children take to flight and urged the missionaries to do the same. "Your presence," they said, "can be of no help to us. You cannot

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handle the club or the musket." "But," says Father de Bérbeuf, "there is something more necessary than weapons, namely, the sacraments. We alone can administer them, and our place is in the midst of you." Struck by this act of devotedness, Stephen, a chief of splendid faith, said to an unbelieving Indian who had come up and who was talking of flight: "Can you abandon these fathers who are exposing their lives for us? The love which they have for our salvation will be the cause of their death. Let us die with them and we shall go with them to heaven."

The two apostles immediately addressed themselves to their work. Father Lalemant baptized the catechumens and Father de Brébeuf confessed the neophytes. There were only eighty warriors and some weak old men. The Iroquois were already upon them. The first and the second assaults were vigorously repelled, but, attacked by a thousand enemies on every side at once, the Hurons finally gave up the fight. They were killed or captured. Their cabins were set on fire, and the two missionaries, seized in the midst of their sacerdotal functions, were stripped of their garments and led to St. Ignace along with the other prisoners. They marched at the head.

Before arriving at the village they had to pass a long double line of Indians, who beat them with clubs on the shoulders, on the loins, on the limbs and in the face. It was the first station of Calvary.

In the village the stakes to which the victims were to be bound had been already put up. At the sight of these instruments of torture Father de Brébeuf turning to the Christian captives said: "My children, when your pain is greatest lift your eyes to heaven; remember that God is witness of our sufferings, and He will soon be our recompense exceeding great. Let us die in this faith, and let us hope from His goodness an accomplishment of His promises. I pity you more than myself, but keep up your courage during the little while that our torments last; they will finish with your lives and the glory which follows will never end." "Echon," his neophytes answered, "our souls will be in heaven while our bodies are suffering on earth. Ask God to have mercy on us. We will

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pray to Him until we die." Every one of them remained faithful to the last breath.

Coming near the stake where their sacrifices were to be consummated, the two missionaries knelt down and, like St. Andrew, kissed the blessed cross with transports of delight. "It is now," Father Lalemant exclaimed, "that we are given as a spectacle to heaven, to the angels and to men."

Let us follow the two victims separately in the long course of their torments. It was upon them chiefly that the fury of the savages expended itself. God permitted it to be so, as they were the purest and most agreeable offerings to His divine majesty. We might note here that there were among the enemy Hurons who had become Iroquois—formerly Christians, now apostates—and who felt bound to repay the priests by an excessive cruelty for the benefits which they had formerly received. Perhaps they wanted to efface the indelible stamp of their baptism in showing themselves more eager even than the Iroquois in tormenting the two servants of God.

Father de Brébeuf was tied to the stake. Then they plunged red hot awls into his flesh and passed burning coals over his limbs, while they hung on his neck a collar of fiery hatchet-heads. Firm and immovable as a rock amidst these terrible torments, the apostle, forgetful of his sufferings like Christ on the Cross, spoke with a loud voice at one time to the Huron Christians, at another to his executioners, encouraging the first and showing them the crown of glory, and menacing the second with divine justice and the fire of hell; to all he preached Jesus Christ.

So much freedom of speech joined to such power of soul astonished and exasperated his tormentors. In order to prevent him from preaching they cut off his lips and nose and cut out his tongue; they slit his mouth back to the ears and drove a red hot iron into his throat, while they filled his mouth with burning coals. "But," says Charlevoix, "the unconquerable missionary stood there with such a peaceful and tranquil countenance that he seemed to be commanding his very enemies." New tortures were inflicted; they tore out his hair; they lifted his scalp; they slashed his flesh and sneeringly said to him,

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"You have told others that the more one suffered in this life the greater his recompense would be in the other. Thank us now for helping you to wear a better crown."

At the instigation of a renegade Huron, and to show their hatred for baptism, they poured boiling water three times over his head and shoulders. "Look," said they, "we baptize you to make you happy in heaven, for without a good baptism you cannot be saved."

Finally they heaped around him bark covered with resin, which they lighted and caused to burn slowly, that the suffering of the martyr, who remained calm and serene, might be protracted. The intrepidity of the hero was communicating itself to his companions. The executioners saw it and resolved to be done with him. A chief cut open his side, tore out his heart and devoured it, while the other savages drank the blood which poured out of the wound. He expired on the 16th of March at four in the afternoon at the age of fifty-six years.

"In all the history of Canada," says Ferland, "one meets no grander figure," "and," adds the Protestant Parkman, "we cannot fail to recognize in this sublime life the great heart of a saint and a hero." These words sum up perfectly the marvelous and holy character of Father de Brébeuf. We have spoken elsewhere of what he was and what he did. He was a religious who practised the mortification of an anchoret. He fasted often, carried on his body a hair shirt armed with iron points, watched in prayer the greater part of the night, and, for a few hours only, took his rest on the bare earth or the bark of a tree. He was a man of sublime prayer, lived in union with God both in heart and mind. Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the angels and the saints frequently appeared to him. Even our Blessed Lord came once bearing His cross. Three days before his martyrdom the Divine Master revealed to His servant the moment and the circumstances of his death, and Father de Brébeuf communicated it to his brethren with transports of joy.

He lived for nothing else than to pour out his blood for Christ. As early as 1639 he had made this vow: "I

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promise never to reject the cross of martyrdom, if in Thy mercy, O my God, Thou offerest it to Thy unworthy servant. If the occasions of dying for Thee present themselves I will not avoid them, and when the stroke of death shall be given to me I will accept it with a joyous and triumphant heart." His Superior had commanded him to put in writing his numberless visions and graces and revelations, at least those which he could remember, says Father Ragueneau, for the multitude was such that he could not relate them all. His Superior adds: "There is nothing more frequent in his memoirs than the expression of his desire to die for Jesus Christ. 'I find myself vehemently impelled to die for Christ.'"

THE SIGN.

WEAK, spent and weary, sick of grief and woe,
  Pressing around me as the crowd streams by,
Battling for Hope, I raise my eyes and lo!
  A star clear shining in the quiet sky.

MARIE BLAKE.

THE MARTYRS OF CHINA.

FROM June to October, 1900, about 3,000 Christians of South-western Tche-li were massacred by the Boxers. Many of these died with arms in their hands, defending their families and their churches against the bandits; but very many others, and, in particular, old men, women and children, were slain merely because they were Christians and refused to deny the faith.

In many instances the proposition was expressly made that the Christians would be spared if they apostatized. For instance, in the village of Nang-la-seu, such a proposal was made by the mandarin after he had summoned all the Christians together. They firmly refused; and next day, the place having been given up to the Boxers, all were slain save one, who fell away, and

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three children, who were delivered up to the bonzes. Later on, the mandarin himself counted 147 victims.

At Yang-t'ai a troop of Christian women and young girls braved the most cruel death in defence of their faith and chastity. The Jesuit Father Wibaux attested that, long after the massacre, their bodies were found entirely incorrupt amidst the putrefying corpses in the common pit.

Often, when everybody else fled at the approach of the murderers, old persons and the wounded caused themselves to be carried to the church, in order to await death before the altar.

Flying from Chang-ts'ounn, a numerous company of Christians was surrounded by the Boxers. Some were massacred on the route, as they recited the beads. Some, brought back to the village, were slain with others or buried alive. Amongst these were some catechumens—not yet baptized.

There were superb examples of heroism. One old man of 70 years, holding up his outstretched hand, said: "I am a Christian, a Christian of five generations!" He was struck down immediately and died.

It often happened that Christians were murdered because they wore the scapular or carried a rosary. The body of a mother slain by sabre blows for this cause was found intact by her relatives after a year. Mothers, like the mother of the Maccabees, presented their children for death before themselves, lest they might lose the martyr's palm. Many, too, whose lives had been disedifying, joyously seized the opportunity of atoning for the past by a martyr's death.

Death did not always come quickly. Frequently, after confessing their faith, the noble victims had to endure prolonged and horrible tortures. One, a young man of twenty-five years, refusing to apostatize, was pierced from the knee to the foot by a piece of steel. A long moaning cry was his tribute of pain. Then his two hands were cut off at the wrists and his whole body cut in pieces.

Mothers exhorted their sons; wives, their husbands, to be constant unto death. Sometimes all the members of a family were slain together; as was the case in the town of Ki-tcheou, where a grandfather of sixty-six years, the wife of the oldest son and her four children, the second son with his wife, daughter and two infants, and the stepmother of the oldest son with her little grandchild, met death together. Summoned to the courts, they

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refused to deny their religion. The old grandfather asked as a favor to be allowed to die after the others, whom he kept on encouraging to the last.

Mgr. Van Aertselaer, Vicar Apostolic of Central Mongolia, states, in a recent letter, that in three-fourths of the territory over which he has jurisdiction, nothing remains of what the mission or the native Christians possessed. Five missionaries and more than 1500 of the faithful have been slain. Hundreds of women and children have been carried off and sold. The 15,000 surviving Christians or Catechumens are deprived of everything. Fifteen central residences and ten small ones, with the churches attached to them, have been pillaged and burned. All the Christian settlements have been broken up. To the supreme joy of the good Bishop, the Blessed Sacrament has nowhere been profaned.

Eastern Mongolia, its Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Abels, writes, has lost twenty-seven churches or chapels, burnt or otherwise destroyed.

The Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Western Su-Tchuen (China) reports that, at Ngan-Yo, eight persons preparing for Baptism were slain, and ten wounded, about the middle of May, this year, in the new outbreak of the Boxers, of whom twenty-seven were shot by the Chinese soldiers. Brigandage and famine are increasing the woes of this land of sorrow.

COMMUNICATION FROM THE CENTRO CATÓLICO OF MANILA.

To the Catholic Press and all the Catholic faithful of the United States of America greeting.

The *Centro Católico de Filipinas*, in the name and in representation of the Catholic people of the Philippines who body and soul associate therewith, has recently dispatched to their Lordships the Bishops of Pittsburg and Grand Rapids, a telegram of thanks, as a demonstration of heartfelt gratitude for the enthusiasm and valor with which their Lordships protested against the expulsion of the Religious Orders from the Philippines.

Right well do we know that His Holiness Leo XIII, by the grace of God, Supreme Pontiff of the Church Militant; Mgr.

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Chapelle, the late Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See; the Philippine Episcopate, and by far the greater and better part of our Clergy and all the true Catholic people of the Philippines, are opposed to the proposed expulsion of the Religious Corporations from Philippine soil; but to us it was most grateful to know, by telegram of the 14th of the last month, that the Catholic clergy and people of Pennsylvania and Michigan had publicly demonstrated the self-same sentiments.

We therefore consider it our duty to give to our Catholic Fathers and Brethren of the United States our most sincere thanks and a lively congratulation for their noble and just attitude in this question, which is one of vital importance for the people of the Philippines, and we earnestly appeal to all the prelates and faithful of America for their aid and assistance against the taking of a step so transcendental for our religious and social future.

The Spanish Religious who have been the objects of so much persecution, evangelized our country, taught us the arts of agriculture, industry and commerce; they inspired in us the love of the liberal arts; they gave us an exquisite social and moral education, and sent us forward in the path of true progress and civilization in a quiet gentle manner. The whole world is witness to the fact that in three centuries we have passed from a state of savagery to one of a civilization which is the cause of envy in the breasts of all our Malay neighbors.

Its knowledge of this archipelago being recent and as yet incomplete, America, perhaps, has not yet formed a just idea of the immense labor and the innumerable sacrifices which the Religious Orders, of whose ministrations a certain element would unjustly deprive us, have undertaken and suffered for our welfare and advancement. And apart from this, they would find it difficult to appreciate these labors and sacrifices, on account of the social and political crisis through which this country has passed during these last few years, and on account of the fact that our civilization being eminently Catholic and accommodated to our especial idiosyncrasy, it possesses characters but little visible, very modest and better suited to demonstrate a social, moral and interior progress, than a material and industrial civilization.

Let America but examine carefully our rich literature and history, and open her eyes to the light of experience, and she will see and realize the immense services these Religious Orders have rendered to us, and which they are called to render in time to

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come to our country under any noble and just banner whatever, that may shelter us.

One of the things most evident in this our country is that the improvements, the roadways and bridges, the schools, colleges and the Universities; the barracks and fortresses, the seminaries and charitable institutions; the books and documents of arts and sciences, the implements of labor transport, the utensils and tools of construction; the perfection of the languages, the betterment of customs and the foundation of culture; in a word, all the vestiges of civilization and progress bear the marks, the embellishment and seal of the Spanish Religious Corporations.

Did there exist any colonial literature, including that of Cuba, so abundant and select as ours, perhaps one might criticise the Spanish Religious. Were there a colony in the world whose youth in equal numbers and proportional degree, could read, write, count, who knew the truths of our holy Religion, the rules of good manners and the principles of courtesy as do our filipino youth, perchance one might call to account the direction and labors of our missionaries. Were there to be found registered in the geographical annals of the world a colony as cultured, as religious, as rich, peaceful, obedient, and as happy as was our beloved Filipinos during the three centuries of Spanish domination, peradventure one might doubt the immense sacrifices of our Spanish Religious missionaries.

Moreover: why shall there be expelled from this country the ministers of the Catholic Church, when there are admitted into the country those of all sects, of all beliefs and of all superstitions, of all systems and ideals? Why should the Spaniards be excluded, seeing that they are naturally the only ones who civilized and embellished our country? Why should the American constitution be undermined, and the Treaty of Paris be set at naught, for all of these prohibit the expulsion of any subject of any nation whatever without some just cause and without the previous declaration of the legislative chambers that such subjects and such institutions are inconvenient and detrimental for the wellbeing of the public order? What occasion, cause or pretext have our Spanish Catholic priests given that such unjust and unheard of measures should be taken?

Let our enemies point the finger of justice at one single case, one single scandal, one single crime committed by any one of the members of the Religious Orders during the four years of Amer-

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ican sovereignty and if any such case shall be found, if any individual shall have committed any fault meriting his expulsion from the country, then let the penalty fall on the guilty one, but in the name of Justice leave to us the remainder who are innocent, in the natural enjoyment of their rights.

And who are those who defame the Religious, those who shout for the expulsion of these Orders? They are Protestants, they are sectarians, they are freemasons, or members of kindred societies condemned by our holy Mother the Church, they are impious persons, all of them the sworn enemies of the Church of God, and of our Faith. They are those who first rebelled against Spain and afterwards against the United States and those who without public sincerity or private conscience make echo of ideals they do not profess, and who spread abroad stories of disorders which never existed, and never will exist in the Religious Orders. They are *traitors to three flags* and adulators to three sovereignties against which they plotted whilst they kissed the feet of their governors. They are the insurgents against Spain and America who formerly lived by political and armed pillage and who to-day, thanks to the iniquitous favoritism on the part of the one and the villainous servility on the part of the other, enjoy the benefits of municipal and provincial salaries. They compose, in a word, a hungry crowd of political factionists, engendered, suckled and favored contrary to all justice by a few politicians unworthy of the name of Americans.

The direct aim of those who demand the expulsion of the friars is double: first they would throw off all bridle of religion, remove all presential testimony to certain inhumanities and scandalous proceedings and facts. And thus they could commit all kinds of iniquities upon this poor people which, numbering some eight millions to-day would in their hands be reduced in ten years to a single million or less of miserable, unfortunate creatures.

In the second place they aim to despoil the Church and Her institutions of their property and estates that they may fatten themselves like birds of prey that they are; to rob and disrobe the sacred images, and despoil the altars of their sacred vessels, polluting the house of God and turning it into a meeting house for discordant mobs of political schemers and agitators.

And let it be well understood that these muched talked of estates possess better titles of property and comply with all the requirements of the law both canonical and civil, better than any other

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landed property possessed by Filipinos or foreigners in the archipelago.

Nor are these estates, in their extension and value, what is claimed by the enemies of their Religious owners who justly possess them. Taken all together they are less in their extent than Rhode Island as compared to the vast superfices of your immense country. They are purchased for small amounts because land formerly was, and is even now, so abundant that the Spanish Government and private owners almost gave it away.

These famous and coveted estates were in the hands of their Religious owners, a grand practical school of agricultural economy, in which natives and foreigners might learn that all might be accomplished by a just and prudent administration, in carrying out large enterprises. If all had imitated the Religious in the moderation of the rents asked, and in the paternal treatment of their tenants, in charity in years of scarcity and justice in those of abundance, in prudent expenses and rewards of the masters, to-day the fertile forests and desert valleys of the Philippines would be converted into model farms and into lively settlements. It is obvious that the pueblos in which these estates existed were among the largest, richest and happiest in the country.

With these estates, from which they received about three and a half per cent. of their value, the Religious were enabled to attend to the expenses of their seminaries, to the work of the missions conducted by them in China and Tung-kin, to the needs of public worship, to the erection of schools and charitable institutions, and to an endless number of public and private alms, and, at times, to the alleviation of the strained condition of the public treasuries of the provinces and the municipalities. These estates are to-day in the possession of foreign companies, Belgian, French, American and English, who comply with all the requirements of the laws that be, and are in as just and pacific a possession of their lands as are other companies, Filipino, Spanish or American, of theirs.

But one of the most curious phenomena noticeable in connection with these estates is that when the Government concerns itself in their purchase they commence to be looked upon as small, bad and scarcely worth the price of purchase except for political (!) reasons; whereas two years ago the Religious were said to be the possessors of somewhere near the half of the archipelago, and it was even supposed that the possession of these estates

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constituted the social problem of the Philippines. Time will be a witness whether or no the sale of these estates is to the benefit of the people or to that of the Government.

And yet the Spanish Religious Corporations are, or course, ready to submit themselves to the judgment of the Holy See as regards both their persons and farms.

Some ill-intentioned folk teach and preach that the expulsion of the friar will be a political measure, because they expect that the friars will be anti-American and will sow the seed of disaffection among the natives of our country. A ridiculous and unjust suspicion !

You know, well beloved Fathers and brethren, what are the teachings of the Church in this matter, and what is the history of our Catholic missionaries in all parts. We are convinced, and in the face of the world declare, that the existence of the Spanish Corporations in the Philippines will not only be a fountain of advantages for us, the Filipinos, but it will be the best guarantee of order, obedience and concord and peace between the sovereign nation and its Filipino subjects. Would to God that America did not have any worse enemies than the poor Spanish Religious. The day in which they disappear from here there will be founded in the hearts of thousands of people all over the archipelago a deep-seated and perpetual suspicion of America and all her institutions. The day when these Religious leave us we shall be left shepherdless, without instruction, without preachers, without professional courses, without places of worship, without sacraments, without help or counsel, without hopes—forlorn. Alas if such should be our lot.

Fortunately we know the abyss which has opened at our feet, we foresee the fatal future of our religion and of our pitiable fatherland, and therefore whilst imploring the help of heaven, we turn our eyes towards our Fathers and Brethren of the United States, asking their help in our just demand.

American Catholics, you are numerous and strong ; you are sons of a great nation who live in the land of liberties, who have a thousand newspapers of large circulation ; you enjoy the care and guidance of many Bishops, you who are famous for your love and tendency toward association, who are enjoying a period of peace and normal prosperity, who are accustomed to struggle and conquer, forget not your poor Catholic colonist of the Philippines.

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Heaven will reward you and our hearts will ever be grateful to you. In token of our perpetual union and solidarity with the Catholics of the United States we shall ever pray for peace and prosperity for your country, and now with the filial confidence we have for the sons of the Catholic Church throughout all the world we embrace all our brethren in the faith.

Feast of St. Joachim August, 1902.

(Signed)

VICENTE CAVANNA, .	President.
JOSÉ ARRIOLA, .	1st Vice-President.
TELESFORO CASAS, .	2d " "
JOSÉ L. POZAS, .	Secretary.
BARTOLOMÉ PONS, .	Asst. Secretary.
JULIAN DE LA O, .	Treasurer.
JOSÉ MEMIJE, .	Vocales.
W. BRECKNO K. WATSON,	Vocales.
MANUEL ASSENSI, .	Vocales.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

FOR 1900–01 AND 1901–02.

THE BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 8, 1902.

TO HIS EMINENCE, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.
HIS GRACE, MOST REV. P. J. RYAN, Archbishop of Philadelphia.
} Incorporators of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions issued no report last year, for the reason that its Rt. Rev. Director died shortly before the Annual Meeting of the Board of Incorporators, and it was only at that meeting that his successor was appointed.

As I had active charge of the Bureau during the year 1900–1901, I shall cover that period in this my first report.

1900–1901.

On June 30, 1900, all Government aid for the Catholic Indian mission schools ceased, and the burden of their support—in round

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numbers, $140,000 per annum—was shifted upon the Catholics of the country.

The Very Rev. Treasurer of the Bureau had on hand a cash balance of only a few thousand dollars with which to meet the obligations of 1900–1901. But Bishops and priests from Western dioceses collected throughout the East; an appeal was issued by the Bureau; an allocation was obtained from the Lenten Collec-lection for Indian and Negro Missions; generous personal donations were made by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, and His Grace, Archbishop Ryan; the Rev. Mother Katherine Drexel contributed a very large sum—and in this way the schools were kept in operation, although they did not receive the full amount due them until after January of 1902, which delay caused great anxiety and hardship to those faithful souls who, in the midst o so much suffering and discouragement, devote themselves to the Christian education of Indian youth.

The Bureau at once undertook to obtain from the Government the following:

1.—The revocation of the objectionable "Browning Ruling," according to which "Indian parents have no right to designate which school their children shall attend," and by virtue of which children, despite the wishes of their parents, were placed in Government schools, and on account of which Catholic Indian parents were often outraged in their natural rights.

2.—The recognition of the right of Catholic children in Government schools to receive instruction in their religion a stated number of hours each week, and to be allowed the consolations of Holy Mass and the Sacraments.

3.—The use of the "tribal funds" for the education of Indian children in Catholic schools—the contention being that Catholic parents belonging to tribes having money on deposit in the U. S. Treasury (such money being held in common by the Indians and disbursed for their benefit by the Secretary of the Interior) should be allowed, in the emphatic words of Archbishop Ryan, "to use their *own money*, in educating their *own children*, in the schools of *their* choice:" a number of Indians, by petition and personal interviews with officials in Washington, having asked that a portion of their individual pro rata in such funds be paid for the education of their children in Catholic schools.

The Bureau, seconded by staunch and influential friends, made strong and determined efforts to secure favorable action on these

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three propositions. To that end a memorial covering the questions involved was submitted by the Bureau to President McKinley, who stated that he desired that they should be settled satisfactorily, and all cause of friction removed. He referred this momorial to the Secretary of the Interior, who in turn referred it to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which latter official reported unfavorably upon the first and third propositions.

President McKinley then directed that the "Browning Ruling" should be revoked, and Secretary Hitchcock promised the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland that this should be done—a promise, however, executed only after a long delay, so long, indeed, that the year 1900–1901 passed before it was carried into effect.

Regarding the "tribal funds," the Bureau fortified its position by opinions of legal authorities of the first order. Secretary Bliss had decided that such funds could not be used for sectarian schools, but it was thought that his decision might be reconsidered. Up to the present, however, Secretary Hitchcock has taken no action on the matter.

VISITATION OF SCHOOLS.

In 1901 I carefully inspected the Catholic Indian schools of California, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Wyoming, and found them all doing good work, remarkable work, in fact, considering their scanty resources. The school at Banning, Cal., is in need of repairs, while the one at San Diego, Cal., could be carried on with less expense if means were forthcoming to provide for irrigating the school lands, which at present produce only olives, and these have failed to prove a source of revenue. Rev. Father Ubach, the venerable missionary in charge of this school, has made every effort to provide irrigation for the mission lands, but the financial condition of the Bureau has made help from this quarter an impossibility.

DIFFICULTIES WITH AGENTS.

During this year there was trouble of greater or less magnitude between Indian Agents and Catholic school authorities, which arose chiefly over the enforcement of the "Browning Ruling." The Indian Office adjusted these difficulties in a satisfactory manner, with the exception of one, which was settled by the revocation of the "Browning Ruling."

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TULALIP SCHOOL.

From its inception the Catholic Mission school at Tulalip Agency, Washington, was conducted in a building erected by the Government. Small additions had been made by the Sisters in charge, but no transfer of the property ever took place. These facts were reported by inspectors to the Indian Office, the Government took charge of the school, and the Sisters withdrew. The loss of this school is to be very much regretted, as the Indians of the Tulalip reservation are as a rule Catholics, and their children, with very few exceptions, have for many years had the benefit of Catholic training.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, His Eminence, Cardinal Martinelli, the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan and the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan at once gave their approbation to the new society.

DEATH OF MONSIGNOR STEPHAN.

As the year 1900–1901 drew near its close, the venerable Director of the Bureau, Monsignor Joseph A. Stephan—the intrepid defender of the Catholic Indian—died full of years and honors. *Requiescat in pace!*

1901–1902.

The all-important and unsolved problem confronting the Bureau is: *By what means can $140,000 be raised annually for the support of the Catholic Indian schools?*

Many schools would have been discontinued long since had it not been for the great generosity of Rev. Mother M. Katherine Drexel. But this generous help by itself does not suffice; it cannot be expected for a great number of years; it is even now given at a sacrifice and to the detriment of other necessary works. The future of the Catholic Indian schools depends upon the providing of some permanent source of revenue.

THE PRESERVATION SOCIETY.

In the beginning of 1901–1902, steps were taken to establish, as widely as possible, the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children." This, in fact, has been the chief feature of the year's work. The Society has received the hearty approval of many prelates, has been introduced into every archdiocese and very nearly every diocese in the United States, and has Promoters in Canada, Ireland and Germany.

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Through the medium of the Catholic press and the United States mail, the Bureau has secured several hundred Promoters and thousands of members. A number of priests have spent a portion of their time in spreading from the pulpit a knowledge of the aim, methods and obligations of the Society, and in enlisting the service of Promoters. This work has been done in Philadelphia by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, of Carlisle, Pa.; in Indiana, Illinois and California by the Rev. B. Florian Hahn, of Banning, Cal.; in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee by the Rev. J. M. Kasel, of St. Francis, Wis., and in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, particularly in the City of Washington, by the Director of the Bureau. During the summer months two Jesuit missionaries of South Dakota, the Rev. Fathers Digmann and Bosch, took up the same work in various cities, and this winter another Indian missionary, the Rev. Isidore Ricklin, O.S.B., of Oklahoma, will canvass the Diocese of Rochester. The Rev. Father Ganss at the present time is working in New York City.

The Right Rev. Bishop Hortsmann, of Cleveland, has done more than any one person for the propagation of the Preservation Society. By a pastoral letter, dated December 9, 1901, he established it in the parishes of his diocese, with the result that from them alone $6,000 (in round numbers) were obtained for the support of the Indian schools.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Katzer issued a similar letter to his clergy, and the Rev. Father Kasel took up the work of preaching in the interest of the Society in the churches of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee.

If other prelates could find it possible to pursue a like policy, the support of the Indian schools would soon be placed beyond question. The Bureau indulges the hope that many Archbishops and Bishops may warmly recommend the Preservation Society to the faithful in their Lenten letters for 1903.

Up to date the Society has brought in $21,357.29, which would represent a membership of more than 85,000.

All promises made in respect to spiritual benefits have been religiously kept.

While the Preservation Society has advantages, it has also grave disadvantages. At the close of the first year many Promoters gave up their work and a great many members failed to renew their subscriptions. It can readily be seen that to keep the Society in operation, constant work, constant preaching,

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and, above all, constant co-operation of bishops and priests will be required, if the returns are to be sufficiently large to support the schools. It is true that only 400,000 members, a small proportion of the Catholics of the United States, are needed. But it is extremely difficult to secure 400,000 members, and still more difficult to retain them for a number of years. Moreover, while many priests are willing to assist in this good work by preaching and soliciting Promoters and members, it is often impossible to obtain permission to preach and solicit, so heavily are pastors burdened with parish and diocesan obligations.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children ought to yield $100,000 per year, but even if it fails to do this, it will still be very useful for securing at least a portion of the amount required to maintain the schools.

COLLECTORS.

It was thought that a considerable sum of money could be obtained if one or more priests were appointed as Collectors, who would devote their whole time to the soliciting of aid from the wealthier Catholics of the country. Accordingly, the Rev. Father Ganss was appointed to do this particular work. He began his canvass about the middle of January, 1902, and zealously applied himself to his most arduous task. The Very Rev. Treasurer of the Bureau reports that up to date $6,000 have been secured for the schools by the efforts of Rev. Father Ganss.

Collecting money for Indian schools is by no means an easy work, and one of the obstacles in the way is the difficulty that is often experienced in obtaining permission to canvass a parish or diocese.

ST. XAVIER'S SCHOOL.

Mention should here be made of the fact that St. Xavier's Mission School, Crow Agency, Montana, is now supported entirely by the charity of an estimable Catholic lady, who requests that her name should not be mentioned. There are probably some who would prefer to contribute regularly toward the support of a *particular school*, and this mode of giving would be most acceptable. If others could be induced to follow the example of this devoted Catholic lady, the general burden [illegible] greatly lightened.

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THE ANNUAL APPEAL.

Last year the Bureau issued an Appeal, which brought in $3,247.09. A similar Appeal was sent out in January, 1902, and returns have been coming in steadily, but they will fall far short of what they were last year.

ABROGATION OF THE BROWNING RULING.

More than eight months passed by after President McKinley directed that the Browning Ruling should be abrogated before the abrogation actually took place. Such action was taken by the Secretary of the Interior on January 18, 1902.

The Secretary of the Interior informed the Director of the Bureau that the Browning Ruling might at any time be revived should the Department see fit to do so. Statements appeared in the daily papers to the effect that many protests against the revocation of the Browning Ruling had been filed with the Secretary of the Interior by the different Protestant sects of the United States. Nevertheless the recognition of the rights of Indian parents was hailed with delight by Catholics. Mission priests and teachers were inspired with renewed hope and courage. They are easily satisfied; they only ask for justice; and it is a creditable commentary on their work that the Indians patronize their schools without being forced to do so by such regulations as the Browning Ruling.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has conceded the right of Catholic children in Government schools to receive instruction in their religion, to assist at Holy Mass, and to receive the Sacraments.

In endeavoring to provide such advantages for these children in the different Government schools, the Bureau has met with uncompromising opposition on the part of the superintendents. Whenever this opposition has been reported to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, be it said to his credit, he has in every instance directed the superintendent in question to allow Catholic children suitable facilities for religious instruction and worship, suggesting the plan in operation at Carlisle as the one to be adopted.

By the withdrawal of the rations, Catholic Mission schools sustain a loss of not less than $25,000 a year, while hundreds of Indian children are deprived of food and clothing guaranteed to them by treaty.

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PRESENT CONDITION OF SCHOOLS.

Attention must be called to the fact that a number of Mission school buildings are in need of repairs, and that an annual outlay is necessary for insurance on the school buildings owned by the Bureau—to meet which expenses there are no funds available.

On the other hand, the Mission-priests and teachers are as zealous and devoted as ever; in fact, the abrogation of the Browning Ruling and the belief that better things are yet to come inspire them with new hope and energy.

As for the Indians, they were never more anxious to patronize Catholic schools, although these schools cannot offer their children many of the material comforts of the Government schools. There has been no falling off in the number of children attending the Mission schools, while applications for admission to these schools are steadily on the increase.

THE INDIAN OFFICE.

The relations between the Bureau and the Indian Office during the past year have been cordial and satisfactory. The Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs has done kind things in a kind way, and is entitled to this recognition of his many favors.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

The Bureau suffered a great loss in the death of one of its incorporators, the Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan. Always interested in the work of the Bureau, and ready to listen with sympathy to the story of its struggles and hopes, he never failed to give his unqualified support to every effort for the perpetuation of the Mission schools. The Bureau now appeals with confidence to his successor, Monsignor Farley, feeling assured that he will give like sympathy and support.

A VITAL ISSUE.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, which has been placed as a sentinel to stand guard over the interests of the Catholic Indians, would be recreant to its duty if it failed to call attention to what it firmly believes to be a very grave danger.

It cannot say that there is no bigotry and proselytizing in Government schools. To do this it would have to run counter to the dictates of reason, it would have to impugn the veracity of Indian

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children and parents, of Catholic teachers in Government schools, and of the priests and Sisters who work among the Indians.

There appears to be only one legitimate conclusion, namely: the Catholic Indian Mission School is an absolute necessity, and the day (God grant it may never come) the Church of America discontinues the Mission schools, that day she turns her Indian children over to the sects, and practically withdraws from Indian mission work. *Shall* the schools be supported? The outlook is not bright. But in spite of two years of the gloomiest prospects they are still in operation. *Can* they be supported? There is certainly enough surplus money among the Catholics of the country to support them; there *must* be found *some way* of inducing the people to minister unto Jesus Christ in the person of His suffering Indian brethren.

I am, with high esteem,

Your faithful servant in Xto.,

WM. H. KETCHAM, Director.

MISSION NOTES.

MARTINIQUE—DEATH OF THE HEROIC FATHER MARIE.

Père Marie, undeterred by the awful tragedy of St. Pierre, continued at his post in Morne Rouge on the very slopes of death-dealing Pelée. The civil authorities summoned him away, but he obeyed only when he had provided for the safety of his flock. Later he returned, after he had spent some time in the hospital at Fort de France owing to his injuries. But Morne Rouge was doomed: for two or three days before the end of August, the volcano had been menacing the little town. Father Marie proposed to lead the people away; but, attached to their homes through affection and necessity, they hesitated. At last the end came on August 31: Morne Rouge and its people were overwhelmed. Terribly burnt and dying, the heroic priest was borne to Fort de France, where he had time to receive the last Sacraments.

ALL SOULS' DAY IN CHINA.

A French missionary describes the scene in the Christian cemetery of Canton on All Souls' Day, contrasting it with the

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religious ceremonies on the same day in Southern France. There was much difference. In the rich glow of the autumn in his native place, he had seen all classes of people, rich and poor, faithful and unbelieving, meeting between the sombre cypresses in the resting-place of the beloved dead, and carrying flowers to deck the graves. They knelt beneath the large crucifix, beside the angels in stone, and scattered everywhere, silently and often with tears, their multitudinous flower-tribute.

Here, in China, he says, this vast mould house, mortals sleep forever where they choose, on wind-swept hill or soft-green rice-field. There are no crosses here to mark the narrow places of repose, no flowers nor prayers. Christian crucifixes would be broken and the graves violated.

At Canton, things are a little better. Here, in this Babylon of three millions of people, there is a Christian cemetery. It lies beyond the ramparts, and beneath two pleasant hills. Between the hills rises an enormous Gothic Cross in granite, dominating all the Canton plain. Before it is the common grave of the soldiers of France.

Near the entrance of the cemetery, a little Christian village has grown around a modest mission chapel. Until lately a white-haired missionary ministered to the little congregation, just then he was dying in Hong-Kong. He will sleep in another field of the dead.

The Bishop, lately consecrated, Mgr. Mérel, had come to say a Mass of *Requiem*. Hundreds of Christians had gathered ; and a band of about thirty soldiers, under their Christian commander Paul, presented arms as the prelate arrived. It was very solemn, that *Requiem* in distant China ; solemn and sad—a *Requiem* indeed, over the slaughtered thousands of the Church's children.

CHARITY FOR THE LEPER AND THE MENDICANT.

In the new Vicariate Apostolic on the coast of Tonkin, Mgr. Marcou is doing what the Church always does according to her opportunities ; he is providing for the desolate and the suffering. He has two leper-houses in his wide mission-field. One shelters about 200 stricken inmates, the other is more important, being surrounded by a very numerous population. Death comes often amongst the afflicted beings for whom Christian charity provides a refuge and kindly care. It commonly happens, that, after a

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short time in the leper-houses, the poor sufferers themselves ask to be instructed in the Christian religion.

The condition of sick mendicants has also moved the Bishop to pity. On the long roads of Tonkin and Annam, he says, the mendicants are frequently found lying beside the way, utterly worn out with sickness and fatigue, and waiting in helpless patience for death to end their woes. The people of the country, though generous after their fashion, will not take into their houses those that are ill. When death has come, the women, as they pass, throw each a clod of earth on the body, and thus the melancholy monuments rise at intervals along the roads.

The French government, which now exercises a protectorate over all this region, is doing much for the mendicants, but chiefly in the principal towns. Beyond the sphere of its efforts, there is much misery to be relieved by the hospices which the Vicar-Apostolic desires to erect.

IN THE LAND OF THE MAD MULLAH.

Somali Land has become generally known of late on account of the campaign of the British troops against the Mad Mullah, as he has been called. It is just below the Red Sea, along the Gulf of Aden. A Catholic mission station was begun here in 1892, at Berbera, by the sea. The missionary was accompanied by two young Somalis, trained in the faith at Aden. They had to struggle against native prejudice, Mussulman hostility and the distrust of the local government.

The mission, however, took root and flourished in the inhospitable land. The people began, after a while, to be won over. The government itself gave a site for a building. After three or four years it was necessary to introduce the Sisters to care for the children and the sick. The native language was not written when the missionaries first came, but after some time they published a dictionary and grammar.

For more than three years the country of the Somalis has been disturbed by the self-styled prophet, the Mullah. Mullah means *priest* and *envoy of heaven*. He calls himself also Madhi, or *prophet*. His name is Mohammed Abdileh. He was born of poor parents in the shepherd lands of the southern Somali country. Ogaden, "Our South," was his native place.

In his youth, they say, he was initiated amongst the *Dankalis* and trained in their sorceries. In the schools of the marabuts

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(*practitioners in magic*) he learned the prayers of the Koran and the Arab Scriptures. Still young, he made the pilgrimage to Mahomet's tomb at Mecca, in Arabia, and renewed it three or four times, in order to merit the title of *hadji*, or pilgrim.

At length he appeared as a prophet at Berbera, but gained few followers, and lived by begging. He went thence amongst the powerful tribesmen of the southeast, and lived in the valley of Nogal.

Here he assumed the title of *Mullah* and *Madhi*, and gained influence by his air of austerity and command, and by the fanatical vehemence of his threats and prophecies. Superhuman power was attributed to him. Gifts were showered at his feet by the superstitious people, and soon he became one of the wealthiest and the most influential amongst the wild shepherd tribesmen. The Koran of other teachers he caused to be burned, and proclaimed himself a living Koran and a new prophet. All who refused to obey him were to be slaughtered. A numerous band of followers gathered around him and made war on the neighboring tribes. His advance, like that of Mahomet, was everywhere stained with blood. To the terror of Berbera, he appeared, in August of 1899, on the mountain chains, fifty or sixty miles away. There was only a handful of soldiers in the town; but two warships arrived from Aden, and the Mullah withdrew, marking his path with rapine and death as he retired to his native Ogaden. This richest portion of Somali Land is claimed by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. The Somalis are hereditary foes of the Abyssinians, and Mohammed found it easy to rouse his countrymen. He proceeded against Harrar, his scattered bands pillaging also the tribes faithful to the English.

Ras Makonnen, one of the boldest of the war-chiefs of Menelik, blocked the way of the fanatical Mullah. In a terrific battle the latter lost 2,000 followers, and fell back on Ogaden, filling up the wells as he went, in order to make pursuit impossible. It was thought then that his power was broken; but he retrieved his losses and again took the field. His last exploit in the English protectorate was his defeat of the English troops, who lost a colonel, a captain and fifty men.

MASSACRES CONTINUE IN CHINA.

Still more martyrs are being added to the long roll. The Boxers, as we know, have been restless since they were repelled by

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the European allies. They began to reorganize in the province of Sze-Chuen. Some massacres of Christians occurred towards Ganio, but the rebels were quickly repressed. Better prepared, they began again at the end of last June. They pillaged and burned the homes of the Christians and slew all who fell into their hands. So rapidly had their numbers grown that they hoped to seize the capital of the province. Thousands of them poured down on one of the older Christian settlements at Su-Kia-Wan. The priest in charge, Father Dupuis, and about forty men defended it for a day and a night. It was impossible to continue and, in the darkness of the night, some escaped. Then the Boxers gave the church, presbytery and homes of the people to the flames. With refinement of cruelty, every Christian found was slain. A young Chinese priest, Father Joseph Huang, after his skin had been torn off, was cut into pieces. A young native woman, who had taken vows, and who had taught the little children for years, met a glorious martyrdom. The family which sheltered her were all slain. In this and a neighboring place, the victims numbered a thousand. Christians fled from other settlements, but their houses were destroyed. The whole district to the north of the capital was rendered absolutely desolated; every Christian village was swept away. The Boxers had with them women, young and old, who, carried away by a fiendish frenzy, declared they were commissioned by the *Spirits* to lead the rebels to victory over the foreigners. Towards the middle of August the Boxers' excesses had aroused the Chinese authorities, whose soldiers succeeded, to some extent, in repressing the revolt.

Notwithstanding all the horrors, there has been this year an extraordinary movement towards the Catholic Church. In this province of Sze-Chuen 8,000 have presented themselves for baptism, and the missionaries say that had the apostolic laborers been numerous enough 20,000 would have been gathered into the fold.

In the mission of southwestern Tche-li, also, as in other fields, the harvest is abundant. Nine new stations have been opened; 1,673 Catechumens, who remained faithful during the persecution, have been baptized, and nearly 6,000 more have been enrolled for instruction. About 4,000 children are in the schools that it has been possible to re-open. Three boarding-schools and a preparatory seminary have been established, and two school novitiates for the instruction of women have been begun with

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eighty students. Nine churches have been rebuilt; 45 chapels and 12 oratories rebuilt or repaired, with schools and a residence for the missionary. Four hundred mission-stations are still without permanent constructions. Two priests have died attending those stricken with cholera; a native priest has followed them, worn out by his labors; and, finally, Father Lomuller was killed by the Boxers at the end of last April.

IRISH MISSIONARY NEWS.

Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, N. S. W., at the recent laying of the corner-stone of a Convent of Mercy Chapel, in Callan, Ire., spoke thus of the world-wide mission field of the Irish nuns and priests:

"When we speak of our Irish nuns it must be borne in mind that their apostolate is not restricted within the four seas of our island. They are to be found in flourishing communities in the United States and Canada and Australia, and wherever the Irish emigrant has found a home. But, further, they will be met in all the approved congregations in France; they minister to the sick and teach schools in Rome itself. Irish convents of devoted nuns will be found in Rio Janeiro and Gibraltar, in Lisbon and Seville. Among the martyred Sisters of Charity in Tientsin, in China, was Sister O'Sullivan, from the County of Cork, a nun whom I may claim as of my own kith and kin.

"An Irish Bishop on pilgrimage to Jerusalem a few years ago visited the hospital in Jerusalem maintained at the expense of the Sultan. He found three Irish Sisters in charge. He went on to Damascus. The schools there were under the care of the French Sisters of Charity. He asked was there any English-speaking Sister among them. He found an Irish Sister from the County of Wicklow, who for so many years had been teaching in Arabic that she had almost forgotten the English language.

"When I was returning some time ago from Australia I met in Colombo six Irish Sisters, who were teaching in the Singalese schools, and whom as children I had confirmed when Bishop of Ossory. This singular missionary fruitfulness of Irish piety will, perhaps, be best illustrated by two facts. I visited the Sodality of our Blessed Lady Harold's Cross on their Feast Day last June. During the years that that sodality has been established it has given 800 missionary nuns to the most destitute and most remote mission fields. You have the privilege in Callan of having a

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missionary convent of your own, and unpretentious and unostentatious as is your St. Brigid's College, it has sent forth more than 200 who are now laboring with devoted zeal, not only in the less arduous fields of our Australian Diocese, but in South Africa, in Java, in desolate Demerara and in distant China."

COREA.

The Divine seed, writes a missionary, the Abbé Bret, growing in blood and tears, has produced a splendid harvest; flowers of martyrs have blossomed, and will soon decorate our altars. In ten years, from 1877 to 1887, the number of adults baptized did not exceed 3,265; but last year alone there were 5,203. In twenty-five years the Christian population has increased from 11,000 to 50,000; and the number of missionaries, from two to forty, without counting eleven native priests.

Everybody remembers how the great persecution of 1866 mowed down thickly the ranks of priests and people. The old regent endeavored, and apparently with success, to drown Catholicity in the blood of its believers. But scarcely nine years had passed, when French missionaries, eluding the guards along the coast, revisited this land of martyrs. Persecution followed them; but they were fearless as indefatigable: and soon, through the influence of the French officials, they were enabled to cultivate the ungrateful soil in peace.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that the articles for the process of the beatification of Father Jogues, Rene Goupil and Lalande have reached this country and are now in the hands of the Vicar Postulator of his cause.

The Jesuits of the Canadian Mission have purchased the site of the martyrdom of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant. The memorial church erected to the memory of these missionaries at Penetanguishene is to be dedicated December 11.

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